READING AND LIVING

BOOK ONE

HILL AND LYMAN

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READING AND LIVING

BOOK ONE

BY

HOWARD COPELAND HILL

AND

ROLLO LaVERNE LYMAN

LABORATORY SCHOOLS, UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

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PREFACE

Literature the Interpretation of Life

Whether at home or at school, at work or at play, we spend most of our waking time with other people. Our pleasures and achievements depend largely upon our success in getting along with our companions; our problems and difficulties usually come from human associations. Indeed, a successful and happy life is chiefly the result of living well with other folk.

Great writers have been fascinated by human relationships. Their poems, stories, essays, and novels usually deal with people living and working together. Literature is a mirror of life, reflecting those human interests and problems which grow out of our contacts with one another; one of its chief values is to enable us to understand and to appreciate life. In fact, literature *is* life.

Reading Grouped About Topics of Social Life

Reading and Living brings out the social function of literature. Selections have been chosen because they illustrate or illumine the art of living and working together. They have been grouped in units so as to give a simple but systematic survey of the chief factors in social life. *Book One* contains literature interpreting the elements of community welfare; *Book Two*, literature interpreting work and vocations. The series thus comprises an analysis of the chief phases of human life as illustrated by selections of literary merit.

Variety and Literary Quality of Contents

Reading and Living is outstanding in the variety and the literary quality of its contents. The readings consist of

short stories, poems, essays, one-act dramas, together with selections from biographies, narratives, reminiscences, tales of adventure and travel, and books about science and industry. Each selection has been chosen because of its literary merit, its content value, and its interest to boys and girls. Many of the readings, from the pens of living writers, are new, fresh, and invigorating. Many of the best standard selections have also been included. This variety of selections affords opportunity to teach pupils that true literature, whatever its form or age, is a living reality illuminating life everywhere and at all times.

Training in Habits of Reading

Reading and Living provides for systematic training in reading habits. In each unit some specific reading habit is stressed. In succeeding units opportunities are given for repeated practice, so that effective reading habits may become fixed. The instruction is designed to cultivate an effective technique for three types of reading experiences; namely, the reading of literature, the perusal of supplementary materials, and the study of textbooks. Silent reading receives chief stress, but opportunities are also provided for oral interpretation.

Supplementary Readings

Reading and Living offers exceptional opportunity for wide supplementary reading. At the beginning of each unit is given an annotated list of interesting and valuable books. From this list pupils may select attractive titles for individual reading while the class is studying the unit as a whole. Many of the selections are accompanied by references to parallel or contrasting materials. In addition, a class library of ten books which have proved valuable as supplementary reading is named in each volume; to these books specific references are made at appropriate places. These three types of reading suggestions make possible problems of elementary research

and enable teachers to meet effectively the growing demand for wide and worth-while reading to supplement the textbook.

Thought-Stimulating Questions and Problems

Reading and Living stresses the thinking aspects of the reading process. It therefore provides questions and problems which will arouse thought, stimulate worth-while discussion, and focus attention upon the meaning of the selections. Mere informational or factual questions, as well as questions which will occur readily to all intelligent teachers, are given little space in these readers.

Activities in the Classroom

Reading and Living offers abundant opportunities for oral and written work, for class debates, and for projects of various types well adapted to children of varying tastes and abilities. The aim has been to make the classroom the centre of activities, the place in which individual and group enterprises start, and the clearing-house in which the results of such activities are given publicity.

The Outgrowth of Classroom Experience

Reading and Living is the outgrowth of years of experience in English classes. The books are offered as basal reading texts with the hope that they will prove helpful in the cultivation of effective reading habits, that they will be a means of introducing boys and girls to the fascinating world of books, that they will facilitate the teaching of literature as an interpretation of life, and that they will contribute to the attainment of the goal of all true education—good citizenship.

TO THE TEACHER

These books are designed to furnish instruction in line with modern progressive thought concerning the teaching of reading and literature. Of this newer thought, the outstanding features are given below, with suggestions as to how the materials in *Reading and Living* may be used so as to provide instruction in accordance with this thought.

I. The chief value of literature lies in its content and message.

1. With your class, turn to the Table of Contents on page xv and talk over the titles of the six units, and the main subdivisions under each. Notice that each section has a definite relation to the entire unit. In this way pupils will get an idea of the book as a whole made up of related parts, rather than of scattered and unrelated stories or selections.

2. Turn with the class to the beginning of the first unit, "Making Homes." Examine the picture and Foreword, and read together the Introduction on page 2. This will put the class in touch with the keynote of the unit. Look over the contents of "Making Homes" on page 3, pointing out in more detail the unity within "Making Homes."

II. From the very beginning, reading should be taught as a process of thinking; this emphasis is particularly needed in the middle and upper grades.

1. Before the selection on page 23, you will find a problem for the children to work out as they read. Call attention to the fact that they are to *think* while they are reading. This type of exercise is repeated frequently throughout the book, for example, on pages 39, 60, 216.

2. The chief opportunities to stress the thinking process will be found in the Class Activities. For example, on page 10, No. 1 requires the pupils to think about the major idea of the selection rather than to remember

details in the story. Typical thought-provoking questions, of which there are scores of similar examples, are found on pages 12, No. 1; 127, Nos. 1 to 9.

3. Utilize the abundant occasions for the pupils to pass judgment upon literary values in selections. For example, see a question of preference, page 184, or a choice between alternatives, page 100; or the exercise in judging poetic values on page 108; or about choice of words, page, 12, No. 2.

III. **Silent reading needs chief emphasis; whenever oral reading is attempted, it should be looked upon as interpretative reading.**

1. With the pupils, read the matter in small type before "My Cats" on page 6. Then have the pupils read the selection silently as directed. After the silent reading and before any class discussion, have the pupils work upon the Class Activities, page 10. This procedure should be followed throughout the book with such variations as may seem appropriate for your class.

2. Whenever it seems appropriate, especially with the poetry, use oral reading. The prose may be used as the basis of drill for pupils who need further practice. However, the best procedure avoids oral reading drill in the upper grades, substituting individual work with deficients. In general, teach upper-grade pupils to look upon oral reading as *interpretative* of the literary values, as on page 12, Nos. 4 and 5; and page 55, No. 1.

IV. **In all types of reading experiences there are certain fundamental reading skills, training in which is the special function of reading instruction in the upper grades. Make use of the many exercises which have been provided for drill in the most essential skills, as indicated by the pages mentioned.**

1. Varying the rate of silent reading in accordance with the reader's purpose and the nature of the selections, pages 23, 46, 85, 100, 128, 163.

2. Looking for the author's central idea and leading divisions; see pages 23; 80, No. 4; 100; 115; 128; 163; 164.

3. Making mental reviews, or taking backward looks during the reading; see pages 50 and 304, No. 4.

4. Contributing to the selection, or reading between the lines; see pages, 33, No. 2; 39; 60; 79, No. 7; 94.

5. Finding special information or locating particular passages; see pages 10, No. 2; 33, No. 3; 98; 100.

V. The uniform reading of a textbook should be supplemented by wide and varied reading experiences of materials appropriate to the differing capacities of the pupils and interests.

1. Choose a Book. After looking over the contents of "Making Homes" (see I, 2, above), have the class examine the book list on pages 4 and 5. Suggest that each pupil secure a copy of a book which appeals to him and read it at home while the class is studying Unit I. At an appropriate time, usually at the end of the unit, set a day aside for informal conversation about the books.

2. Class library. On pages 26, 45, 59, and 84 in "Making Homes" are given specific references to the books called the Class Library (page xvi). Secure as many of these books as you can. Early in the study of the unit have the class turn to the pages named and either assign the various references or call for volunteers. Have pupils make oral reports at suitable times.

3. Additional reading. On pages 23, 34, 54 you will find examples of lists called "Additional Readings," consisting of references to selections paralleling or contrasting the selections to which they are attached. When possible, have pupils volunteer to look up such references and report their findings to the class.

VI. Reading, both of the selections in a textbook and of individual projects, should result in full, free, and frequent expression in the form of reports, talks, essays, discussions of an informal or round-table type, in the classroom itself, and occasionally outside of the classroom in assembly periods and the like.

1. Solving problems. Throughout *Reading and Living* are numerous problems usually calling for co-operative effort. In the early part of the work, talk over with the class exactly what is required and help them do it; but later, throw the responsibility on the pupils themselves. Utilize the problematic situations to develop ingenuity and initiative; for example, page 99, No. 3; page 303, No. 3.

2. Volunteer work. Dramatizations and debates. Encourage pupils to volunteer for and in some cases assign or require participation in dramatizing and debating ac-

tivities which are frequently suggested, as, for example, on pages 33, No. 4; 86; 97; 155, No. 3; 166.

3. Round-table discussions; topical recitations; floor talks; conversations. Utilize the topics for conversation and informal discussion as well as the suggestions for Book Days, as, for example, pages 138, No. 8; 165, No. 2.

4. Individual projects. A large variety of compositions, reports, charts, and posters are suggested for individual pupils or committees; for examples, see pages 25, No. 5; 39, No. 7; 43, Nos. 6 and 7; 83, No. 1; 85; 165.

5. Review exercises. At the end of each unit, under the heading "General Review" you will find three types of activities as follows: Reading Suggestions, Questions and Problems, and Committee Work to Round Out the Meaning of the Unit. While the class is reading the first unit, examine the activities suggested under the General Review (p. 85) in order to select the ones you will use and to make appropriate assignments. For the second unit, you may delegate the assignment to a class committee. For the third unit entrust the final review work to the girls and the fourth to the boys.

CLASS LIBRARY

These books have been selected because of their interest and value as supplementary material. They are referred to repeatedly throughout this volume. It is recommended that at least one copy of each book be purchased for class use.

1. Bok, Edward, *A Dutch Boy Fifty Years After.* Charles Scribner's Sons: New York, 1921.
2. Curry, Charles, and Clippinger, Erle E., *Children's Literature.* Rand McNally and Company: Chicago, 1921.
3. Drury, Samuel S., *The Thoughts of Youth.* The Macmillan Company: New York, 1922.
4. Faris, John T., *Real Stories from Our History.* Ginn & Co.: Boston, 1916.
5. Gilbert, Ariadne, *More Than Conquerors.* The Century Company: New York, 1920.
6. Keller, Helen, *The Story of My Life, with Her Letters and a Supplementary Account of Her Education.* (Edited by John A. Macy.) Doubleday, Page and Company: New York, 1921.
7. Roosevelt, Theodore, *Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children.* (Edited by Joseph B. Bishop.) Charles Scribner's Sons: New York, 1919.
8. Thomas, Charles S., and Paul, Harry G., *Atlantic Prose and Poetry.* The Atlantic Monthly Press: Boston, 1919.
9. Van Dyke, Henry, *The van Dyke Book.* (Edited by Edwin Mims.) Charles Scribner's Sons: New York, 1921.
10. One or all of these:
    Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia. 10 vols. F. E. Compton & Company: Chicago, 1923.
    World Book. 8 vols. World Book: Chicago, 1918.
    Book of Knowledge. 20 vols. Grolier Society: New York, 1912.

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MAKING HOMES

MRS. CRATCHIT ENTERED—FLUSHED, BUT SMILING PROUDLY—
WITH THE PUDDING.

MAKING HOMES

Better than gold is a peaceful home
Where all the fireside characters come,
The shrine of love, the heaven of life,
Hallowed by mother, sister, or wife,
However humble the home may be,
Or tried with sorrow by Heaven's decree,
The blessings that never were bought or sold
And centre there are better than gold.

ABRAM JOSEPH RYAN.

An open fire was the centre of the first home. Around its warmth on cold winter nights gathered the family group, securely protected from wild beasts. Here, beneath an overhanging rock or within a sheltering cave, the family found safety, comfort, and companionship.

For these reasons, the people of long ago came to look upon the fireplace as a sacred spot. Religious ceremonies accompanied the lighting of its fires, and a dwelling with only dead ashes on the hearth was regarded as a home desecrated. In this way it came about that the words hearth and home were used interchangeably. To this day we speak of a domestic misfortune as "a shadow which has fallen upon the hearth."

In this connection, it is interesting to notice that our word focus, which means the "centre," comes from the Latin word focus, meaning "fireplace." This simple fact explains what home has always meant and what it means today: the centre, the heart of life.

The word dwelling-place never had the same meaning as the word home. A person may dwell in a palace and be a stranger there, or he may live in a hut and be at home. The home feeling depends on whether we find peace and affection within the dwelling-place. The focus is the home fire, whether it blazes upon the hearthstone or quietly glows within human hearts.

The mother, the home circle, the joys and griefs which bind the family close together, have always been favorite subjects with great writers. In the pages which follow, you will find selections by poets, novelists, and historians, who have tried, each in his own way, to put into words something of that "charm from the skies" which we all associate with home.

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5. A Worthy Woman	*The Bible*	81
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CHOOSE A BOOK

(Which book looks most interesting to you? Find this book in the library and read it at home while you are studying this unit.)

1. Alcott, Louisa M., *Little Women.* Little, Brown.
   A story of the joys, griefs, and escapades of four girls in a New England family of sixty years ago. The "little women" are the author and her sisters. *Little Men*, also by Miss Alcott, is a story of a houseful of boys whom Jo, the heroine in *Little Women*, took under her roof after her marriage. Here they found home, schooling, and good times.

2. Beard, Dan C., *Curious Homes and Their Tenants.* Appleton.
   The building and home-making instincts of insects and of land and water animals.

3. Cheyney, E. D. L., *Louisa M. Alcott: Her Life, Letters, and Journals.* Little, Brown.
   The biography of the author of *Little Women* and *Little Men* made doubly fascinating by Miss Alcott's letters and diaries.

4. Dickens, Charles, *The Cricket on the Hearth.*
   "A fairy tale of home," Dickens calls this story. Mr. and Mrs. Peerybingle, Tillie Slowboy, and the Stranger are entertaining, to be sure, but half the charm of the story lies in the song of the idiot of a kettle and the cheerful chirp of the cricket on the hearth.

5. Earle, Alice Morse, *Home Life in Colonial Days.* Macmillan.
   The houses of the colonists, their food, clothing, and industries, their methods of travel and transportation, as well as their home life, are described.

6. Gilson, Roy R., *In the Morning Glow.* Grosset.
   Eight sketches and stories picturing father and mother, brother and sister, Aunt Jane, and grandfather and grandmother.

7. Habberton, John, *Helen's Babies.* Stokes.
   The amusing story of a bachelor uncle who takes care of "Budge" and "Toddy," the two lively and mischievous children of his sister, while she and her husband are away on a visit.

8. Hughes, Rupert, *The Old Nest.* Century.
   The story of a father and mother left alone in the old home after the children have grown up and gone into the world.

9. Lee, Yan Phou, *When I Was a Boy in China.* Lothrop Lee.
   An account of boy life in the oldest of Oriental countries. The book describes the curious customs and ceremonies in old-time Chinese families.

10. Norris, Kathleen, *Mother.* Macmillan.

A story of a family who lived in a small town not far from New York City. The chief character is the mother, who, in spite of very limited means, made a cheerful and happy home for her husband and seven children.

11. Rice, Alice Caldwell Hegan, *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch.* Century.

Mrs. Wiggs is a widow with a family of five children. In spite of many adversities she is always able to look on the sunny side of things. Amusing incidents, unselfishness, and sympathy abound in the Wiggs home

12. Richmond, Grace S., *The Second Violin.* Burt.

The story of a family of children who keep the home together during the enforced absence of the father and mother.

13. Spyri, Johanna, *Heidi.*

A story of home life in the Alps and the way a little orphan girl brightened the lives of others.

14. Tarkington, Booth, *Penrod.* Doubleday.

Penrod is a freckled-faced, red-blooded American boy, twelve years of age. His life abounds in adventures and misadventures and in frequent visits to the woodshed with his irate father. The story of his career at the age of sixteen is continued in the author's *Penrod and Sam.*

15. Walpole, Hugh, *Jeremy.* Doran.

The nursery in an English home is the scene of most of Jeremy's activities. His governess, "the Jampot"; his two sisters, and his dog, Hamlet, are the companions of his everyday life. He has stirring adventures outside his home at the circus, in the country, and with the Dean's Ernest. *Jeremy and Hamlet* is the story of his later escapades.

16. Wiggin, Kate Douglas, *The Birds' Christmas Carol.* Houghton.

An amusing story of the Christmas festivities of the Birds, a poor but happy family.

17. Wiggin, Kate Douglas, *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm.* Houghton.

Rebecca is one of seven children left to the support of her widowed mother. At the age of ten she leaves home to live with her unmarried aunts on Sunnybrook Farm. Her quaint and original remarks and actions in times of difficulty are constant sources of delight.

18. Zollinger, Gulielma, *The Widow O'Callaghan's Boys.* McClurg.

The hardships, struggles, successes, and home life of a widowed mother and her seven boys.

A. THE DWELLING-PLACE

1. MY CATS

JEAN HENRI FABRE

From the time when he was little more than a baby until he was over ninety years of age, the greatest delight of Jean Henri Fabre was to watch bees, spiders, wasps, and ants. By this long lifetime of study this great French scientist and teacher learned how insects build their houses, how they secure their food, how they make love to one another, and how they fight battles with their enemies. Fabre also liked and studied flowers and small animals. In this selection, which you should read silently, he tells of the love which three of his cats had for their old homes.

The cat is supposed to have the same power as the bee to find its way home. I never believed this till I saw what some cats of my own could do. Let me tell you the story.

One day there appeared upon my garden wall a wretched-looking cat, with matted coat and protruding ribs, so thin that his back was a jagged ridge. My children, taking pity on his misery, offered him bread soaked in milk, holding it out to him at the end of a reed. He took it. And the mouthfuls succeeded one another to such good purpose that at last he had had enough and went away, paying no attention to the "Puss! Puss!" of his friends.

But after a while he grew hungry again, and reappeared on top of the wall. He received the same fare of bread soaked in milk, the same soft words. He allowed himself to be

tempted. He came down from the wall. The children were able to stroke his back. Goodness, how thin he was!

The stranger was the great topic of conversation. We discussed him at table: we would tame the tramp, we would keep him, we would make him a bed of hay. It was a most important matter; I can see to this day, I shall always see, the council of rattleheads deliberating on the cat's fate. They were not satisfied until the savage animal remained.

Soon he grew into a magnificent Tom. His large round head, his muscular legs, his reddish fur, flecked with darker patches, reminded one of a little jaguar. He was named Ginger because of his tawny hue. A mate joined him later, picked up in almost similar circumstances. Such was the beginning of my series of Gingers, which I have kept for almost twenty years, in spite of various movings.

The first time we moved we were anxious about our cats. We were all of us attached to them and should have thought it nothing short of criminal to abandon the poor creatures, whom we had so often petted, to distress and probably to thoughtless persecution. The mothers and the kittens would travel without any trouble: all we had to do was to put them in a basket; they would keep quiet on the journey.

But the old Tom-cats were a serious problem. I had two, the head of the family and one of his descendants, quite as strong as himself. We decided to take the grandfather, if he consented to come, and to leave the grandson behind, after finding him a home.

My friend Doctor Loriol offered to take the younger cat. The animal was carried to him at nightfall in a closed basket. Hardly were we seated at the evening meal, talking of the good fortune of our Tom-cat, when we saw a dripping mass jump through the window. The shapeless bundle came and rubbed itself against our legs, purring with happiness. It was the cat.

I heard his story next day. On arriving at Doctor Loriol's, he was locked up in a bedroom. The moment he saw himself

a prisoner in the unfamiliar room, he began to jump about wildly on the furniture, against the windowpanes, among the ornaments on the mantelpiece, threatening to make short work of everything. Mrs. Loriol, frightened by the little lunatic, hastened to open the window; and the cat leaped out among the passers-by. A few minutes later he was back at home.

And it was no easy matter; he had to cross the town almost from end to end; he had to make his way through many crowded streets, among a thousand dangers, including boys and dogs; lastly—and this perhaps was even harder—he had to pass over a river which ran through the town. There were bridges at hand, many in fact; but the animal, taking the shortest cut, had used none of them, bravely jumping into the water as the streaming fur showed.

I had pity on the poor cat so faithful to his home. We agreed to take him with us. We were spared the worry; a few days later he was found lying stiff and stark under a shrub in the garden. Some one had poisoned him!

There was still the old cat. He could not be found when we left our home, so I promised the carter an extra two dollars if he would bring the cat to us at our new home with one of his loads. On his last journey with our goods the carter brought him, stowed away under the driver's seat.

I scarcely knew my old Tom when we opened the moving prison in which he had been kept since the day before. He came out looking a most alarming beast, scratching and spitting, with bristling hair, bloodshot eyes, lips white with foam. I thought him mad and watched him closely for a time. I was wrong: he was merely bewildered and frightened. Had there been trouble with the carter when he was caught? Did he have a bad time on the journey? I do not know.

What I do know is that the very nature of the cat seemed changed; there was no more friendly purring, no more rubbing against our legs; nothing but a wild expression and the deepest gloom. Kind treatment could not soothe him. One

day I found him lying dead in the ashes on the hearth. Grief, with the help of old age, had killed him. Would he have gone back to our old home, if he had had the strength? I would not venture to say so. But, at least, I think it very remarkable that an animal should let itself die of homesickness because the weakness of old age prevented it from returning to its former haunts.

The next time we moved, the family of Gingers had been renewed; the old ones had passed away, new ones had come, including a full-grown Tom, worthy in every way of his ancestors. He alone gave us trouble in moving; the others, the babies and the mothers, were removed easily. We put them into baskets. The Tom had one to himself, so that the peace might be kept. The journey was made by carriage. Nothing striking happened before our arrival.

When we let the mother cats out of their hampers, they inspected the new home and explored the rooms one by one. With their pink noses they recognized the furniture; they found their own seats, their own tables, their own armchairs; but the surroundings were different. They gave little surprised miaows and questioning glances. We petted them and gave them saucers of milk, and by the next day they felt quite at home.

It was a different matter with the Tom. We put him in the attic, where he would find plenty of room for his capers. We took turns keeping him company. We gave him a double portion of plates to lick. From time to time we brought some of the other cats to him, to show him that he was not alone in the house. We did everything we could to make him forget the old home. He seemed, in fact, to forget it; he was gentle under the hand that petted him, he came when called. purred, arched his back.

We kept him shut up for a week, and then we thought it was time to give him back his liberty. He went down to the kitchen; stood by the table like the others; went out into the garden under the watchful eye of my daughter, who did not

lose sight of him; he prowled all around with the most innocent air. He came back. Victory! The Tom-cat would not run away.

Next morning:

"Puss! Puss!"

Not a sign of him! We hunted, we called. Nothing. Oh, the hypocrite, the hypocrite! How he had tricked us! He had gone, he was at our old home. So I declared but the family would not believe it.

My two daughters went back to the old home. They found the cat, as I said they would, and brought him back in a hamper. His paws were covered with red clay; and yet the weather was dry, there was no mud. The cat, therefore, must have swum the river, and the moist fur had kept the red earth of the fields through which he had passed. The distance between our two homes was four and a half miles.

We kept the deserter in our attic for two weeks, and then we let him out again. Before twenty-four hours had passed he was back at his old home. We had to leave him to his fate. A neighbor out that way told me that he saw him one day hiding behind a hedge with a rabbit in his mouth. He was no longer provided with food; he had to hunt for it as best he could. I heard no more of him. He came to a bad end, no doubt; he had become a robber and must have met with a robber's fate.

— *Adapted.*

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Which did the Toms love more — the Fabre family or the Fabre house? Which of the two was *home* to them? Tell the chief difference between the way people and animals look upon their homes.
2. Find the paragraphs where the fate of each of the three Tom-cats is told. Which had the saddest end?
3. Volunteer for a talk on one of these topics:
   a. When our cat found its way home.
   b. How our dog found its way home.
   c. The time I was lost.

4. For stories of the way birds and insects find their way home, see: F. M. Chapman, *Travels of Birds;* J. H. Fabre, *Insect Adventures* (mason bees), 49–50, (red ants), 58–61.
5. *Work for volunteers.* You will find sketches and poems about cats by people who like cats as well as by those who dislike them in A. Repplier's books *The Cat* and *The Fireside Sphinx.* An essay, "The Grocer's Cat," is in her volume *Americans and Others.* See also Thomas Gray's poem, "On a Favorite Cat, Drowned in a Tub of Goldfishes," in K. D. Wiggin and N. A. Smith's *Golden Numbers,* 353–354. You may like to give a special report on cats from what you read in these books, which you can probably find in your public library. Some of you may prefer to write a story or a poem about your own cat and read it to the class.

2. I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER

THOMAS HOOD

I remember, I remember
The house where I was born;
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon
Nor brought too long a day,
But now I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away.

I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing;
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now,
And summer's pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow.

I remember, I remember
The fir trees dark and high;

I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky.
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Judging from this poem, was Hood happier when he was a boy or when he became a man? Be ready to read all the lines which make you think so.
2. In the first stanza would "shining" be as good a word as "peeping"? Would "bit" serve as well as "wink"? Give reasons for your answers.
3. Explain the meaning of the second line in the second stanza.
4. What words in each stanza should be emphasized most in reading the poem aloud? Why? Ask your teacher to read the poem aloud.
5. Which do you like best in this poem — the thought, the music, or the pictures? Explain.
6. Tell about the house in which you were born or another house in which you once lived.

3. A PIONEER HOME IN THE WILDERNESS

ANNA HOWARD SHAW

The first houses in America were log cabins. The pioneers who lived in them were surrounded by forests containing wild animals and Indians. In this selection Doctor Shaw describes her home, when as a twelve-year-old girl she lived with her mother, sisters, and little brother in a log cabin in the Michigan woods. The ancestors of some of you endured similar hardships in pioneer days. Read the selection silently and as rapidly as you can without missing the thought.

I. THE JOURNEY THROUGH THE WILDERNESS

Father preceded us to the Michigan woods, and there, with his eldest son, James, took up a claim. They cleared a space

in the wilderness just large enough for a log cabin and put up the bare walls of the cabin itself. Then father returned to New England and his work, leaving James behind. A few months later (this was in 1859), my mother, my two sisters, my youngest brother, eight years of age, and I, then twelve, went to Michigan to live upon the claim while father, for eighteen months longer, stayed in New England, sending us such money as he could.

Every detail of our journey through the wilderness is clear in my mind. At that time the railroad ended at Grand Rapids, Michigan, and we covered the remaining distance — about one hundred miles — by wagon, riding through a dense and often trackless forest. My brother James met us at Grand Rapids with what was called a lumber-wagon, but which had a resemblance to a vehicle from the health department. My sisters and I gave it one cold look and turned away; we were so pained by its appearance that we refused to ride in it through the town.

Instead, we started off on foot, trying to look as if we had no association with the wagon, and we climbed into it only when the city streets were far behind us. Every available inch of space in the wagon was filled with bedding and provisions. As yet we had no furniture; we were to make that for ourselves when we reached our cabin. There was so little room for us to ride that we children walked by turns, while James, from the beginning of the journey to its end, seven days later, led our weary horses.

In this fashion we made our way to our new home. The last day, like the first, we travelled only eight miles, but we spent the night in a house I shall never forget. It was beautifully clean, and for our evening meal its mistress brought out loaves of bread which were the largest we had ever seen. She cut great slices of this bread for us and spread maple sugar on them; it seemed to us that never before had anything tasted so good.

II. THE LOG CABIN

The next morning we made the last stage of our journey, our hearts filled with the joy of nearing our new home. We all had an idea that we were going to a farm, and we expected some resemblance at least to the prosperous farms we had seen in New England. My mother's mental picture was of an English farm. Possibly she had visions of red barns and deep meadows, sunny skies and daisies. What we found were the four walls and the roof of a good-sized log house, standing in a small cleared strip of the wilderness, its doors and windows represented by square holes, its floor also a thing of the future, its whole effect achingly forlorn and desolate.

It was late in the afternoon when we drove up to the opening that was its front entrance, and I shall never forget the look my mother turned upon the place. Then something within her seemed to give way, and she sank upon the ground. She could not realize even then, I think, that this was really the place father had prepared for us, that here he expected us to live.

Darkness began to fall. The woods became alive with night creatures, and the most harmless made the most noise. The owls began to hoot, and soon we heard the wildcat — a screech like that of a lost and panic-stricken child. Later the wolves added their howls to the uproar.

That night we slept on boughs spread on the earth inside the cabin walls, putting blankets before the holes which represented our doors and windows. We kept our watch-fires burning. Soon the other children fell asleep, but there was no sleep for me. I was only twelve years old, but my mind was full of fancies. Behind our blankets, swaying in the night wind, I thought I saw the heads and pushing shoulders of animals and heard their padded footfalls.

III. SECURING FOOD, FURNITURE, AND SUPPLIES

We faced our situation with clear and unalarmed eyes the morning after our arrival. The problem of food, we knew, was at least temporarily solved. We had brought with us enough coffee, pork, and flour to last for several weeks; and father had put inside the cabin walls a great fireplace, made of mud and stones, in which our food could be cooked. The problem of our water-supply was less simple, but my brother James solved it for the time by showing us a creek a long distance from the house; and for months we carried from the creek, in pails, every drop of water we used, save that which we caught in troughs when the rain fell.

After breakfast we held a family council, and in this, though I was only twelve, I took an eager part. I loved work — it has always been my favorite form of recreation — and my spirit rose to the opportunities of it which smiled on us from every side. The first thing to do was to put doors and windows into the yawning holes father had left for them and to lay a board flooring over the earth inside our cabin walls.

These duties we accomplished before we had occupied our new home a fortnight. There was a small sawmill nine miles from our cabin, and there we bought our lumber. We began by making three windows and two doors; then we constructed an attic and divided the ground floor with partitions, which gave us four rooms.

The general effect was sketchy. The boards which formed the floor were never even nailed down; they were fine wide planks without a knot in them, and they looked so well that we merely fitted them together as closely as we could and lightheartedly let them go at that. Neither did we properly chink the house. Nothing is more comfortable than a log cabin which has been carefully built and finished; but for some reason we never plastered our house at all. The result was that on many future winter mornings we awoke to find ourselves blanketed by snow, while the only warm spot in

our living-room was that directly in front of the fireplace, where great logs burned all day. Even there our faces scorched while our spines slowly froze, until we learned to revolve before the fire like a bird upon a spit.

The division of labor planned at the first council was that mother should do our sewing and my older sisters the housework, which was far from taxing, for of course we lived in the simplest manner. My brothers and I were to do the work out of doors, an arrangement that suited me very well.

It was too late in the season for plowing or planting, even if we had possessed anything with which to plow, and moreover, our so-called "cleared" land was thick with sturdy tree-stumps. Even during the second summer plowing was impossible; we could plant only potatoes and corn, and follow the most primitive method in doing even this. We took an axe, chopped up the sod, put the seed under it, and let the seed grow. The seed did grow, too, in the most gratifying and encouraging manner. Our green corn and potatoes were the best I have ever eaten. But for the present we lacked these luxuries.

We had in their place, however, large quantities of wild fruit — gooseberries, raspberries, and plums — which Harry and I gathered on the banks of our creek. Harry also became an expert fisherman. We had no hooks or lines, but he took wires from our hoop-skirts and made snares at the ends of poles. My part of this work was to stand on a log and frighten the fish out of their holes by making horrible sounds. When the fish hurried to the surface of the water to investigate the appalling noises they had heard, they were easily snared by our small boy.

During our first winter we lived largely on cornmeal, occasionally making a little journey of twenty miles to the nearest mill to buy it; but even at that we were better off than our neighbors, for I remember one family in our region who for an entire winter lived solely on coarse-grained yellow tur-

nips, gratefully changing their diet to onions when these came in the spring.

Such furniture as we had we made ourselves. In addition to my mother's two chairs and the bunks which took the place of beds, James made a bench for the living-room, as well as a table and several stools. At first we had our tree-cutting done for us, but we soon became expert in this gentle art, and I developed such skill that in later years, after father came, I used to stand with him and "heart" a log.

On every side, and at every hour of the day, we came against the relentless hardships of pioneer life. There was not a team of horses in our entire region. The team with which my brother had driven us through the wilderness had been hired at Grand Rapids for that occasion, and, of course, immediately returned. Our lumber was delivered by ox-teams, and the absolutely essential purchases we made "outside" (at the nearest shops, forty miles away) were carried through the forest on the backs of men. Our mail was delivered once a month by a carrier who made the journey in alternate stages of horseback riding and canoeing.

But we had health, youth, enthusiasm, good appetites, and the food to satisfy them, and at night in our crude bunks we sank into dreamless slumber such as I have never known since. Indeed, looking back upon them, those few months seem to have been a long-drawn-out and glorious picnic, interrupted only by occasional hours of pain or panic, when we were hurt or frightened.

IV. ENCOUNTERS WITH INDIANS

Naturally, our two greatest fears were wild animals and Indians, but as the days passed, the first of these lost the early terrors with which we had associated them. We grew indifferent to the sounds that had made our first night a horror to us all, while we regarded with accustomed eyes the furred creatures of which we caught distant glimpses as they slunk through the forest. Their experience with other set-

tlers had taught them caution; it soon became clear that they were as eager to avoid us as we were to shun them, and by common consent we gave each other ample elbow-room.

The Indians were all around us, and every settler had hair-raising tales to tell of them. In my first encounter with them I was alone in the woods at sunset with my small brother Harry. We were hunting a cow James had bought, and our young eyes were peering eagerly among the trees on the alert for any moving object. Suddenly, at a little distance, and coming directly toward us, we saw a party of Indians. There were five of them, all men, walking in single file, as noiselessly as ghosts, their feet causing not even a rustle among the dry leaves that carpeted the woods.

All the horrible stories we had heard of Indian cruelty flashed into our minds, and for a moment we were dumb with terror. Then I remembered having been told that the one thing one must not do before them is to show fear. Harry was carrying a rope with which we had expected to lead home our lost cow, and I seized one end of it and whispered to him that we would "play horse," pretending he was driving me. We pranced toward the Indians on feet that felt like lead, and with eyes so glazed by terror that we could see nothing save a line of moving figures; but as we passed them they did not give us even a side-glance.

Our second encounter was less agreeable. Seven "Marquette warriors," all intoxicated, came to our home, bringing with them several jugs of bad whisky.

Fortunately, my brother James was at home, and as the evening grew old and the Indians, grouped together around the fire, became more and more irresponsible, he devised a plan for our safety. Our attic was finished, and its sole entrance was by a ladder through a trap-door. At James's whispered command my sister Eleanor slipped up into the attic, and from the back window let down a rope, to which he tied all the weapons we had — his gun and several axes. These Eleanor drew up and concealed in one of the bunks.

My brother then directed that as quietly as possible, and at long intervals, one member of the family after another was to slip up the ladder and into the attic, that the Indians might not realize what we were doing. Once there, with the ladder drawn up after us and the trap-door closed, we would be reasonably safe, unless our guests decided to burn the cabin.

That evening seemed endless, and was certainly nerve-racking. The Indians ate everything in the house, and from my seat in a dim corner I watched them while my sisters waited on them. I can still see the picture they made in the fire-lit room and hear the unfamiliar accents of their speech as they talked together. Occasionally one of them would pull a hair from his head, seize his scalping-knife, and cut the hair with it! When either of my sisters approached them some of the Indians would make gestures, as if capturing and scalping her. Through it all, however, the whisky held their close attention, and it was due to this that we succeeded in reaching the attic unobserved, James coming last of all and drawing the ladder after him.

Mother and the children were then put to bed; but through that endless night James and Eleanor lay flat upon the floor, watching through the cracks between the boards the drunken Indians, who grew wilder with every hour that crawled toward sunrise. There was no knowing when they would miss us or how soon their mood might change. At any moment they might make an attack upon us or set fire to the cabin. By dawn, however, their whisky was all gone, and one after the other the seven fell from their chairs to the floor, where they sprawled unconscious. When they awoke they left quietly and without trouble of any kind. Probably they were wretchedly ill.

V. DIGGING THE WELL

During the winter, life offered us new pastimes and many hardships. Our creek froze over, and the water problem be-

came a serious one, which we met with increasing difficulty as the temperature steadily fell. We melted snow and ice, and existed through the frozen months, but with an amount of discomfort which made us unwilling to repeat the experience. In the spring, therefore, I made a well.

Long before this James had gone, and Harry and I were now the only outdoor members of our working force. Harry was still too small to help with the well; but a young man, who had formed the neighborly habit of riding eighteen miles to call on us, gave me much friendly aid. When we had dug as far as we could reach with our spades, my assistant descended into the hole and threw the earth up to the edge, from which I in turn removed it. As the well grew deeper we made a half-way shelf, on which I stood, he throwing the earth on the shelf, and I shovelling it up from that point. Later, as he descended still farther into the hole we were making, he shovelled the earth into buckets and passed them up to me, I passing them on to my sister, who was now pressed into service. When the excavation was deep enough we made the wall of slabs of wood, roughly joined together.

The second spring after our arrival Harry and I tapped the sugar-bushes, collecting all the sap and carrying it home in pails slung from our yoke-laden shoulders. Together we made one hundred and fifty pounds of sugar and a barrel of syrup. To get the sap we chopped a gash in the tree and drove in a spile. Then we dug out a trough to catch the sap. It was no light task to lift these troughs full of sap and empty the sap into buckets, but we did it successfully and afterward built fires and boiled it down.

By this time we had also cleared some of our ground, and during the spring we were able to plow, dividing the work in a way that seemed fair to us both. These were difficult occupations for a boy of nine and a girl of thirteen. We also had our little tragedies. Our cow died, and for an entire winter we went without milk. Our coffee soon gave out, and as a substitute we made and used a mixture of browned peas and

burnt rye. In the winter we were always cold, and the water problem, until we built our well, was ever with us.

—*Adapted.*

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Which part of this narrative interested you most? Read this part again and be ready to tell it in your own words.
2. How was the work divided in the Shaw home? Tell how it is divided in your home.
3. Tell what it means to *chink* a log house. To *snare* a fish. To *heart* a log.
4. Tell how the Shaws solved their most difficult problem.
5. Would you like to live in a log cabin in the wilderness? As compared with your present house, tell what you would miss most if your cabin were like the Shaws'.
6. As a whole, what makes this selection interesting?

4. THE HOUSE WITH NOBODY IN IT

JOYCE KILMER

Only a poet, perhaps, would think of an old empty house as having a broken heart. That is what Joyce Kilmer thought of a tumbledown house which he used to pass every day on his way to his office. Kilmer was a young American poet who was killed in action during the World War.

Whenever I walk to Suffern along the Erie track,
I go by a poor old farmhouse with its shingles broken and black.
I suppose I've passed it a hundred times, but I always stop for a minute,
And look at the house, the tragic house, the house with nobody in it.

I never have seen a haunted house, but I hear there are such things;
That they hold the talk of spirits, their mirth and sorrowings.
I know this house isn't haunted, and I wish it were, I do;
For it wouldn't be so lonely if it had a ghost or two.

This house on the road to Suffern needs a dozen panes of glass,
And somebody ought to weed the walk and take a scythe to the grass.
It needs new paint and shingles, and the vines should be trimmed and tied;
But what it needs the most of all is some people living inside.

If I had a lot of money and all my debts were paid
I'd put a gang of men to work with brush and saw and spade.
I'd buy that place and fix it up the way it used to be
And I'd find some people who wanted a home and give it to them free.

Now, a new house standing empty, with staring window and door,
Looks idle, perhaps, and foolish, like a hat on its block in the store.
But there's nothing mournful about it; it cannot be sad and lone
For the lack of something within it that it has never known.

But a house that has done what a house should do, a house that has sheltered life,
That has put its loving wooden arms around a man and his wife,
A house that has echoed a baby's laugh and held up his stumbling feet,
Is the saddest sight, when it's left alone, that ever your eyes could meet.

So whenever I go to Suffern along the Erie track
I never go by the empty house without stopping and looking back,
Yet it hurts me to look at the crumbling roof and the shutters fallen apart,
For I can't help thinking the poor old house is a house with a broken heart.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. What does Kilmer mean by the last line? What may be the cause of the old house having "a broken heart"?
2. Find and read aloud the lines which tell what the old house needed most.
3. Why does the poet think a deserted *old* house is more mournful and tragic than a *new* and empty house? Read aloud the stanzas in which you find the answer.
4. Explain the first line in the next to the last stanza.
5. Are there any houses in your neighborhood like the one described by Kilmer? Do you know how they came to be empty?

ADDITIONAL READINGS. — 1. "Roofs," J. Kilmer, in *Main Street and Other Poems*. 2. "Empty," B. Braley, in *Scribner's Magazine*, 74 : 683. 3. "The Purchasers," M. H. Clark, *ibid.*, 75 : 49–50.

5. THE ROOF-TREE

CHARLES WAGNER

A house, according to Wagner, is first a shelter; second, a resting-place; and third, a revelation of the character of the people who live in it. To understand the author's thought you will need to study the selection. Try this plan:

1. Read the selection through slowly and carefully.
2. Find where each of the three parts begins and ends.
3. Read again the part which discusses the house as a shelter, looking in the glossary for the meaning of the words you cannot understand from their use in the sentence; then try to put the author's thought in your own words.
4. Do with the second and third parts of the selection — the discussion of the house as a resting-place and as a revelation of the souls of the people who live in it — what you have just done with the first part.
5. Answer the questions at the end of the selection.

I cross with emotion the threshold of a home, because its very name is so full of suggestions and memories.

The roof is first of all a shelter. Cold and heat, all the inclemencies of sky and enemies of earth, urge man to build

it and protect it. He who lacks this refuge lacks everything. To picture in a word the depths of want, we say of a man that he is homeless. If you would have, on the contrary, a perfect picture of happiness, you may find it in a family circle, unbroken, old and young together, under the protecting roof, around a cheerful fire where the evening meal is singing in the kettle.

But the roof is something more than a shelter. If man had no need of it for cover and defense, he would still feel driven to find somewhere in the wide earth a corner of his own, to attach himself to some familiar spot. True, life is a journey, and we are all on a pilgrimage; but every one of us is in search of a country. The boldest traveller, the most untiring explorer, cannot exist and be always journeying. When distance has lost its enchantment and his ardor for adventure has cooled, when he has braved dangers and looked upon wonders, desire wakens in his heart to find a resting-place. The more countries and men he has seen, the greater becomes his thirst for a fixed abode, for peace, and the affections of a home.

A sure refuge, a rallying-point whither all a man's ways lead him back—the roof-tree is this; but it is other than this, and more. Man has need of creating a world in his own image, and his dwelling is this world in miniature. From the rudest and most primitive shelter to the perfectly appointed house, every dwelling-place reveals the soul of its inhabitant. The lines of roof and walls, the close of windows, the style and arrangement of furnishings and pictures, the "den," even the flower growing in the window—all bear the human stamp. What a man is, what his ideals are, such is his home.

One man's house is like the lair of a beast, grim and inhospitable; another's is inviting and homelike, even to the guest of a day or the stranger within its gates. In some dwellings one breathes an incense, as of the spirit; they are like havens of safety. In others everything suggests worldly interests, the fierce strife of possession. Elsewhere, no sooner are you

across the threshold than an atmosphere of study surrounds you; every corner breathes a spirit of revery and thought, of which even the dullest visitor is sensible.

Take at random a dozen homes on the same corridor of a great tenement-house in the poorer quarters. They are identical in size, plan, and exposure, yet how marked and how very strange the contrasts! In no two do we breathe the same atmosphere, and so different are the impressions received that we might be crossing frontiers or passing from continent to continent. It is simply that a room, even a prison cell, takes on the aspect of its tenant. The same gloves on different hands, the same costumes on different women, are transformed by differences of figure, mind, and culture; and the same walls, housing different people, produce totally different effects.

—*Adapted.*

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Why does the author call a house a roof-tree?
2. Name five kinds of "inclemencies of sky" and of "enemies of earth" from which a house gives protection.
3. What is a "miniature"? See glossary. Is your room at home a "miniature" of yourself? Explain whether a stranger could tell what kind of boy or girl you are by visiting your room.
4. Describe the three kinds of homes pictured in the next to the last paragraph.
5. Tell about a beautiful home you once visited which seemed to reveal the character of the people who lived in it. Mention details that gave you this impression.
6. What is a house for? What does it reveal?

6. PRAYER FOR A LITTLE HOME

ANONYMOUS

God send us a little home
To come back to when we roam.

Low walls and fluted tiles,
Wide windows, a view for miles.

Red firelight and deep chairs,
Small white beds upstairs.

Great talk in little nooks,
Dim colors, rows of books.

One picture on each wall,
Not many things at all.

God send us a little ground,
Tall trees standing round.

Homely flowers in brown sod.
Overhead, thy stars, O God!

CLASS-LIBRARY READINGS

THE DWELLING-PLACE

1. "The Houses of the Colonists," *Real Stories from Our History*, 17–23.
2. "An Early Home Near Philadelphia," *ibid.*, 60–65.
3. "When the West Was New," *ibid.*, 98–103.
4. "Beautifying Homes," *A Dutch Boy Fifty Years After*, 134–140.
5. "Building of Homes," *World Book*, 1 : 322.
6. "The Homes of the Bees," *ibid.*, 1 : 649; *Book of Knowledge*, 9 : 2815–2826.
7. "Cats," *Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia*, 2 : 657–659.
8. "Where Beauty Rules the Humblest Home," *ibid.*, 4 : 1873–1876.
9. "Homes Not Made With Hands," *Book of Knowledge*, 17 : 5411–5417.
10. "The Plunge Into the Wilderness," John Muir, in *Atlantic Prose and Poetry*, 33–44.
11. "The Muskrats Are Building," D. L. Sharp, *ibid.*, 307–320.

B. THE HOME CIRCLE

1. A HOME SONG

HENRY VAN DYKE

I read within a poet's book
  A word that starred the page:
"Stone walls do not a prison make,
  Nor iron bars a cage!"

Yes, that is true, and something more:
  You'll find, where'er you roam,
That marble floors and gilded walls
  Can never make a home.

But every house where Love abides,
  And Friendship is a guest,
Is surely home, and home-sweet-home:
  For there the heart can rest.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Find the paragraph in the Introduction (p. 2) which best brings out the chief difference between a house and a home. Find the stanza in this poem which best shows this difference.
2. Why is "starred" a better word for the second line than "marked"?
3. Explain the last two lines of the first stanza. What two lines in another stanza resemble these lines?
4. Memorize "A Home Song" by reading it over a number of times

very thoughtfully from beginning to end. Can you repeat it from memory after five thoughtful readings?

5. Tell why this poem is placed in the second section of "Making Homes" rather than in the first.

2. THE CRATCHITS' CHRISTMAS DINNER

CHARLES DICKENS

Old Scrooge is a miser, mean and selfish, a hater of men, women, and children. He has come under the power of a Good Spirit who is teaching him to see the value of happiness, kindness, and love. Scrooge and the Spirit stand at the threshold of the home of Bob Cratchit, Scrooge's poverty-stricken clerk, looking upon the preparation of the Cratchits' Christmas dinner.

Perhaps it was the pleasure the Good Spirit had in showing off this power of his, or else it was his own kind, generous, hearty nature, and his sympathy with all poor men, that led him straight to Scrooge's clerk's; for there he went, and took Scrooge with him; on the threshold of the door the Spirit smiled and stopped to bless Bob Cratchit's dwelling. Think of that!

Then up rose Mrs. Cratchit, Cratchit's wife, dressed out but poorly in a twice-turned gown, but brave in ribbons, which are cheap and make a goodly show for sixpence; and she laid the cloth, assisted by Belinda Cratchit, second of her daughters, also brave in ribbons; while Master Peter Cratchit plunged a fork into the saucepan of potatoes, and getting the corners of his monstrous shirt collar (Bob's private property, conferred upon his son and heir in honor of the day) into his mouth, rejoiced to find himself so gallantly attired and yearned to show his linen in the fashionable parks.

And now two smaller Cratchits, boy and girl, came tearing in, screaming that outside the baker's they had smelt the goose, and known it for their own; and basking in luxurious thoughts of sage and onion, these young Cratchits danced about the table, and exalted Master Peter Cratchit to the

skies, while he (not proud, although his collar nearly choked him) blew the fire, until the slow potatoes, bubbling up, knocked loudly at the saucepan-lid to be let out and peeled.

"What has ever got your precious father then?" asked Mrs. Cratchit. "And your brother, Tiny Tim! And Martha wasn't as late last Christmas Day by half-an-hour!"

"Here's Martha, mother!" said a girl, appearing as she spoke.

"Here's Martha, mother!" cried the two young Cratchits. "Hurrah! There's *such* a goose, Martha!"

"Why, bless your heart alive, my dear, how late you are!" said Mrs. Cratchit, kissing her a dozen times, and taking off her shawl and bonnet for her with officious zeal.

"We'd a deal of work to finish up last night," replied the girl, "and had to clear away this morning, mother!"

"Well! Never mind so long as you are come," said Mrs. Cratchit. "Sit ye down before the fire, my dear, and have a warm, Lord bless ye!"

"No, no! There's father coming," cried the two young Cratchits, who were everywhere at once. "Hide, Martha, hide!"

So Martha hid herself, and in came little Bob, the father, with at least three feet of comforter exclusive of the fringe, hanging down before him; and his threadbare clothes darned up and brushed, to look seasonable; and Tiny Tim upon his shoulder. Alas for Tiny Tim, he bore a little crutch, and had his limbs supported by an iron frame!

"Why, where's our Martha?" cried Bob Cratchit, looking round.

"Not coming," said Mrs. Cratchit.

"Not coming!" said Bob, with a sudden decline in his high spirits; for he had been Tim's horse all the way from church and had come home rampant. "Not coming upon Christmas Day!"

Martha didn't like to see him disappointed, if it were only in joke; so she came out prematurely from behind the closet

door, and ran into his arms, while the two young Cratchits hustled Tiny Tim, and bore him off that he might hear the pudding singing in the copper.

"And how did little Tim behave?" asked Mrs. Cratchit, when she had rallied Bob on his credulity, and Bob had hugged his daughter to his heart's content.

"As good as gold," said Bob, "and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful, sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember upon Christmas Day who made lame beggars walk and blind men see."

Bob's voice was tremulous when he told them this, and trembled more when he said that Tiny Tim was growing strong and hearty.

His active little crutch was heard upon the floor, and back came Tiny Tim before another word was spoken, escorted by his brother and sister to his stool before the fire; and Master Peter, and the two young Cratchits went to fetch the goose, with which they soon returned in high procession.

Such a bustle ensued that you might have thought a goose the rarest of all birds; and in truth it was something very like it in that house. Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy (ready beforehand in a little saucepan) hissing hot; Master Peter mashed the potatoes with incredible vigor; Miss Belinda sweetened up the apple-sauce; Martha dusted the hot plates; Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner at the table; the two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody, not forgetting themselves, and mounting guard upon their posts, crammed spoons into their mouths, lest they should shriek for goose before their turn came to be helped.

At last the dishes were set on, and grace was said. It was succeeded by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly all along the carving-knife, prepared to plunge it in the breast; but when she did, and when the long-expected

gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all round the board, and even Tiny Tim, excited by the two young Cratchits, beat on the table with the handle of his knife, and feebly cried Hurrah!

There never was such a goose. Bob said he didn't believe there ever was such a goose cooked. Its tenderness and flavor, size and cheapness, were the themes of universal admiration. Eked out by apple-sauce and mashed potatoes, it was a sufficient dinner for the whole family; indeed, as Mrs. Cratchit said with great delight (surveying one small atom of a bone upon the dish), they hadn't eaten it all at last! Yet every one had had enough, and the youngest Cratchits in particular were steeped in sage and onion to the eyebrows! But now, the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit left the room alone—too nervous to bear witnesses—to take the pudding up and bring it in.

Suppose it should not be done enough! Suppose it should break in turning out! Suppose somebody should have got over the wall of the back-yard and stolen it, while they were merry with the goose—a supposition at which the two young Cratchits became livid! All sorts of horrors were supposed.

Hallo! A great deal of steam! The pudding was out of the copper. A smell like a washing-day! That was the cloth. A smell like an eating-house and a pastrycook's next door to each other, with a laundress's next door to that! That was the pudding! In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered—flushed, but smiling proudly—with the pudding, like a speckled cannon-ball, so hard and firm, and bedight with Christmas holly stuck into the top.

Oh, a wonderful pudding! Bob Cratchit said, and calmly too, that he regarded it as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit since their marriage. Mrs. Cratchit said that now the weight was off her mind, she would confess she had had her doubts about the quantity of flour. Everybody had something to say about it, but nobody said or thought it was

at all a small pudding for a large family. Any Cratchit would have blushed to hint at such a thing.

At last the dinner was all done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept, and the fire made up; apples and oranges were put upon the table, and a shovel-full of chestnuts on the fire. Then all the Cratchit family drew round the hearth, in what Bob Cratchit called a circle, meaning half a one; and while the chestnuts on the fire sputtered and cracked noisily, Bob proposed:

"A Merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!" Which all the family re-echoed.

"God bless us every one!" said Tiny Tim, the last of all.

He sat very close to his father's side upon his little stool. Bob held his withered little hand in his, as if he loved the child, and wished to keep him by his side, and dreaded that he might be taken from him. Then he gave another toast.

"Mr. Scrooge!" said Bob; "I'll give you Mr. Scrooge, the Founder of the Feast!"

"The Founder of the Feast indeed!" cried Mrs. Cratchit, reddening. "I wish I had him here. I'd give him a piece of my mind to feast upon, and I hope he'd have a good appetite for it!"

"My dear," said Bob, "the children! Christmas Day."

"It should be Christmas Day, I am sure," said she, "on which one drinks the health of such a stingy, hard, unfeeling man as Mr. Scrooge. You know he is, Robert! Nobody knows it better than you do, poor fellow!"

"My dear," was Bob's mild answer, "Christmas Day."

"I'll drink his health for your sake and the Day's," said Mrs. Cratchit, "not for his. Long life to him! A merry Christmas and a happy new year! He'll be very merry and very happy, I have no doubt!"

Bob Cratchit told them how he had a situation in his eye for Master Peter, which would bring in, if obtained, full five-and-sixpence weekly. The two young Cratchits laughed tremendously at the idea of Peter's being a man of business; and Peter himself looked thoughtfully at the fire from between his

collar, as if he were deliberating what particular investments he should favor when he came into the receipt of that bewildering income. Martha, who was a poor apprentice at a milliner's, then told them what kind of work she had to do, and how many hours she worked at a stretch, and how she meant to lie abed to-morrow morning for a good long rest; to-morrow being a holiday she passed at home. Also how she had seen a countess and a lord some days before, and how the lord "was much about as tall as Peter"; at which Peter pulled up his collar so high that you couldn't have seen his head if you had been there. All this time the chestnuts went round and round; and by and by they had a song, about a lost child travelling in the snow, from Tiny Tim, who had a plaintive little voice, and sang it very well indeed.

There was nothing of high mark in this. They were not a handsome family; they were not well-dressed; their shoes were far from being waterproof; their clothes were scanty; and Peter might have known, and very likely did, the inside of a pawnbroker's. But they were happy, grateful, pleased with one another, and contented with the time.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. What made the Cratchits a happy family? Suppose the pudding had been stolen, or had not been "done enough," or had broken "in turning out"—would it have made any real difference in their happiness? Explain.
2. Guess how the complete story ends. What effect does the Cratchits' Christmas dinner have on Scrooge, the miser? Does Tiny Tim get well and strong? Does Bob Cratchit get an increase in salary? Ask your teacher to read you the rest of the *Christmas Carol*, from which this selection is taken.
3. Read aloud the passages which best describe Mrs. Cratchit, Mr. Cratchit, Tiny Tim, Master Peter.
4. Volunteer work for a class committee: a dramatization of the story. Before dramatizing it, answer these questions:
   a. Should the entire *Christmas Carol* be used, or only the part given in this book? If the entire *Carol* is used, how many scenes should be in the play?

b. What stage "properties" are needed?
c. What part of the story should be told by acting? What part by conversation?
d. Can the words of Dickens be used for the dialogue?
e. Should Scrooge and the Good Spirit be brought in?
f. How should each character dress? Are special costumes and "makeups" necessary?
g. How much time is needed?

5. Explain how this story illustrates Van Dyke's "Home Song."

Additional Readings. — 1. "Christmas in the Old South," T. N. Page, in *The Old South.* 2. A Christmas at Mt. Vernon," G. Hunt, in *Century Magazine*, 55 : 188–195. 3. *Christmas in Legend and Story*, E. S. Smith and A. I. Hazeltine.

3. SNOW-BOUND

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

When almost sixty years of age, Whittier wrote this poem about his boyhood home in New England. Of the family which he describes only two members were then living, he and his brother. The first part of the poem, not printed here, describes the snowstorm, which held the family, snow-bound, within the old farmhouse.

I. BUILDING THE FIRE

As night drew on, and, from the crest
Of wooded knolls that ridged the west,
The sun, a snow-blown traveller, sank
From sight beneath the smothering bank,
We piled with care our nightly stack
Of wood against the chimney-back,—
The oaken log, green, huge, and thick,
And on its top the stout back-stick;
The knotty forestick laid apart,
And filled between with curious art
The ragged brush; then, hovering near,
We watched the first red blaze appear,
Heard the sharp crackle, caught the gleam
On whitewashed wall and sagging beam,

Until the old, rude-furnished room
Burst, flower-like, into rosy bloom;
While radiant with a mimic flame
Outside the sparkling drift became,
And through the bare-boughed lilac-tree
Our own warm hearth seemed blazing free.

II. THE FIRESIDE CIRCLE

Shut in from all the world without,
We sat the clean-winged hearth about,
Content to let the north-wind roar
In baffled rage at pane and door,
While the red logs before us beat
The frost-line back with tropic heat;
And ever, when a louder blast
Shook beam and rafter as it passed,
The merrier up its roaring draught
The great throat of the chimney laughed.
The house-dog on his paws outspread
Laid to the fire his drowsy head,
The cat's dark silhouette on the wall
A couchant tiger's seemed to fall;
And, for the winter fireside meet,
Between the andirons' straddling feet,
The mug of cider simmered slow,
The apples sputtered in a row,
And, close at hand, the basket stood
With nuts from brown October's wood.
What matter how the night behaved?
What matter how the north-wind raved?
Blow high, blow low, not all its snow
Could quench our hearth-fire's ruddy glow.

O Time and Change! — with hair as gray
As was my sire's that winter day,
How strange it seems, with so much gone

Of life and love, to still live on!
Ah, brother! only I and thou
Are left of all that circle now, —
The dear home faces whereupon
That fitful firelight paled and shone.
Henceforward, listen as we will,
The voices of that hearth are still;
Look where we may, the wide earth o'er,
Those lighted faces smile no more.

Yet Love will dream and Faith will trust
(Since He who knows our need is just)
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.
Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress-trees!
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play!
Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,
  The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is ever lord of Death,
  And Love can never lose its own!

Our father rode again his ride
On Memphremagog's wooded side;
Sat down again to moose and samp
In trapper's hut and Indian camp;
Our mother, while she turned her wheel
Or run the new-knit stocking-heel,
Told how the Indian hordes came down
At midnight on Cochecho town,
And how her own great-uncle bore
His cruel scalp-mark to fourscore.
Our uncle, innocent of books,
Was rich in lore of fields and brooks,
He told how teal and loon he shot,
And how the eagle's eggs he got,

The feats on pond and river done,
The prodigies of rod and gun;
Till, warming with the tales he told,
Forgotten was the outside cold.

Next, the dear aunt, whose smile of cheer
And voice in dreams I see and hear, —
The sweetest woman ever Fate
Perverse denied a household mate, —
Called up her girlhood memories,
The huskings and the apple-bees,
The sleigh-rides and the summer sails,
Weaving through all the poor details
And homespun warp of circumstance
A golden woof-thread of romance.
There, too, our elder sister plied
Her evening task the stand beside.
As one who held herself a part
Of all she saw, and let her heart
  Against the household bosom lean,
Upon the motley-braided mat
Our youngest and our dearest sat.

Brisk wielder of the birch and rule,
The master of the district school
Held at the fire his favored place;
Its warm glow lit a laughing face
Fresh-hued and fair, where scarce appeared
The uncertain prophecy of beard.
He teased the mitten-blinded cat,
Played cross-pins on my uncle's hat,
Sang songs, and told us what befalls
In classic Dartmouth's college halls.
A careless boy that night he seemed;
  But at his desk he had the look
And air of one who wisely schemed,
  And hostage from the future took

In trained thought and lore of book.
Large-brained, clear-eyed, — of such as he
Shall Freedom's young apostles be.

III. BEDTIME

At last the great logs, crumbling low,
Sent out a dull and duller glow,
The bull's-eye watch that hung in view,
Ticking its weary circuit through,
Pointed with mutely-warning sign
Its black hand to the hour of nine.
That sign the pleasant circle broke;
My uncle ceased his pipe to smoke,
Knocked from its bowl the refuse gray,
And laid it tenderly away,
Then roused himself to safely cover
The dull red brand with ashes over.
And while, with care, our mother laid
The work aside, her steps she stayed
One moment, seeking to express
Her grateful sense of happiness
For food and shelter, warmth and health,
And love's contentment more than wealth.

Within our beds awhile we heard
The wind that round the gables roared,
With now and then a ruder shock,
Which made our very bedsteads rock.
We heard the loosened clapboards tost,
The board-nails snapping in the frost;
And on us, through the unplastered wall,
Felt the lightsifted snow-flakes fall.
But sleep stole on, as sleep will do
When hearts are light and life is new;
Faint and more faint the murmurs grew,
Till in the summer-land of dreams

They softened to the sound of streams,
Low stir of leaves, and dip of oars,
And lapsing waves on quiet shores.

—*Abridged.*

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Describe the family circle about the hearth, and tell what the different members did.
2. Explain these lines:
   a. Alas for him who never sees
   The stars shine through his cypress-trees.
   b. Our uncle, innocent of books.
   c. The huskings and the apple-bees.
   d. Brisk wielder of the birch and rule.
   e. And hostage from the future took.
3. What caused the circle to break up?
4. Read aloud the lines that you like best in the poem. Why not memorize them?
5. Of what part of the Introduction (p. 2) does this poem remind you? Give reasons.
6. Why did Whittier like to look back on the days when the Whittiers were snow-bound? What made his boyhood home happy?
7. Topics for special reports:
   a. The heaviest snowstorm I ever saw.
   b. When we were snow-bound.
   c. Our family circle.
   d. Reading aloud in our home.
   e. My father's favorite story.

4. HANGING A PICTURE

JEROME K. JEROME

Try to find out what Jerome's purpose is from the first three paragraphs. Is his purpose to tell the right way to hang a picture, or to describe a happy family, or to relate a funny story, or to show the character of Uncle Podger? Or is it for all four of these purposes? What seems to show his purpose? Play the game fairly and answer these questions before you read beyond the third paragraph.

You never saw such a commotion up and down a house, in all your life, as when my Uncle Podger undertook to do a job.

A picture would have come home from the frame-maker's and be standing in the dining-room, waiting to be put up; and Aunt Podger would ask what was to be done with it, and Uncle Podger would say:

"Oh, you leave that to *me*. Don't you, any of you, worry yourselves about that. *I'll* do all that."

And then he would take off his coat and begin. He would send the girl out for sixpen'orth of nails, and then one of the boys after her to tell her what size to get; and, from that, he would gradually work down, and start the whole house.

"Now you go and get me my hammer, Will," he would shout; "and you bring me the rule, Tom; and I shall want the step-ladder, and I had better have a kitchen-chair, too; and Jim! you run round to Mr. Goggles, and tell him, 'Pa's kind regards, and hopes his leg's better; and will he lend him his spirit-level?' And don't you go, Maria, because I shall want somebody to hold me the light; and when the girl comes back, she must go out again for a bit of picture-cord; and Tom — where's Tom? — Tom, you come here; I shall want you to hand me up the picture."

And then he would lift up the picture, and drop it, and it would come out of the frame, and he would try to save the glass, and cut himself; and then he would spring round the room, looking for his handkerchief. He could not find his handkerchief, because it was in the pocket of the coat he had taken off, and he did not know where he had put the coat, and all the house had to leave off looking for his tools, and start looking for his coat; while he would dance round and hinder them.

"Doesn't anybody in the whole house know where my coat is? I never came across such a set in all my life — upon my word I didn't. Six of you! — and you can't find a coat that I put down not five minutes ago! Well, of all the ——"

Then he'd get up, and find that he had been sitting on it, and would call out:

"Oh, you can give it up! I've found it myself now. Might

just as well ask the cat to find anything as expect you people to find it."

And, when half an hour had been spent in tying up his finger, and a new glass had been got, and the tools, and the ladder, and the chair, and the candle had been brought, he would have another go, the whole family, including the girl and the charwoman, standing round in a semicircle, ready to help. Two people would have to hold the chair, and a third would help him up on it, and hold him there, and a fourth would hand him a nail, and a fifth would pass him up the hammer, and he would take hold of the nail, and drop it.

"There!" he would say, in an injured tone, "now the nail's gone."

And we would all have to go down on our knees and grovel for it, while he would stand on the chair, and grunt, and want to know if he was to be kept there all the evening.

The nail would be found at last, and by that time he would have lost the hammer.

"Where's the hammer? What did I do with the hammer? Seven of you, gaping round there, and you don't know what I did with the hammer!"

We would find the hammer for him, and then he would have lost sight of the mark he had made on the wall where the nail was to go in, and each of us had to get up on a chair beside him and see if we could find it; and we would each discover it in a different place, and he would call us all fools, one after another, and tell us to get down. And he would take the rule, and remeasure, and find that he wanted half thirty-one and three-eighths inches from the corner, and would try to do it in his head, and go mad.

And we would all try to do it in our heads, and all arrive at different results, and sneer at one another. And in the general row, the original number would be forgotten and Uncle Podger would have to measure it again.

He would use a bit of string this time, and at the critical moment, when he was leaning over the chair at an angle of

forty-five, and trying to reach a point three inches beyond what was possible for him to reach, the string would slip, and down he would slide on to the piano, a really fine musical effect being produced by the suddenness with which his head and body struck all the notes at the same time.

And Aunt Maria would say that she would not allow the children to stand round and hear such language.

At last Uncle Podger would get the spot fixed again, and put the point of the nail on it with his left hand, and take the hammer in his right hand. And, with the first blow, he would smash his thumb, and drop the hammer, with a yell, on somebody's toes.

Aunt Maria would mildly observe that next time Uncle Podger was going to hammer a nail into the wall, she hoped he'd let her know in time, so that she could make arrangements to go and spend a week with her mother while it was being done.

"Oh! you women, you make such a fuss over everything," Uncle Podger would reply, picking himself up. "Why, I *like* doing a little job of this sort."

And then he would have another try, and, at the second blow, the nail would go clean through the plaster, and half the hammer after it, and Uncle Podger would fall against the wall with force nearly sufficient to flatten his nose.

Then we had to find the rule and the string again, and a new hole was made; and, about midnight, the picture would be up — very crooked and insecure, the wall for yards around looking as if it had been smoothed down with a rake, and everybody dead beat and wretched — except Uncle Podger.

"There you are," he would say, stepping heavily off the chair on to the charwoman's corns, and surveying the mess he had made with evident pride. "Why, some people would have had a man in to do a little thing like that!"

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. After all, who hung the picture?
2. Were you right about Jerome's purpose? Explain.
3. Read aloud the part that shows Uncle Podger at his best.
4. Would the story be as amusing if it had been told in the first person by Uncle Podger? If possible, have this phonograph record played before the class: "Uncle Josh and Aunt Nancy Put Up the Kitchen Stove."
5. Is the story suited for dramatizing? Give reasons.
6. Volunteer work: Make a drawing of Uncle Podger hanging the picture; or of the scene after the picture was hung.
7. Suggested theme topics:
   a. When father put up the kitchen stove.
   b. When I took the calf to the pasture.
   c. Uncle Tom's first ride on a bicycle.
   d. Sister's first baking.
   e. Installing a radio.
   f. Moving day at our house.

5. THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

"The poet of the fireside" is a name frequently given to Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. "The Children's Hour" is a true picture of his home life.

Between the dark and the daylight,
  When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
  That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
  The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
  And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
  Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice and laughing Allegra,
  And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper and then a silence:
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall!
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall!

They climb up into my turret
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape, they surround me:
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine!

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall.
Such an old mustache as I am
Is not a match for you all!

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down in the dungeon,
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And moulder in dust away!

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Explain the title. Does it fit the poem?
2. To what does Longfellow liken or compare his study and his chair? To what does he liken his children?
3. Would you like to have been put down in Longfellow's dungeon? Explain.
4. Why should a home have a "Children's Hour"?

CLASS-LIBRARY READINGS

THE HOME CIRCLE

1. "My Family," *The Thoughts of Youth*, 48–58.
2. "Christmas Day!" *The Story of My Life*, 41–42.
3. "America's Most Illustrious Family," *Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia*, 1 : 12–16.
4. "Christmas Carols Around the World," *ibid.*, 2 : 758–760.
5. "The Homes of Ants," *ibid.*, 1 : 139; *World Book*, 1 : 269; *Book of Knowledge*, 10 : 2941–2950.
6. "The First Christmas Tree," *The Van Dyke Book*, 106–123.
7. "The Life of Young Animals," *Book of Knowledge*, 17 : 5477–5482.
8. "A Canadian Folk Song," *Atlantic Prose and Poetry*, 21.
9. "A Group of Christmas Poems," *ibid.*, 189–190.
10. "Beloved of Men — and Dogs" (Sir Walter Scott), *More Than Conquerors*, 57–88.
11. "The Sunny Master of Sunnyside" (Washington Irving), *ibid.*, 89–118.
12. "My Children," J. G. Holland, in *Atlantic Prose and Poetry*, 54–56.
13. "Jonas and Matilda," *ibid.*, 269–274.

C. GLIMPSES INTO A FEW HOMES

1. HOME FOLKS AND NEIGHBOR PEOPLE

HORACE KEPHART

During one of his camping trips, Horace Kephart became interested in the mountaineers in Tennessee and Kentucky. These primitive people are pure Anglo-Saxon Americans, many of whom can trace their ancestry in this country for two hundred years. From them came such leaders as Andrew Jackson, Jefferson Davis, and Abraham Lincoln. Kephart's interest in the descendants of the men who first carved out homes in the wilderness led him to write *Our Southern Highlanders*, from which this selection is taken.

Reading Directions. — A good silent reader is one who reads understandingly at a fairly rapid rate, neither dawdling nor skimming. It is helpful to find out now and then just how rapidly you can get the thought from a printed page. Use this selection as a test. Do not start to read until you are told to begin. When the signal is given, start and read for exactly three minutes. Note the word where you are when the signal to stop is given; then read the rest of the selection and test your grasp of the thought by answering the questions at the end.

The average mountain home is a happy one. There is little worry and less fret. Nobody's nerves are on edge. Our highlander views the events of life with the calmness and tolerant good-humor of Bret Harte's Southwesterner, "to whom cyclones, famine, drought, floods, pestilence, and savages were things to be accepted, and whom disaster, if it did not stimulate, certainly did not frighten."

It is a patriarchal life. The man of the house is lord. He takes no orders from anybody at home or abroad. Whether he shall work or visit or roam the woods with dog and gun is nobody's affair but his own. About family matters he consults with his wife, but in the end his word is law. If Madame be a bit shrewish he is likely to tolerate it as natural to the weaker vessel; but if she should go too far he checks her with a curt "Shet up!" and the incident is closed.

"The woman," as every wife is called, has her kingdom within the house, and her husband seldom meddles with its affairs. Now and then he may grumble "A woman's allers findin' somethin' to do that a man can't see no sense in; but, then, the Lord made women fussy over trifles — so why bother about it?"

The mountain farmer's wife is not only a household drudge, but a field-hand as well. She helps to plant, hoes corn, gathers fodder, sometimes even plows or splits rails. It is the commonest of sights for a woman to be awkwardly hacking up firewood with a dull axe. When her husband leaves home on a journey, he is not likely to have laid in wood for the stove or hearth; so she and the children must drag from the hillsides whatever dead timber they can find.

Outside the towns no hat is lifted to maid or wife. A man would consider it belittled his dignity. At table, if women be seated at all, the dishes are passed first to the men; and generally the wife stands by and serves. There is no conscious discourtesy in such customs; but they show an indifference to woman's weakness, a disregard for her finer nature, that are real and deep-seated in the mountaineer. To him she is little more than a sort of superior domestic animal. The chivalric regard for women that characterized our pioneers of the Far West is altogether lacking in the habits of the backwoodsman of Appalachia.

And yet it is seldom that a highland woman complains of her lot. She knows no other. From early times the men of her race have been warriors, hunters, herdsmen, clearers of

forests, and their women have toiled in the fields. Indeed she would scarcely respect her husband if he did not lord it over her and cast upon her the menial tasks. It is "manners" for a woman to drudge and obey. All respectable wives do that. And they stay at home, never visiting or going anywhere without first asking their husband's consent.

Mountain women marry early, many of them at fourteen or fifteen, and nearly all before they are twenty. Large families are the rule, seven to ten children being considered normal, while fifteen is not an uncommon number; but the infant death-rate is high.

The children have few toys other than rag dolls, broken bits of crockery for "play-parties," and such "ridey-hosses" as they make for themselves. They play few games, but rather frisk about like young colts without aim or method. Every mountain child has at least one dog for a playfellow, and sometimes a pet pig is equally familiar. In many districts there is not enough level land for a ballground. An amusement of the small boys is "rocking" (throwing stones at marks or at each other), in which rather doubtful pastime they become singularly expert.

Most mountaineers are indulgent, over-indulgent, parents. The oft-heard threat, "I'll w'ar ye out with a hick'ry!" is seldom carried out. The boys, especially, grow up with little restraint beyond their own natural sense of filial duty. Little children are allowed to eat and drink anything they want — green fruit, adulterated candy, fresh cider, no matter what; and fatal consequences are not rare. Julian Ralph tells of a man on Bullskin Creek, who, explaining why his child died, said that "No one couldn't make her take no medicine; she just wouldn't take it; she was a Baker through and through, and you never could make a Baker do nothin' he didn't want to!"

The mountaineers have a native fondness for music and dancing. The harmony of "part singing" is unknown, and both men and women sing in a jerky treble. Most of their

music is in the weird, plaintive minor key that seems natural with primitive people throughout the world. Not only the tone but the sentiment of their hymns and ballads is usually of a melancholy nature, expressing the wrath of God and the doom of sinners, or the luckless adventures of wild blades and of maidens all forlorn. A highlander might well say, with the clown in *A Winter's Tale*, "I love a ballad but even too well; if it be doleful matter, merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing indeed, and sung lamentably."

But where banjo and fiddle enter the vapors vanish. Up strike the Fox Chase, Shady Grove, Gamglin' Man, Sourwood Mountain, and knees are limbered, and merry voices rise.

Call up your dog, O call up your dog!
Call up your dog!
Call up your dog!
Let's a-go huntin' to ketch a groundhog.
Rang tang a-whaddle linky day!

Wherever the church has not put its ban on "twistifications" the country dance is the chief amusement of young and old. In homes where dancing is not permitted, and often in others, "play-parties" are held, at which social games are practised with childlike abandon: Roll the Platter, Weavilly Wheat, Needle's Eye, We Fish Who Bite, Grin an' Go 'Foot, Swing the Cymblin, Skip t' m' Lou (pronounced "Skip-tum a-loo"), and many others of a rollicking, half-dancing nature.

Round the house; skip t' m' Lou, my darlin'.
Steal my partner and I'll steal again; skip (etc.).
Take her and go with her — I don't care; skip (etc.).
I can get another as pretty as you; skip (etc.).
Pretty as a red-bird, and prettier too; skip (etc.).

A substitute for the church fair is the "poke-supper," at which dainty pokes (bags) of cake and other home-made delicacies are auctioned off to the highest bidder. Whoever

bids-in a poke is entitled to eat with the girl who prepared it, and escort her home. The rivalry excited among the mountain swains by such artful lures may be judged from the fact that, in a neighborhood where a man's work brings only a dollar a day, a pretty girl's poke may be bid up to ten, twenty, or even fifty dollars.

As a rule, the only holidays observed in the mountains, outside the towns, are Christmas and New Year's. Christmas is celebrated after the Southern fashion, which seems strange indeed to one witnessing it for the first time. The boys and men, having no firecrackers (which they would disdain, anyway), go about shooting revolvers. Blank cartridges are never used in this uproarious jollification, and the courses of the bullets are left to chance, so that discreet people keep their noses indoors. There is no church festivity, nor are Christmas trees ever set up. Few mountain children hang up their stockings, and many have never heard of Santa Claus.

READING TEST

Test the thoroughness of your reading by seeing how many of the following sentences you can complete correctly. Do this without looking at the selection. On your paper copy the words which make the sentences true.

1. The average mountain home is:
   a. happy.
   b. unhappy.
2. The chief authority in a mountain family rests with the:
   a. father.
   b. mother.
3. In addition to the household work mountain women:
   a. help in the hunting.
   b. help in the farming.
4. The mountaineers look upon women as:
   a. their equals.
   b. their inferiors.
5. Mountain women usually marry:
   a. late in life.
   b. early in life.

6. Mountain children usually play:
   a. few games.
   b. many games.
7. The children of the mountaineers are:
   a. allowed to do as they please.
   b. not allowed to do as they please.
8. The hymns and ballads of the mountaineers are usually:
   a. sad and gloomy.
   b. bright and cheerful.
9. The chief amusements in a mountaineer neighborhood are:
   a. hunting, fishing, and swimming.
   b. music, dancing, and parties.
10. The only holidays ordinarily observed among the mountaineers are:
   a. Christmas and New Year's.
   b. Fourth of July and Thanksgiving.

Scoring Your Reading

Count the words you had read when the signal to stop reading was given. How can you find your reading rate per minute?

Correct endings to the sentences should be given ten points each. What is your total score?

Keep your reading rate and your score in readiness for later use as a means of measuring your progress in reading.

2. ROBERT OF LINCOLN

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

Merrily swinging on brier and weed,
  Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain-side or mead,
  Robert of Lincoln is telling his name:
    Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
    Spink, spank, spink;
Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers.
    Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gayly drest,
  Wearing a bright black wedding-coat;
White are his shoulders and white his crest.

Hear him call in his merry note:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
Look, what a nice new coat is mine,
Sure there was never a bird so fine.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Brood, kind creature; you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here.
Chee, chee, chee.

Modest and shy as a nun is she;
One weak chirp is her only note.
Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Never was I afraid of man;
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can!
Chee, chee, chee.

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Freckled with purple, a pretty sight!
There as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nice good wife that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about.
Chee, chee, chee.

Soon as the little ones chip the shell,
Six wide mouths are open for food;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seeds for the hungry brood.
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work, and silent with care;
Off is his holiday garment laid,
Half forgotten that merry air:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nobody knows but my mate and I
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
Chee, chee, chee.

Summer wanes; the children are grown;
Fun and frolic no more he knows;
Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone;
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln, come back again.
Chee, chee, chee.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Does this poem have an unhappy end? Give reasons for your answer.
2. If you can, bring a picture of a bobolink to class? Tell, if possible, what the habits of the bobolink are.
3. Explain whether this poem refers to the family life of bobolinks only.

4. What is the work of Bob? What is the work of his "Quaker wife"? Compare their work with the work of your father and mother.
5. When one's work "sobers" him, is that the same as taking pleasure away from him? Explain.
6. What has this poem to do with "home"?

ADDITIONAL READINGS. — 1. "The Chickadee," W. L. Finley, in *American Birds*. 2. "A Summer with a Hummer," A. A. Allen, in *Scribner's Magazine*, 69: 693–701. 3. *Wild Animal Homesteads*, E. Mills. 4. *Curious Homes and Their Tenants*, D. C. Beard. 5. "To a Mouse," Robert Burns.

3. THE HOUSEKEEPER

CHARLES LAMB

The most lovable of English essayists is Charles Lamb. He was born in the heart of London and spent his entire life in and about the city. For more than thirty years he worked as a clerk in the offices of the East India Company. He loved flowers, insects, animals, and people. Friendliness and kindly humor appear in almost everything he wrote.

The frugal snail, with forecast of repose,
Carries his house with him where'er he goes;
Peeps out, — and if there comes a shower of rain,
Retreats to his small domicile again.
Touch but a tip of him, a horn, — 'tis well, —
He curls up in his sanctuary shell.
He's his own landlord, his own tenant; stay
Long as he will, he dreads no Quarter Day.[1]
Himself he boards and lodges; both invites
And feasts himself; sleeps with himself o'er nights.
He spares the upholsterer trouble to procure
Chattels; himself is his own furniture,
And his sole riches. Whereso'er he roam, —
Knock when you will, — he's sure to be at home.

[1] *Quarter Day* is the day in England for the payment of rent.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. *Study of detail.* Almost every line and, indeed, many of the phrases and words in this sonnet are worth study. For example, notice how the following words and phrases accurately describe the way the snail lives (consult the glossary if necessary): "frugal," "forecast of repose," "sanctuary," "himself he boards and lodges," "sleeps with himself o'er nights," "himself is his own furniture." Explain also these lines: second, fifth and sixth, seventh, eleventh and twelfth, fourteenth.
2. Are there any other creatures who live like the snail?
3. Does the title have more than one meaning? Does it fit the poem?
4. Why is this sonnet placed in this section of "Making Homes"?

4. ROOSEVELT'S LETTERS TO CHILDREN

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Theodore Roosevelt will be remembered as a statesman, a hunter of big game, a naturalist, an historian, and a lover of home. He was born in New York City, was educated at Harvard University, spent several years on a Western ranch, wrote a notable history of the West, and served as a State legislator, police commissioner, military officer in the Spanish-American War, governor of New York, and President of the United States. This selection consists of three letters which he wrote to children when he was President.

A White House Christmas

(TO MASTER JAMES A. GARFIELD, WASHINGTON)

White House, Dec. 26, 1902.

JIMMIKINS:

Among all the presents I got I don't think there was one I appreciated more than yours; for I was brought up to admire and respect your grandfather, and I have a very great fondness and esteem for your father. It always seems to me as if you children were being brought up the way that mine are. Yesterday Archie got among his presents a small rifle from

me and a pair of riding-boots from his mother. He won't be able to use the rifle until next summer, but he has gone off very happy in the riding boots for a ride on the calico pony Algonquin, the one you rode the other day.

Yesterday morning at a quarter of seven all the children were up and dressed and began to hammer at the door of their mother's and my room, in which their six stockings, all bulging out with queer angles, were hanging from the fireplace. So their mother and I got up, shut the window, lit the fire, taking down the stockings, of course, put on our wrappers, and prepared to admit the children. But first there was a surprise for me, also for their good mother, for Archie had a little Christmas tree of his own which he had rigged up in a big closet with the help of one of the carpenters; and we all had to look at the tree and each of us got a present off of it. There was also one present each for Jack the dog, Tom Quartz the kitten, and Algonquin the pony, whom Archie would no more think of neglecting than I would neglect his brothers and sisters. Then all the children came into our bed and there they opened their stockings.

Afterwards we got dressed and took breakfast, and then all went into the library, where each child had a table set for his bigger presents. Quentin had a perfectly delightful electric railroad, which had been rigged up for him by one of his friends, the White House electrician, who has been very good to all the children. Then Ted and I, with General Wood and Mr. Bob Ferguson, who was a lieutenant in my regiment, went for a three hours' ride; and all of us, including the children, took lunch at the house with the children's aunt — Archie and Quentin having their lunch at a little table with their cousin Sheffield. Late in the afternoon I played at single stick with General Wood and Mr. Ferguson. I am going to get your father to come on and try it soon. We have to try to hit as light as possible, but sometimes we hit hard, and to-day I have a bump over one eye and a swollen wrist. Then all our family and kinsfolk and Senator and Mrs

Lodge's family and kinsfolk had our Christmas dinner at the White House, and afterwards danced in the East Room, closing up with the Virginia Reel.

Tom Quartz and Jack

White House, Jan. 6, 1903.

Dear Kermit:

We felt very melancholy after you and Ted left and the house seemed empty and lonely. But it was the greatest possible comfort to feel that you both really have enjoyed school and are both doing well there.

Tom Quartz is certainly the cunningest kitten I have ever seen. He is always playing pranks on Jack and I get very nervous lest Jack should grow too irritated. The other evening they were both in the library — Jack sleeping before the fire — Tom Quartz scampering about, an exceedingly playful little wild creature — which is about what he is. He would race across the floor, then jump upon the curtain or play with the tassel. Suddenly he spied Jack and galloped up to him. Jack, looking exceedingly sullen and shame-faced, jumped out of the way and got upon the sofa, where Tom Quartz instantly jumped upon him again. Jack suddenly shifted to the other sofa, where Tom Quartz again went after him. Then Jack started for the door, while Tom made a rapid turn under the sofa and around the table, and just as Jack reached the door leaped on his hindquarters. Jack bounded forward and away and the two went tandem out of the room — Jack not reappearing at all; and after about five minutes Tom Quartz stalked solemnly back.

Another evening the next Speaker of the House, Mr. Cannon, an exceedingly solemn, elderly gentleman with chin whiskers, who certainly does not look to be of playful nature, came to call upon me. He is a great friend of mine, and we sat talking over what our policies for the session should be until about eleven o'clock; and when he went away I accom-

panied him to the head of the stairs. He had gone about half-way down when Tom Quartz strolled by, his tail erect and very fluffy. He spied Mr. Cannon going down the stairs, jumped to the conclusion that he was a playmate escaping and raced after him, suddenly grasping him by the leg the way he does Archie and Quentin when they play hide and seek with him; then loosening his hold he tore down-stairs ahead of Mr. Cannon, who eyed him with iron calm and not one particle of surprise.

Ethel has reluctantly gone back to boarding-school. It is just after lunch and Dulany is cutting my hair while I dictate this to Mr. Loeb. I left Mother lying on the sofa and reading aloud to Quentin, who as usual has hung himself over the back of the sofa in what I should personally regard as an exceedingly uncomfortable attitude to listen to literature. Archie we shall not see until this evening, when he will suddenly challenge me either to a race or a bear play, and if neither invitation is accepted will then propose that I tell a pig story or else read aloud from the Norse folk tales.

Vice-Mother of the Children

White House, Nov. 15, 1903.

Dear Kermit:

Mother has gone off for nine days, and as usual I am acting as vice-mother. Archie and Quentin are really too cunning for anything. Each night I spend about three-quarters of an hour reading to them. I first of all read some book like *Algonquin Indian Tales*, or the poetry of Scott or Macaulay. Once I read them "Jim Bludsoe," which perfectly enthralled them and made Quentin ask me at least a hundred questions, including one as to whether the colored boy did not find sitting on the safety valve hot.

I have also been reading them each evening from the Bible. It has been the story of Saul, David, and Jonathan. They have been so interested that several times I have had to read them more than one chapter. Then each says his prayers

and repeats the hymn he is learning, Quentin usually jigging solemnly up and down while he repeats it. Each finally got one hymn perfect, whereupon in accordance with previous instructions from mother I presented each of them with a five-cent piece. Yesterday (Saturday) I took both of them and Ethel, together with the three elder Garfield boys, for a long scramble down Rock Creek. We had great fun.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Make a list of the chief topics discussed in these letters.
2. Use one of the topics in your list for a floor-talk; read again the part of the selection in which it is treated, so that you will be able to give your talk well.
3. Which of the books mentioned in these letters have you read? Name the book you liked best.
4. Suggested theme topics:
   a. Father's letters.
   b. Christmas Day at the Roosevelts'.
   c. Theodore Roosevelt, an ideal father.
   d. Pets in our house.
   e. Why I like Roosevelt.
5. Mention ways in which the homes described in this section are alike. Mention ways in which they differ. Which home do you like best? Why?

CLASS-LIBRARY READINGS

GLIMPSES INTO A FEW HOMES

1. "Incidents of Home," *Roosevelt's Letters to His Children*, 29–34, 217–218.
2. "Home Pets," *ibid.*, 34–38, 47–48, 81, 199–200.
3. "Pillow Fights," *ibid.*, 68–69, 153–154.
4. "A Picture Letter," *ibid.*, 104.
5. "The Egg in the Nest," *Children's Literature*, 49.
6. "The Courtship, Merry Marriage, and Picnic Dinner of Cock Robin and Jenny Wren," *ibid.*, 42–44.
7. "Our Charming Neighbors in Feathers," *Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia*, 1: 400–426; *World Book*, 1: 729, 731, 738.
8. "The Hero and Tin Soldiers," *The Van Dyke Book*, 124–127.

D. FAMILY TIES AND HOME INFLUENCES

1. WHICH SHALL IT BE?

ETHEL LYNN BEERS

Which child did these parents love most?

"Which shall it be? Which shall it be?"
I look'd at John — John look'd at me
(Dear, patient John, who loves me yet
As well as though my locks were jet);
And when I found that I must speak,
My voice seem'd strangely low and weak:
"Tell me again what Robert said."
And then I, listening, bent my head.

"This is his letter: 'I will give
A house and land while you shall live,
If, in return, from out your seven,
One child to me for aye is given.'"

I look'd at John's old garments worn,
I thought of all that John had borne
Of poverty and work and care,
Which I, though willing, could not share;
I thought of seven mouths to feed,
Of seven little children's need,
And then of this. "Come, John," said I,

"We'll choose among them as they lie
Asleep"; so, walking hand in hand,
Dear John and I survey'd our band.

First to the cradle lightly stepp'd,
Where the new nameless baby slept.
"Shall it be Baby?" whispered John.
I took his hand, and hurried on
To Lily's crib. Her sleeping grasp
Held her old doll within its clasp;
Her dark curls lay like gold alight,
A glory 'gainst the pillow white.
Softly her father stoop'd to lay
His rough hand down in loving way,
When dream or whisper made her stir,
Then huskily said John, "Not her — not her!"

We stopp'd beside the trundle-bed,
And one long ray of lamplight shed
Athwart the boyish faces there,
In sleep so pitiful and fair;
I saw on Jamie's rough red cheek
A tear undried. Ere John could speak,
"He's but a baby, too," said I,
And kiss'd him as we hurried by.

Pale, patient Robbie's angel face
Still in his sleep bore suffering's trace.
"No, for a thousand crowns, not him!"
We whisper'd, while our eyes were dim.

Poor Dick! bad Dick! our wayward son,
Turbulent, reckless, idle one —
Could he be spared? Nay; He who gave
Bids us befriend him to his grave;
Only a mother's heart can be

Patient enough for such as he;
"And so," said John, "I would not dare
To send him from her bedside prayer."

Then stole we softly up above
And knelt by Mary, child of love.
"Perhaps for her 'twould better be,"
I said to John. Quite silently
He lifted up a curl astray
Across her cheek in wilful way,
And shook his head: "Nay, love; not thee,"
The while my heart beat audibly.

Only one more, our eldest lad,
Trusty and truthful, good and glad —
So like his father. "No, John, no —
I cannot, will not, let him go."

And so we wrote, in courteous way,
We could not give one child away;
And afterward toil lighter seem'd,
Thinking of that of which we dream'd,
Happy in truth that not one face
We miss'd from its accustom'd place;
Thankful to work for all the seven,
Trusting the rest to One in heaven.

2. THE FRESHMAN FULL-BACK

RALPH D. PAINE

The boyish night city editor glanced along the copy-readers' table and petulantly exclaimed:

"Isn't that spread head ready yet, Mr. Seeley? It goes on the front page and we are holding open for it. Whew, but you are slow. You ought to be holding down a job on a quarterly review."

A portly man of middle age dropped his pencil and turned heavily in his chair to face the source of this public humiliation. An angry flush overspread his face and he chewed at a grayish mustache as if fighting down rebellion. His comrades at the long table had looked up from their work and were eyeing the oldest copy-reader with sympathetic uneasiness while they hoped that he would be able to hold himself in hand. The night city editor felt the tension of this brief tableau and awaited the threatened outbreak with a nervous smile. But Seeley jerked his green eyeshade so low that his face was partly hidden, and wheeled round to resume his task with a catch of the breath and a tone of surrender in his reply.

"The head will be ready in five minutes, sir. The last pages of the story are just coming in."

A much younger man, at the farther end of the table, whispered to his neighbor:

"That's cheap and nasty, to call down old man Seeley as if he were a cub reporter. He may have lost his grip, but he deserves treatment for what he has been. Managing editor of this very sheet, London correspondent before that, and the crack man of the staff when most of the rest of us were in short breeches. And now Henry Harding Seeley isn't any too sure of keeping his job on the copy-desk."

"That's what the New York newspaper game can do to you if you stick at it too long," murmured the other. "Back to the farm for mine."

It was long after midnight when these two put on their coats and bade the city editor's desk a perfunctory "Good-night."

They left Henry Harding Seeley still slumped in his chair, writing with dogged industry.

"He's dead tired, you can see that," commented one of the pair as they headed for Broadway, "but, as usual, he is grinding out stuff for the Sunday sheet after hours. He must need the extra coin mighty bad. I came back for my over-

coat at four the other morning, and he was still pegging away just like that."

Through the years of his youth as a reporter of rare ability and resourcefulness, Seeley had never spared himself. Burning the candle at both ends, with a vitality which had seemed inexhaustible, he had won step after step of promotion until, at forty, he was made managing editor of that huge and hard-driven organization, the *New York Chronicle*. For five years of racking responsibility Henry Harding Seeley had been able to maintain the pace demanded of his position.

Then came an error of judgment — a midnight decision demanded of a fagged mind — and his O. K. was scrawled upon the first sheet of a story of embezzlement in Wall Street. By a blunder the name of the fugitive cashier was coupled with that of the wrong bank. Publication of *The Chronicle* story started a terrific run on this innocent institution, which won its libel suit against the newspaper in the amount of one hundred thousand dollars.

The managing editor, two reporters, and the copy-reader who had handled the fatal manuscript were swept out of the building by one cyclonic order from the owner thereof. Henry Seeley accepted his indirect responsibility for the disaster in grim, manly fashion, and straightway sought another berth befitting his journalistic station. But his one costly slip was more than a nine-days' scandal along Park Row, and other proprietors were afraid that he might hit them in the very vital regions of their pockets. Worse than this, his confidence in himself had suffered mortal damage. The wear and tear of his earlier years had left him with little reserve power, and he went to pieces in the face of adverse fortune.

"Worked out at forty-five," was the verdict of his friends, and they began to pity him.

The will to succeed had been broken, but Seeley might have rallied had not his wife died during the ebb-tide of his affairs. She had walked hand in hand with him since his early twenties, her faith in him had been his mainstay, and

his happiness in her complete and beautiful. Bereft of her when he stood most in need of her, he seemed to have no more fight in him, and, drifting from one newspaper office to another, he finally eddied into his old "shop" as a drudging copy-reader and an object of sympathy to a younger generation.

There was one son, strong, bright, eager, and by dint of driving his eternally wearied brain overtime, the father had been able to send him to Yale, his own alma mater. More or less pious deception had led young Ernest Seeley to believe that his father had regained much of his old-time prestige with *The Chronicle*, and that he had a hand in guiding its destinies. The lad was a Freshman, tremendously absorbed in the activities of the autumn term, and his father was content that he should be so hedged about by the interests of the campus world as to have small time or thought for the grizzled, taciturn toiler in New York.

This was the kind of man that trudged heavily into the little German café of an early morning after his long night's slavery at the copy-desk. His mind, embittered and sensitive to slights like a raw nerve, was brooding over the open taunt of the night city editor, who had been an office-boy under him in the years gone by. From force of habit, he seated himself at a table in the rear of the room, shunning the chance of having to face an acquaintance. Unfolding a copy of the city edition, which had been laid on his desk damp from the pressroom, Seeley scanned the front page with scowling uneasiness, as if fearing to find some blunder of his own handiwork. Then he turned to the sporting page and began to read the football news.

His son Ernest had been playing as a substitute with the university eleven, an achievement which stirred the father's pride without moving his enthusiasm. And the boy, chilled by his father's indifference, had said little about it during his infrequent visits to New York. But now the elder Seeley sat erect, and his stolid countenance was almost animated as he read, under a New Haven date line:

The Yale confidence of winning the game with Princeton to-morrow has been shattered, and gloom enshrouds the camp of the Elis to-night. Collins, the great full-back, who has been the key-stone of Yale's offensive game, was taken to the infirmary late this afternoon. He complained of feeling ill after the signal practice yesterday; fever developed overnight, and the consulting physicians decided that he must be operated on for appendicitis without delay. His place in the Princeton game will be filled by Ernest Seeley, the Freshman who has been playing a phenomenal game in the back-field, but who is so lacking in experience that the coaches are all at sea to-night. The loss of Collins has swung the odds strongly in favor of Princeton.

The elder Seeley wiped his glasses as if not sure that he had read aright.

Ernest had seemed to him no more than a sturdy infant, and here he was, on the eve of a championship football battle, picked to fight for the "old blue." The father's career at Yale had been a most honorable one. He, too, had played on the eleven and had helped to win two desperate contests against Princeton. But all this belonged to a part of his life which was dead and done for. He had not achieved in after years what Yale expected of him, and his record there was with his buried memories.

Supper was forgotten while Henry Seeley wondered whether he really wanted to go to New Haven to see his boy play. Many of his old friends and classmates would be there and he did not wish to meet them.

And it stung him to the quick as he reflected:

"I should be very happy to see him win, but — but to see him whipped! I couldn't brace and comfort him. And supposing it breaks his heart to be whipped as it has broken mine? No, I won't let myself think that. I'm a poor Yale man and a worse father, but I couldn't stand going up there to-day."

Even more humiliating was the thought that he would shrink from asking leave of the city editor. Saturday was

not his "day off," and he so greatly hated to ask favors at the office that the possibility of being rebuffed was more than he was willing to face.

Into his unhappy meditations broke a boisterous hail:

"Diogenes Seeley, as I live. Why, you old rascal, I thought you were dead or something. Glad I didn't get foolish and go to bed. Here, waiter, get busy."

Seeley was startled, and he looked much more distressed than rejoiced as he lumbered from his table to grasp the outstretched hand of a classmate. The opera-hat of this Mr. Richard Giddings was cocked at a rakish angle, his blue eye twinkled good cheer and youthful hilarity, and his aspect was utterly care-free.

"How are you, Dick?" said Seeley, with an unusual smile which singularly brightened his face. "You don't look a day older than when I last saw you. Still cutting coupons for a living?"

"Oh, money is the least of my worries," gayly rattled Mr. Giddings. "Been doing the heavy society act to-night, and on my way home found I needed some sauerkraut to tone up my jaded system. By Jove, Harry, you're as gray as a badger. This newspaper game must be bad for the nerves. Lots of fellows have asked me about you. Never see you at the University Club, nobody sees you anywhere. Remarkable how a man can lose himself right here in New York. Still running *The Chronicle*, I suppose."

"I'm still in the old shop, Dick," replied Seeley, glad to be rid of this awkward question. "But I work nearly all night and sleep most of the day, and am like a cog in a big machine that never stops grinding."

"Shouldn't do it. Wears a man out," and Mr. Giddings sagely nodded his head. "Course you are going up to the game to-day. Come along with me. Special car with a big bunch of your old pals inside. They'll be tickled to death to find I've dug you out of your hole. Hello! Is that this morning's paper? Let me look at the sporting page. Great

team at New Haven, they tell me. What's the latest odds?"

The alert eye of Richard Giddings swept down the New Haven dispatch like lightning.

With a grievous outcry he smote the table and shouted:

"Collins out of the game? Great Scott, Harry, that's awful news. And a green Freshman going to fill his shoes at the last minute. I feel like weeping, honest I do. Who the deuce is this Seeley? Any kin of yours? I suppose not or you would have bellowed it at me before this."

"He is my only boy, Dick," and the father held up his head with a shadow of his old manner. "I didn't know he had the ghost of a show to make the team until I saw this dispatch."

"Then, of course, you are coming up with me," roared Mr. Giddings. "I hope he's a chip of the old block. If he has your sand they can't stop him. Jumping Jupiter, they couldn't have stopped you with an axe when you were playing guard in our time, Harry. I feel better already to know that it is your kid going in at full-back to-day."

"No, I'm not going up, Dick," said Seeley slowly. "For one thing, it is too short notice for me to break away from the office, and I — I haven't the nerve to watch the boy go into the game. I'm not feeling very fit."

"Stuff and nonsense, you need a brain cure," shouted Richard Giddings. "You, an old Yale guard, with a pup on the team, and he a Freshman at that! Throw out your chest, man; tell the office to go to the devil — where all newspapers belong — and meet me at the station at ten o'clock sharp. You talk and look like the oldest living grad with one foot in the grave."

Seeley flushed and bit his lip. His dulled realization of what Yale had been to him was quickened by this tormenting comrade of the brave days of old, but he could not be shaken from his attitude of morbid self-effacement.

"No, Dick, it's no use," he returned with a tremulous

smile. "You can't budge me. But give my love to the crowd and tell them to cheer for that youngster of mine until they're blue in the face."

Mr. Richard Giddings eyed him quizzically, and surmised that something or other was gravely wrong with his grizzled classmate. But Seeley offered no more explanations, and the vivacious intruder fell to his task of demolishing sauerkraut with great gusto, after which he nimbly vanished into a cruising hansom with a sense of having been rebuffed.

Seeley watched him depart at great speed and then plodded toward his uptown lodgings. But sleep was distressed with unhappy dreams, and during a wakeful interval he heard a knock at his sitting-room door.

An office-boy from *The Chronicle* editorial rooms gave him a note and waited for an answer.

Seeley recognized the handwriting of the managing editor and was worried, for he was always expecting the worst to happen. He sighed with relieved surprise as he read:

My dear Mr. Seeley:

Please go to New Haven as soon as possible and do a couple of columns of descriptive introduction of the Yale-Princeton game. The sporting department will cover the technical story, but a big steamboat collision has just happened in North River, two or three hundred drowned and so on, and I need every man in the shop. As an old Yale player I am sure I can depend on you for a good story, and I know you used to do this kind of stuff in fine style.

Seeley fished his watch from under a pillow. It was after ten o'clock and the game would begin at two. While he hurried into his clothes he was conscious of a distinct thrill of excited interest akin to his old-time joy in the day's work. Could he "do this kind of stuff in fine style"? Why, before his brain had begun to be always tired, when he was the star reporter of *The Chronicle*, his football introductions had been classics in Park Row. If there was a spark of the old fire

left in him he would try to strike it out, and for the moment he forgot the burden which had so long crushed him.

"But I don't want to run into Dick Giddings and his crowd," he muttered as he sought his hat and overcoat. "And I'll be up in the press-box away from the mob of old grads. Perhaps my luck has turned."

When Henry Seeley reached the Yale field the eleven had gone to the dressing-rooms in the training-house, and he hovered on the edge of the flooding crowds, fairly yearning for a glimpse of the Freshman full-back and a farewell grasp of his hand. The habitual dread lest the son find cause to be ashamed of his father had been shoved into the background by a stronger, more natural emotion.

But he well knew that he ought not to invade the training-quarters in these last crucial moments. The coaches would be delivering their final words of instruction and the old Yale guard could picture to himself the tense absorption of the scene. Like one coming out of a dream, the past was returning to him in vivid, heart-stirring glimpses. Reluctantly he sought his place in the press-box high above the vast amphitheatre.

The preliminary spectacle was movingly familiar: the rippling banks of color which rose on all sides to frame the long carpet of chalked turf; the clamorous outbursts of cheering when an eddy of Yale or Princeton undergraduates swirled and tossed at command of the dancing dervish of a leader at the edge of the field below; the bright, buoyant aspect of the multitude as viewed en masse. Seeley leaned against the railing of his lofty perch and gazed at this pageant until a sporting editor, long in harness, nudged his elbow and said:

"Hello! I haven't seen you at a game in a dozen years. Doing the story or just working the press-badge graft? That namesake of yours will be meat for the Tigers, I'm afraid. Glad he doesn't belong to you, aren't you?"

Seeley stared at him like a man in a trance and replied evasively:

"He may be good enough. It all depends on his sand and nerve. Yes, I am doing the story for a change. Have you the final line-up?"

"Princeton is playing all her regular men," said the sporting editor, giving Seeley his note-book. "The only Yale change is a full-back — and that's a catastrophe."

Seeley copied the lists for reference, and his pencil was not steady when he came to "Full-back, Ernest T. Seeley." But he pulled his thoughts away from the eleven and began to jot down notes of the passing incidents which might serve to weave into the fabric of his description. The unusual stimulus aroused his talent as if it were not dead but dormant. The scene appealed to him with almost as much freshness and color as if he were observing it for the first time.

A roar of cheering rose from a far corner of the field and ran swiftly along the Yale side of the amphitheatre, which blossomed in tossing blue. The Yale eleven scampered into view like colts at pasture, the substitutes veering toward the benches behind the side-line. Without more ado the team scattered in formation for signal practice, paying no heed to the tumult which raged around and above them. Agile, clean-limbed, splendid in their disciplined young manhood, the dark-blue of their stockings and the white "Y" gleaming on their sweaters fairly trumpeted their significance to Henry Seeley. And poised behind the rush-line, wearing his hard-won university blue, was the lithe figure of the Freshman full-back, Ernest Seeley.

The youngster, whose fate it was to be called a "forlorn hope," looked fragile beside his comrades of the eleven. Although tall and wiry, he was like a greyhound in a company of mastiffs. His father, looking down at him from so great a height that he could not read his face, muttered to himself while he dug his nails into his palms:

"He is too light for this day's work. But he carries himself like a thoroughbred."

The boy and his fellows seemed singularly remote from the

shouting thousands massed so near them. They had become the sole arbiters of their fate, and their impressive isolation struck Henry Seeley anew as the most dramatic feature of this magnificent picture. He must sit idly by and watch his only son battle through the most momentous hour of his young life, as if he were gazing down from another planet.

The staccato cheers of Princeton rocketed along the other side of the field, and the eleven from Old Nassau ran briskly over the turf and wheeled into line for a last rehearsal of their machine-like tactics. Henry Seeley was finding it hard to breathe, just as it had happened in other days when he was waiting for the "kick-off" and facing a straining Princeton line. The minutes were like hours while the officials consulted with the captains in the centre of the field. Then the two elevens ranged themselves across the brown turf, there was breathless silence, and a Princeton toe lifted the ball far down toward the Yale goal.

It was the young full-back who waited to receive the opening kick, while his comrades thundered toward him to form a flying screen of interference. But the twisting ball bounded from his too eager arms, and another Yale back fell on it in time to save it from the clutches of a Princeton end.

"Nervous. Hasn't steadied down yet," exclaimed a reporter behind Henry Seeley. "But he can't afford to give Princeton any more chances like that. Her ends are faster than chain lightning."

The father groaned and wiped the sweat from his eyes. If the team were afraid of this untried full-back, such a beginning would not give them confidence. Then the two lines locked and heaved in the first scrimmage, and a stocky Yale half-back was pulled down in his tracks. Again the headlong Princeton defense held firm and the Yale captain gasped, "Second down and three yards to gain." The Yale interferers sped to circle one end of the line, but they were spilled this way and that, and the runner went down a yard short of the needed distance.

The Yale full-back dropped back to punt. Far and true the ball soared into the Princeton field, and the lithe Freshman had somewhat redeemed himself. But now, for their own part, the sons of Old Nassau found themselves unable to make decisive gains against the Yale defense. Greek met Greek in these early clashes, and both teams were forced to punt again and again. Trick-plays were spoiled by alert end-rushers for the blue or the orange-and-black, fiercely launched assaults at centre were torn asunder, and the longer the contest raged up and down the field the more clearly it was perceived that these ancient rivals were rarely well matched in point of strength and strategy.

The Yale coaches were dismayed at this turn of events. They had hoped to see the ball carried toward the Princeton goal by means of shrewdly devised team-work, instead of which the burden of the game was shifted to one man, the weakest link in the chain, the Freshman at full-back. He was punting with splendid distance, getting the ball away when it seemed as if he must be overwhelmed by the hurtling Tigers. Once or twice, however, a hesitant nervousness almost wrought quick disaster, and the Yale partisans watched him with tormenting apprehension.

The first half of the game was fought into the last few minutes of play, and neither eleven had been able to score. Then luck and skill combined to force the struggle far down into Yale territory. Only ten yards more of trampled turf to gain and Princeton would cross the last white line. The indomitable spirit which had placed upon the escutcheon of Yale football the figure of a bulldog rampant rallied to meet this crisis, and the hard-pressed line held stanch and won possession of the ball on downs. Back to the very shadow of his own goal-posts the Yale full-back ran to punt the ball out of the danger zone. It shot fairly into his grasp from a faultless pass, but his fingers juggled the slippery leather as if it were bewitched. For a frantic, awful instant he fumbled with the ball and wildly dived after it as it glanced off to one side, bounded crazily, and rolled beyond his reach.

The Princeton quarter-back had darted through the line like a bullet. Without slackening speed or veering from his course, he scooped up the ball as he sped toward the Yale goal-line. It was done and over within a twinkling, and while the Yale team stampeded helplessly in his wake the devastating hero was circling behind the goal-posts, where he flopped to earth, the precious ball apparently embedded in his stomach. It was a Princeton touchdown fairly won, but made possible by the tragic blunder of one Yale man. While ten thousand Princeton throats were barking their jubilation as many more loyal friends of Yale sat sad-eyed and sullen and glowered their displeasure at the slim figure of the full-back as he limped into line to face the try for goal.

The goal was not scored, however, and the fateful tally stood five to nothing when the first half ended, with the blue banners drooping disconsolate.

Henry Seeley pulled his slouch hat over his eyes and sat with hunched shoulders staring at the Yale team as it left the field for the intermission. He had forgotten about his story of the game. The old spectre of failure obsessed him. It was already haunting the pathway of his boy. Was he also to be beaten by one colossal blunder? Henry Seeley felt that Ernest's whole career hung upon his behavior in the second half. How would the lad "take his medicine"? Would it break his heart or rouse him to fight more valiantly? As if the father had been thinking aloud, the sporting editor at his side observed:

"He may win the game yet. I like the looks of that boy. But he did make a hideous mess of it, didn't he? I hope he hasn't got a streak of yellow in him."

Henry Seeley turned on his neighbor with a savage scowl and could not hold back the quivering retort:

"He belongs to me, I want you to understand, and we'll say nothing about yellow streaks until he has a chance to make good next half."

"Whew-w-w — why did you hold it out on me, old man?"

gasped the sporting editor. "No wonder you kicked me black-and-blue without knowing it. I hope he is a chip of the old block. I saw you play here in your last game."

Seeley grunted something and resumed staring at the field. He was thinking of the present moment in the training quarters, of the muddy, weary players sprawled around the head coach, of his wise, bitter, stinging rebukes and admonitions. Perhaps he would take Ernest out of the game. But Seeley was confident that the coaches would give the boy a chance to redeem himself if they believed his heart was in the right place. Presently the two teams trotted on the field, not as nimbly as at their first appearance, but with dogged resolution in their demeanor. Henry Seeley saw his son glance up at the "cheering sections" as if wondering whether their welcome was meant to include him. One cheer, at least, was intended to greet him, for Henry Seeley stood on his chair, waved his hat, and thundered:

"'Rah, 'rah, 'rah, for Yale, my boy. Eat 'em alive as your daddy used to do."

The men from Princeton had no intention of being devoured in this fashion. They resumed their tireless, whirlwind attack like giants refreshed, and so harried their Yale foemen that they were forced to their utmost to ward off another touchdown. This incessant battering dulled the edges of their offensive tactics, and they seemed unable to set in motion a consistent series of advances. But the joy of Princeton was tempered by the knowledge that this, her dearest enemy, was not beaten until the last play had been signalled.

And somehow the Yale machine of muscle, brains, and power began to find itself when the afternoon shadows were slanting athwart the arena. With the ball on Princeton's forty-yard line the chosen sons of Eli began a heroic advance down the field. It was as if some missing cog had been supplied. "Straight old-fashioned football" it was, eleven minds and bodies working as one and animated by a desperate

resolve, which carried the Yale team along for down after down into the heart of Princeton's ground.

Perhaps because he was fresher than the other backs, perhaps because the captain knew his man, the ball was given to the Yale full-back for one swift and battering assault after another. His slim figure pelted at the rush-line, was overwhelmed in an avalanche of striped arms and legs, but somehow twisted, wriggled, dragged itself ahead as if there was no stopping him. The multitude comprehended that this despised and disgraced Freshman was working out his own salvation along with that of his comrades. Once, when the scrimmage was untangled, he was dragged from beneath a heap of players, unable to regain his feet. He lay on the grass a huddled heap, blood smearing his forehead. A surgeon and the trainer doused and bandaged him, and presently he staggered to his feet and hobbled to his station, rubbing his hands across his eyes as if dazed.

When, at length, the stubbornly retreating Princeton line had been driven deep down into their end of the field, they, too, showed that they could hold fast in the last extremity. The Yale attack crumpled against them as if it had struck a stone wall. Young Seeley seemed to be so crippled and exhausted that he had been given a respite from the interlocked, hammering onslaught, but at the third down the panting quarter-back croaked out his signal. His comrades managed to rip a semblance of an opening for him, he plunged through, popped clear of the line, fell to his knees, recovered his footing by a miracle of agility, and lunged onward, to be brought down within five yards of the coveted goal-posts.

He had won the right to make the last charge. Swaying in his tracks, the full-back awaited the summons. Then he dived in behind the interference for a circuit of the right end. Two Princeton men broke through as if they had been shot out of mortars, but the Yale full-back had turned and was ploughing straight ahead. Pulled down, dragging the tackler who clung to his waist, he floundered to earth with most of

the Princeton team piled above him. But the ball lay beyond the fateful chalk-line, the Yale touchdown was won, and the game was tied.

The captain clapped Seeley on the shoulder, nodded at the ball, and the full-back limped on to the field to kick the goal or lose a victory. There were no more signs of nervousness in his bearing. With grave deliberation he stood waiting for the ball to be placed in front of the goal-posts. The sun had dropped behind the lofty grandstands. The field lay in a kind of wintry twilight. Thirty thousand men and women gazed in tensest silence at the mud-stained, battered youth who had become the crowning issue of this poignant moment. Up in the press-box a thick-set, grayish man dug his fists in his eyes and could not bear to look at the lonely, reliant figure down yonder on the quiet field. The father found courage to take his hands from his face only when a mighty roar of joy boomed along the Yale side of the amphitheatre, and he saw the ball drop in a long arc behind the goal-posts. The kick had won the game for Yale.

Once clear of the crowds, Henry Seeley hurried toward the training quarters. His head was up, his shoulders squared, and he walked with the free stride of an athlete. Mr. Richard Giddings danced madly across to him:

"Afraid to see him play, were you, you silly old fool? He is a chip of the old block. He didn't know when he was licked. Wow, wow, wow, blood will tell! Come along with us, Harry."

"I must shake hands with the youngster, Dick. Glad I changed my mind and came to see him do it."

"All right, see you at Mory's to-night. Tell the boy we're all proud of him."

Seeley resumed his course, saying over and over again, as if he loved the sound of the words, "chip of the old block," "blood will tell."

This verdict was like the ringing call of bugles. It made him feel young, hopeful, resolute, that life were worth having

for the sake of its strife. One thing at least was certain. His son could "take his punishment" and wrest victory from disaster, and he deserved something better than a coward and a quitter for a father.

The full-back was sitting on a bench when the elder Seeley entered the crowded, steaming room of the training-house. The surgeon had removed the muddy, blood-stained bandage from around his tousled head and was cleansing an ugly, ragged gash. The boy scowled and winced but made no complaint, although his bruised face was very pale.

"Must have made you feel pretty foggy," said the surgeon. "I shall have to put in a few stitches. It was a deuce of a thump."

"I couldn't see very well and my legs went queer for a few minutes, but I'm all right now, thanks," replied the full-back, and then, glancing up, he saw his father standing near the door. The young hero of the game beckoned him with a grimy fist. Henry Seeley went over to him, took the fist in his two hands, and then patted the boy's cheek with awkward and unaccustomed tenderness.

"Sit still, Ernest. I won't interfere with the doctor's job. I just wanted to let you know that I saw your bully work. It made me think of — it made me think of ——"

Henry Seeley's voice broke curiously and his lip quivered. He had not meant to show any emotion.

His son replied with a smile of affectionate admiration:

"It made you think of your own teams, didn't it? And I was thinking of you in that last half. It helped my nerve a whole lot to remember that my dad never knew when he was licked. Why, even the coaches told me that between the halves. It put more ginger into me than anything else. We've got to keep up the family record between us."

The father looked beyond the boy as if he were thinking of a bigger, sterner game than football. There was the light of resurrected determination in his eyes, and a vibrant earnestness in his voice as he said:

"I'm not worrying about your keeping the family record bright, Ernest. And, however things may go with me, you will be able to hang fast to the doctrine which helped you today, that your father, too, doesn't know when he is whipped."

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Would you have been satisfied if the story had ended with the kicking of the goal? Explain.
2. Who is the hero — Mr. Seeley or Ernest? Which helped the other more?
3. Can you suggest a better title for the story?
4. Name the important parts or episodes in the story. Can you point out where each begins and ends? Would the story suffer if any episode were omitted? How does the author bridge the gaps between these episodes; that is, how does he link them together?
5. Would it have been better if the author had put the cause of Mr. Seeley's failure in journalism at the very beginning of the story instead of deferring it until later?
6. Explain: "chip of the old block"; "blood will tell."
7. Is this more than a football story? Explain what it has to do with home or family.

3. THE HOUSEHOLD FAIRY

ALICE HULING

No word grips the heart as does the word *Mother*. She is the centre and maker of the home. No one can take her place. In the next three selections three authors pay tribute to her, but no two of them honor her in quite the same way. Read these selections through silently, and then decide which of them best describes your own mother.

Have you heard of the household fairy sweet,
Who keeps the home so bright and neat?
Who enters the rooms of boys and girls,
And finds lost marbles or smooths out curls?
Who mends the rent in a girlie's frock —
Or darns the hole in a Tomboy's sock?

If you don't believe it is true, I say
You may search and find her this very day
In your home.

You must not look for a maiden fair,
With starry eyes and golden hair;
Her hair may be threaded with silver gray,
But one glance of her eyes drives care away,
And the touch of her hand is so soft and light
When it smooths out a place for your head at night.
If you know of some one just like this,
My household fairy you cannot miss —
It's "Mother."

4. MOTHER

KATHLEEN NORRIS

No, Mother never worried, or if she did, nobody ever knew it. Care, fatigue, responsibility, hard long years of busy days and broken nights had left their mark on her face; but there was a contagious serenity in her smile, a clear steadiness in her calm eyes, and her forehead, beneath an unfashionably plain sweep of hair, was untroubled and smooth.

Mother was a simple woman; so absorbed in the hourly problems attendant upon the housing and feeding of her husband and family that her own personal ambitions, if she had any, were quite lost sight of, and the actual outlines of her character were forgotten by every one, herself included. If her busy day marched successfully to nightfall; if darkness found her husband reading in his big chair, the younger children sprawled safe and asleep in the nursery, the older ones contented with books or games, the clothes sprinkled, the bread set, the kitchen dark and clean, she asked no more of life.

She would sit, her overflowing work-basket beside her, looking from one absorbed face to another, thinking perhaps of Julie's new school dress, of Ted's impending siege with the

dentist, or of the old bureau in the attic that might be mended for Bruce's room. "Thank God, we all have warm beds," she would say, when they all went up-stairs yawning and chilly.

She had married, at twenty, the man she loved, and had found him better than her dreams in many ways, and perhaps disappointing in some few others, but "the best man in the world" for all that. That for more than twenty years he had been satisfied to stand for nine hours daily behind one dingy desk, and to carry home to her his unopened salary envelope twice a month, she found only admirable. Daddy was "steady," he was "so gentle with the children," he was "the easiest man in the world to cook for." "Bless his heart, no woman ever had less to worry over in her husband!" she would say, looking from her kitchen window to the garden where he trained the pea-vines, with the children's yellow heads bobbing about him. She never analyzed his character, much less criticised him. Good and bad, he was taken for granted; she was much more lenient to him than to any of the children.

She welcomed the babies as gifts from God, marvelled over their tiny perfectness, dreamed over the soft little forms with a heart almost too full for prayer. She secretly regarded her children as marvellous, even while she laughed down their youthful conceit and punished their naughtiness.

5. A WORTHY WOMAN

THE BIBLE

A worthy woman who can find?
For her price is far above rubies.
The heart of her husband trusteth in her,
And he shall have no lack of gain.
She doeth him good and not evil
All the days of her life.

She seeketh wool and flax,
And worketh willingly with her hands.
She is like the merchant-ships;
She bringeth her bread from afar.

She riseth also while it is yet night,
And giveth food to her household,
And their task to her maidens.
She considereth a field, and buyeth it;
With the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard.
She girdeth her loins with strength,
And maketh strong her arms.
She perceiveth that her merchandise is profitable;
Her lamp goeth not out by night.
She layeth her hands to the distaff,
And her hands to the spindle.
She stretcheth out her hands to the poor;
Yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy.

She is not afraid of the snow for her household;
For all her household are clothed with scarlet.
She maketh for herself carpets of tapestry;
Her clothing is fine linen and purple.
Her husband is known in the gates,
When he sitteth among the elders of the land.
She maketh linen garments and selleth them,
And delivereth girdles unto the merchant.
Strength and dignity are her clothing;
And she laugheth at the time to come.
She openeth her mouth with wisdom;
And the law of kindness is on her tongue.
She looketh well to the ways of her household.
And eateth not the bread of idleness.

Her children rise up, and call her blessed;
Her husband also, and he praiseth her, saying:

Many daughters have done worthily,
But thou excellest them all.
Grace is deceitful, and beauty is vain;
But a woman that feareth Jehovah, she shall be praised.
Give her of the fruit of her hands;
And let her works praise her in the gates.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Write a short poem or essay picturing your mother as you most often think of her. Send the best three to the principal.
2. Which of these selections reminds you most of your mother?
3. What different view of mother is emphasized in each of these selections?
4. Name the tasks mentioned in "The Household Fairy" and "Mother" as the work of a mother which could be done by boys or girls.
5. How many of these lines from the last selection can you explain?
   a. "For her price is far above rubies."
   b. "She stretcheth out her hands to the poor."
   c. "She is not afraid of the snow for her household."
   d. "And she laugheth at the time to come."
   e. "And the law of kindness is on her tongue."
   f. "And eateth not the bread of idleness."
   g. "And let her works praise her in the gates."
6. Which is the finest tribute to a mother in the last selection? In any of the three selections? Give reasons for your answers.

ADDITIONAL READINGS. — 1. "The Revolt of Mother," M. E. Wilkins, in *A New England Nun and Other Stories*. 2. "The Knight's Toast," Sir Walter Scott. 3. "Pies," Anonymous, in *Atlantic Monthly*, 128: 715–716. 4. "Her Words," A. H. Branch, in M. Wilkinson's *New Voices*, 131. 5. "The House and the Road," J. P. Peabody, *ibid.*, 296.

6. HOME, SWEET HOME

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there,

Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home!
There's no place like Home! There's no place like Home!

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;
Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again!
The birds singing gayly, that came at my call, —
Give me them, — and the peace of mind, dearer than all!
Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home!
There's no place like Home! There's no place like Home!

How sweet 'tis to sit 'neath a fond father's smile,
And the cares of a mother to soothe and beguile!
Let others delight 'mid new pleasures to roam,
But give me, oh, give me, the pleasures of home!
Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home!
There's no place like Home! There's no place like Home!

To thee I'll return, overburdened with care;
The heart's dearest solace will smile on me there;
No more from that cottage again will I roam;
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.
Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home!
There's no place like Home! There's no place like Home!

CLASS-LIBRARY READINGS

FAMILY TIES AND HOME INFLUENCES

1. "My Relatives," *The Thoughts of Youth*, 128–137.
2. "Childhood Home," *The Story of My Life*, chaps. 1–3.
3. "The President and the Boy," *A Dutch Boy Fifty Years After*, 153–159.
4. "The Gift of the Magi," O. Henry, in *Children's Literature*, 505–508.
5. "Alec Yeaton's Son," *Atlantic Prose and Poetry*, 19–20.
6. "The Wild Mother," D. L. Sharp, *ibid.*, 75–80.
7. "An Order for a Picture," Alice Cary, *ibid.*, 81–84.
8. "A Little Mother," Florence Gilmore, *ibid.*, 95–101.
9. "Love is Always Here," E. C. Stedman, *ibid.*, 295–297.

GENERAL REVIEW OF MAKING HOMES

READING DIRECTIONS

(To be read aloud by the teacher and talked over with the class.)

A good silent reader makes frequent changes in the way he reads. Sometimes he reads rapidly, sometimes slowly; sometimes he takes in whole sentences at a glance; sometimes he studies carefully every word. He adapts his method to the kind of material he is reading and to the purpose for which he is reading. If he reads a text-book in order to master thoroughly the author's ideas, he usually finds it helpful to read according to the plan for "The Roof-Tree" (p. 23). If his main purpose in reading a narrative or a story is to follow the movement or the action, he usually reads rapidly as in reading "The Freshman Full-back" (p. 62).

Go through the selections in this unit and find:

1. *A text-book selection requiring the mastery of the author's ideas* ("The Roof-Tree," p. 23, is one example).
2. *A narrative or story requiring a rapid reading for the movement or action* ("The Freshman Full-back," p. 62, is one example).

When you differ about selections, talk over your disagreement in class; it is necessary to remember, of course, that all good readers do not read just alike, even when they read the same selection for the same purpose.

QUESTIONS AND PROBLEMS

1. In how many different houses have you lived since you were born? Tell about the one you liked best. What dwelling described in these selections resembles it most?
2. Tell ways in which the dwellings in your neighborhood can be improved. Can you do anything to help improve them? Explain.
3. What is the best "home" holiday of the year? What selection best describes it?
4. What is the funniest episode in these readings? Tell about the funniest thing that ever happened in your home. Was it funny when it happened?
5. Describe the most interesting animal home you ever saw.
6. Find a description of an ideal home, or a story of a brother and sister, or an example of family ties and home influences, in the book you chose from the book list (p. 4).

ROUNDING OUT THE MEANING OF "MAKING HOMES"

Divide the class into committees and have each committee work out one of these projects and report to the class.

1. Does each selection in "The Dwelling-place" tell something about a house which none of the other selections tell? Explain.
2. Make a list of the elements necessary for an ideal residence. Have you included any which are not found in these readings? In what readings are the other elements discussed?
3. Make a list of the elements which enter into ideal home life. (How does this project differ from No. 2?) Let each member of the committee make his own list; then compare lists and take the best features from each to form a committee list. Let each member of the committee explain to the class one of these elements and name the reading in which it is best illustrated.
4. What are the chief contributions to the home of mother, of father, and of children? Make a list of the selections which tell what the mother does, and another list showing what the father does. Do any selections describe what the children do? (There is no objection to the same selection appearing in more than one list, but in each instance point out just what the mother, the father, and the children do.)
5. Let each pupil write the title of the poem, the story, and essay he liked best. Which of each gets the most votes?

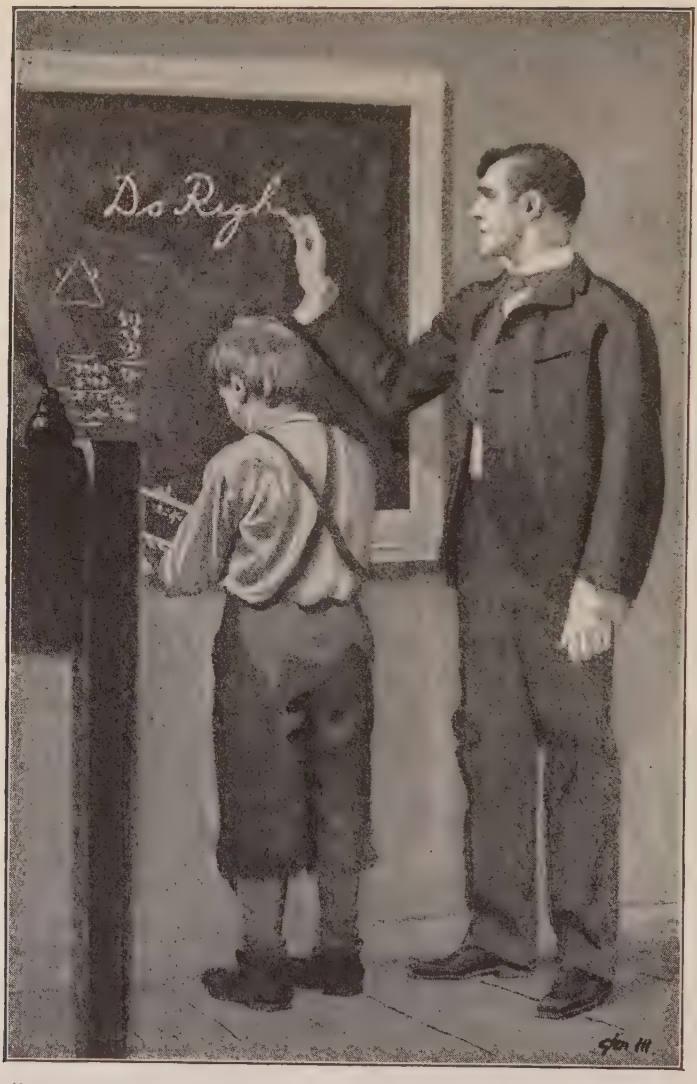
QUESTION FOR DEBATE

Resolved, That a house is a more desirable home than an apartment.

TOPICS FOR COMPOSITIONS

1. The oddest home I ever saw.
2. The ancestor of whom I'm most proud.
3. The most beautiful home I know.
4. The home I mean to have.
5. What a boy (or girl) can do to make home happy.
6. Why I should like to have a younger (or older) brother (or sister).
7. The home life of birds (or of bears or foxes).
8. Our most highly prized family heirloom.
9. How birds make nests.
10. Home life in France or Italy (or some other country).

GOING TO SCHOOL



"I HAVE JUST ONE RULE FOR THIS SCHOOL, AND I WILL WRITE IT ON THE BLACKBOARD"

GOING TO SCHOOL

Every one has two educations: that which is given to him and that which he gives to himself. Of the two kinds, the latter is by far the most valuable. Indeed, all that is most worthy in a man he must work out and conquer for himself.

JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

"What is the difference between a section-hand and the general manager of a railroad?" a boy was once asked. He answered that the chief difference is in the pay. Of course, that reply is true enough in one sense; the section-hand receives about three dollars a day for his labor, and the manager about one hundred dollars a day for his. This difference in pay is the result of a difference in work; one man is unskilled, the other very highly trained. One is prepared for low-grade work; the other for high-grade work. When we look at the work people do, we can see that education is learning to do something useful and that high-grade tasks usually require high-grade education.

We must not think of education as just going to school and learning out of books. Abraham Lincoln and many other men and women have made themselves ready for important tasks with very little schooling. It is also true that to-day most men and women who are doing high-grade work in every walk of life have trained their minds in school and have trained their characters by many experiences in life. When the education which comes from books, libraries, classrooms, and laboratories is rounded out by the experiences of practical life, we say that a man or woman is truly educated.

It is always worth while for boys and girls in the schools of to-day to see some of the customs and habits of the schools of older days and to learn how others less fortunate than they have had to struggle for an education. In these selections we shall see that everyday life in school is truly a beginning of the education which we need in order to become useful men and women.

GOING TO SCHOOL

A. Schools and Schooling of Early Days

		PAGE
1. The New Teacher	*Edward Eggleston*	94
2. The Schoolmaster	*Oliver Goldsmith*	98
3. Dotheboys Hall	*Charles Dickens*	100

B. Overcoming Difficulties for an Education

1. What Will Power Did For Me	*Anonymous*	116
2. The Moonlight Schools of Kentucky	*Cora Wilson Stewart*	128
3. Gaining Wings	*Edna Dean Proctor*	134

C. Sports and Sportsmanship in School Life

1. Revelation	*Ruth Comfort Mitchell*	136
2. Playing the Game	*Henry Newbolt*	138
3. The Football Game	*Owen Johnson*	140

D. Glimpses of School Life

1. Facts, Facts, Facts	*Charles Dickens*	146
2. Seventh Grade Compositions	*George Madden Martin*	152
3. An Indian Boy's Training	*Charles A. Eastman*	155
4. In School Days	*John Greenleaf Whittier*	161

CHOOSE A BOOK

(Read one of these books while the class is reading "Going to School.")

1. Bone, Florence, *Curiosity Kate.* Little, Brown.
   The story of a spoiled girl who finds that her "family" is not as important as her "self" among her schoolfellows.

2. Brown, Edna A., *Arnold's Little Brother.* Lothrop.
   A school story in which an older brother, captain of the eleven, is involved in difficulties by his younger brother, who continually gets into scrapes.

3. Burnett, Frances H., *Sara Crewe and Other Stories.* Scribner.
   A tale of a brave little girl in a boarding-school.

4. Carpenter, Katherine, and others. *Every-Day Manners.* Macmillan.
   Tells about good manners at home, at school, in public, and in business.

5. Connor, Ralph, *Glengarry School Days.* Revell.
   A story full of action about school life on the Canadian frontier.

6. De Amicis, Edmondo, *Heart: A School Boy's Journal.* Crowell.
   Stories of school life in Italy with glimpses of the courage and steadfastness of schoolboys.

7. Earl, John Prescott, *On the School Team.* Penn Publishing Co.
   A story of school, football, and track athletes.

8. Eastman, Charles A., *Indian Boyhood.* Doubleday.
   The education of Mr. Eastman, a full-blooded Indian; playmates, games, hunting, feasts, bear dance.

9. Eggleston, Edward, *The Hoosier School Boy.* Scribner.
   Stories of country schools in the time of your great grandfather's boyhood, when "lickin'" and "larnin'" went hand in hand.

10. Eggleston, Edward, *The Hoosier Schoolmaster.* Scribner.
    The story of a plucky young schoolmaster who finally wins the respect of unruly boys and girls.

11. Hale, Edward Everett, *A New England Boyhood.* Little, Brown.
    A story of childhood and education in New England a century ago.

12. Hart, Albert Bushnell (editor), *Colonial Children.* Macmillan.
    Many pictures of home and school life in Colonial times.

13. Hughes, Thomas, *Tom Brown's School Days.* Jacobs.
A story of schoolboy life full of exciting games and adventures. How Tom Brown, by his pluck and honesty, becomes a football hero and the head of his school.

14. Kipling, Rudyard, *Stalky & Co.* Doubleday.
The lives of three boys at an army college; full of exploits and adventures.

15. Larcom, Lucy, *A New England Girlhood.* Houghton.
Life and education one hundred years ago in a New England factory town.

16. Martin, George M., *Emmy Lou, Her Book and Heart.* Grosset.
Stories of school life filled with fun.

17. Martin, Mrs. G. M., *Abbie Ann.* Century.
The story of a little girl's school life in a mining town.

18. Martineau, Harriet, *Crofton Boys.* Heath.
English schoolboy life in which the boys learn to bear themselves bravely.

19. Muir, John, *The Story of My Boyhood and Youth.* Houghton.
The great nature-lover tells of his home in Scotland, his coming to America, of his education, and love for the out-of-doors.

20. Seawell, Mollie E., *A Virginia Cavalier.* Harper.
A lively story of the boyhood and young manhood of George Washington.

21. Singmaster, Elsie, *When Sarah Saved the Day.* Houghton.
How a Pennsylvania girl protected her orphaned sisters and brothers. Sequel: *When Sarah Went to School.*

22. Smith, Mary P. W., *Jolly Good Times at School.* Little, Brown.
Spelling down, coasting, and other good times in a district school.

23. Stoddard, William O., *The Boy Lincoln.* Appleton.
Abraham Lincoln's life from ten to sixteen. How in a day of very poor schools, he was prepared for life.

24. Tappan, Eva March, *Letters from Colonial Children.* Houghton.
Children's letters telling about their life in Colonial times.

25. Maclaren, John, *Young Barbarians: or A Scots Grammar School.* Dodd.
Stories of school tournaments, victory, defeats, and other good times.

26. Webster, Jean, *Dear Enemy.* Doubleday.
An amusing story of an orphans' school which burns; the children are saved.

A. SCHOOLS AND SCHOOLING OF EARLY DAYS

1. THE NEW TEACHER

EDWARD EGGLESTON

Read this story as you would look at a motion picture. Imagine that you can see the characters, hear the conversation, and witness the action.

The new teacher who was employed to take the Greenbank school in the autumn was a young man from college. Standing behind the desk hitherto occupied by the grim-faced Mr. Ball, young Williams looked very mild by contrast. He was evidently a gentle-spirited man as compared with the old master, and King Pewee and his crowd were gratified in noting this fact. They could have their own way with such a master as that!

When he called the school to order, there remained a bustle of curiosity and mutual recognition among the children. Riley and Pewee kept up a little noise by way of defiance. They had heard that the new master did not intend to whip. Now he stood quietly behind his desk, and waited a few moments in silence for the whispering group to be still. Then he slowly raised and levelled his finger at Riley and Pewee, but still said nothing. There was something so firm and quiet about his motion — something that said, "I will wait all day, but you must be still" — that the boys could not resist it.

By the time they were quiet, two of the girls had got into a titter over something, and the forefinger was aimed at them. The silent man made the pupils understand that he was not to be trifled with.

When at length there was quiet, he made every one lay down book or slate and face around toward him. Then with his pointing finger, or with a little slap of his hands together, or with a word or two at most, he got the school still again.

"I hope we shall be friends," he said, in a voice full of kindliness. "All I want is to ——"

But at this point Riley picked up his slate and book, and turned away. The master snapped his fingers, but Riley affected not to hear him.

"That young man will put down his slate." The master spoke in a low tone, as one who expected to be obeyed, and the slate was reluctantly put upon the desk.

"When I am talking to you, I want you to hear," he went on, very quietly. "I am paid to teach you. One of the things I have to teach you is good manners. You," pointing to Riley, "are old enough to know better than to take your slate when your teacher is speaking, but perhaps you have never been taught what good manners are. I'll excuse you this time. Now, you all see those switches hanging here behind me. I did not put them there. I do not say that I shall not use them. Some boys have to be whipped, I suppose — like mules — and when I have tried, I may find that I cannot get on without the switches, but I hope not to have to use them."

Here Riley, encouraged by the master's mildness, and irritated by the rebuke he had received, began to make figures on his slate.

"Bring me that slate," said the teacher.

Riley was happy that he had succeeded in starting a row. He took his slate and his arithmetic, and shuffled up to the master in a half-indolent, half-insolent way.

"Why do you take up your work when I tell you not to?" asked the new teacher.

"Because I didn't want to waste all my morning. I wanted to do my sums."

"You are a remarkably industrious youth, I take it." The young master looked Riley over, as he said this, from head to foot. The whole school smiled, for there was no lazier boy than Riley. "I suppose," the teacher continued, "that you are the best scholar in school — the bright and shining light of Greenbank."

Here there was a general titter at Riley.

"I cannot have you sit away down at the other end of the schoolroom and hide your excellent example from the rest. Stand right up here by me and cipher, that all the school may see how industrious you are."

Riley grew very red in the face and pretended to "cipher," holding his book in his hand.

"Now," said the new teacher, "I have just one rule for this school, and I will write it on the blackboard that all may see it."

He took chalk and wrote:

DO RIGHT

"That is all. Let us go to our lessons."

For the first two hours that Riley stood on the floor he pretended to enjoy it. But when recess came and went and Mr. Williams did not send him to his seat, he began to shift from one foot to the other and from his heels to his toes, and to change his slate from the right hand to the left. His class was called, and after recitation he was sent back to his place. He stood it as best he could until the noon recess; but when, at the beginning of the afternoon session, Mr. Williams again called his "excellent scholar" and set him up, Riley broke down and said:

"I think you might let me go now."

"Are you tired?" asked the cruel Mr. Williams.

"Yes, I am," and Riley hung his head, while the rest smiled.

"And are you ready to do what the good order of the school requires?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well; you may go."

The chopfallen Riley went back to his seat, convinced that it would not do to rebel against the new teacher even if he did not use the beech switches.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Did Riley deserve his punishment?
2. Why did Williams wait until Riley asked permission to take his seat?
3. Find and read aloud the lines which show that Riley was insolent to Williams.
4. Why does the motto "Do right" enter the story just *after* Riley begins his punishment, and just *before* Riley begs to be relieved?
5. What is the "high spot," the climax, of the story?
6. Read aloud van Dyke's poem on p. 27. Find lines which would help you show that children and teacher, not building and equipment, make a good school.

DRAMATIZING

You might appoint a committee to get *The Hoosier School Boy*, from which this selection is taken. The committee may find some part of the story that would make a good dramatization. They might study the form of a play (see p. 439), prepare the lines, rehearse the parts, and present it to the class. After class suggestions and criticisms and more practice, the class might volunteer the play for the school assembly.

For example, if you were planning to make a little play in dialogue and action from "The New Teacher," you would take these steps in preparation:

a. Decide what parts of Eggleston's story you would represent. For example, there are two incidents on p. 94: the noise made by Riley and Pewee and its rebuke; the tittering of the girls and its rebuke. These are preliminary to the third, the main incident. What is that third incident?

b. Decide what "setting," and what parts of the conversation you could use. This might be the front seats of your own school-

room, with the actor who represents Williams in front, and Riley, Pewee, and the rest in the seats. Your first setting and dialogue might begin this way:

Scene: An old country schoolroom, with rough benches. Mr. Williams, the new teacher, standing in front; the children, curious to see what sort of a teacher Williams is, in their seats.

Pewee, in a back seat, keeps up a faint shuffling of his feet on the floor.

Riley, over at the left, makes soft hissing noise through his teeth.

They glance at each other as much as to say, "We'll fix him; keep it up."

Williams stands quietly behind his desk, waiting for the whispering and the other noises to be stilled.

Williams slowly raises his finger and points it first at Pewee, then at Riley. He says nothing but looks firm.

Williams, after a pause, firmly and quietly, "I will wait all day," etc.

c. Decide where you would need to make dialogue in order to represent the action. It might be that you could have a scene showing the children in the room before Williams arrives; the conversation between Pewee, Riley, and the rest bringing out that old Mr. Ball is gone, that the new teacher is coming, that Ball used the whip and that Williams is said not to use whipping — all this and more could be put in dialogue.

2. THE SCHOOLMASTER

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

Read this poem through twice very carefully and thoughtfully, to discover exactly what kind of man the schoolmaster was.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossom'd furze[1] unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school.

A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew;

[1] furze: a shrub with yellow flowers.

Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper circling round
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned.

Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault;
The village all declared how much he knew:
'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And even the story ran that he could gauge;[1]
In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
For, even though vanquished, he could argue still;
While words of learned length and thundering sound
Amazed the gazing rustics[2] ranged around;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Read aloud the lines that show five leading characteristics of this schoolmaster.
2. Compare this schoolmaster with the one described in Whittier's "Snow-Bound," on p. 37. Compare him also with Williams, in "The New Teacher," p. 94. Which would you prefer for a teacher? Give reasons.
3. Contrast the school life of these early days with your own. Find three differences. When you have written on the board three words suggesting the differences, all write sentences expressing the meaning represented by each word. Read your sentences aloud; choose the best, and write it after each of the key words on the board.
4. *Suggestions for two-minute talks:*

   a. How our schools of to-day secure good order.
   b. Three characteristics of a good schoolroom.

[1] gauge: to find the position of a vessel in regard to the wind.
[2] rustics: country people.

c. The school my grandfather tells about.
d. How pupil officers help keep order in our school.
e. The difference between noise and disturbance in our classroom.

ADDITIONAL READINGS. — 1. "The Old-Fashioned School," N. Hawthorne, *Grandfather's Chair*, Part II, 80–85. 2. "Daniel Webster's School Days," in *Home and Country Readers*, Book I, 31–41. 3. "School Life in Colonial Days," A. M. Earle, *Child Life in Colonial Days*, 63–89. 4. "Women Teachers and Girl Scholars," *ibid.*, 90–116. 5. "The Oldest School Books in America," *ibid.*, 117–149. 6. *How Our Grandfathers Lived*, A. B. Hart, 317–371. 7. "The Rules of the Game," S. E. White, in *Joy in Work*, 121–135. 8. "Schools of a Hundred Years Ago," A. Repplier, in *St. Nicholas*, 23 : 901–903. 9, "Schools of Long Ago in Pennsylvania," E. Eggleston, in *St. Nicholas*, 12 : 643–645.

3. DOTHEBOYS HALL

CHARLES DICKENS

It is hard to believe that any schoolmaster could have been so cruel as Squeers in the following story. But the narrative is true about some of the schools of England a hundred years ago.

Read rapidly through the entire story, finding passages which will help you give an oral report on "Three Characteristics of Squeers." Read thoughtfully a second time the passages you select, keeping in mind the topic, "Three Characteristics of Squeers."

"EDUCATION. — At Mr. Wackford Squeers's Academy, Dotheboys Hall, at the delightful village of Dotheboys, near Greta Bridge in Yorkshire, Youth are boarded, clothed, booked, furnished with pocket-money, provided with all necessaries, instructed in all languages living and dead, mathematics, writing, and arithmetic. Terms, twenty guineas per annum. N.B. An able assistant wanted."

When Nicholas Nickleby read the above advertisement in a London paper he carefully copied the address of Mr. Squeers and hurriedly set forth in quest of that accomplished gentleman. Nicholas was greatly in need of a position and this

opening seemed very attractive. Full of anxiety lest some more fortunate candidate might have preceded him, Nicholas arrived at the Saracen's Head, where Mr. Wackford Squeers was temporarily lodged.

Mr. Squeers's appearance was not prepossessing. He had but one eye. The blank side of his face was much wrinkled and puckered up, which gave him a very threatening appearance, especially when he smiled. His hair was very flat and shiny, save at the ends, where it was brushed stiffly up from a low protruding forehead, which assorted well with his harsh voice and coarse manner.

Mr. Squeers was standing in a corner of the room near a very small trunk, and on the trunk was perched a small boy, with his shoulders drawn up to his ears, and his hands planted on his knees, who glanced timidly at the schoolmaster from time to time, with evident dread. Suddenly the little boy gave a violent sneeze.

"Halloa, sir!" growled the schoolmaster, turning round. "What's that, sir?"

"Nothing, please, sir," said the little boy.

"Nothing, sir!" exclaimed Mr. Squeers.

"Please, sir, I sneezed," rejoined the boy, trembling till the little trunk shook under him.

"Oh! sneezed, did you?" retorted Mr. Squeers. "Then what did you say 'nothing' for, sir?"

For lack of a better answer to this question, the little boy screwed a couple of knuckles into each of his eyes and began to cry; wherefore Mr. Squeers knocked him off the trunk with a blow on one side of his face, and knocked him on again with a blow on the other. "Wait till I get you down into Yorkshire, my young gentleman," said Mr. Squeers, "and then I'll give you the rest. Will you hold that noise, sir?"

"Ye-ye-yes," sobbed the little boy, rubbing his face very hard.

"Then do so at once, sir," said Squeers. "Do you hear?"

As this command was uttered with a savage leer, the little

boy rubbed his face harder, and between sniffing and choking, gave no further vent to his emotions.

"Mr. Squeers," said the waiter at this juncture, "here is a gentleman asking for you."

"Show the gentleman in, Richard," replied Mr. Squeers, in a soft voice. "Put your handkerchief in your pocket, you little scoundrel, or I'll murder you when the gentleman goes."

The schoolmaster had scarcely uttered these words in a fierce whisper, when Nicholas Nickleby entered. Affecting not to see him, Mr. Squeers feigned to be intent upon mending a pen, and offering benevolent advice to his youthful pupil.

"My dear child," said Mr. Squeers, "all people have their trials. This early trial of yours that is fit to make your little heart burst, and your very eyes come out of your head with crying, what is it? Nothing; less than nothing. You are leaving your friends, but you will have a father in me, my dear, and a mother in Mrs. Squeers."

At this point Nicholas interrupted with an inquiry concerning the advertisement in the paper.

Mr. Squeers, after offering objections to his youth, finally engaged Nicholas as assistant master of Dotheboys Hall. Nicholas, overjoyed at his success, could almost have worshipped Squeers on the spot.

"At eight to-morrow morning, Mr. Nickleby," said Squeers, "the coach starts."

On arriving at the coffee-room next morning he found Mr. Squeers sitting at breakfast, with five little boys, whom he was to take down with him, ranged in a row on the opposite seat. Mr. Squeers had before him a small measure of coffee, a plate of hot toast, and a cold round of beef, but he was at that moment intent on preparing breakfast for the little boys.

"What a rare article milk is, to be sure, in London!" said Mr. Squeers, with a sigh. "Just fill that mug up with lukewarm water, William, will you?"

"To the wery top, sir?" inquired the waiter. "Why, the milk will be drownded."

"Never you mind that," replied Mr. Squeers. "Serve it right for being so dear. You ordered that thick bread and butter for three, did you?"

"Coming directly, sir."

"You needn't hurry yourself," said Squeers, "there's plenty of time. Conquer your passions, boys, and don't be eager after vittles." As he uttered this, Mr. Squeers took a large bite out of the cold beef, and recognized Nicholas.

"Sit down, Mr. Nickleby," said Squeers. "Here we are, a-breakfasting, you see."

Nicholas did *not* see that anybody was breakfasting, except Mr. Squeers; but he bowed with all becoming reverence, and looked as cheerful as he could.

"Oh, that's the milk and water, is it, William?" said Mr. Squeers. "Very good; don't forget the bread and butter presently."

At this fresh mention of the bread and butter, the five little boys looked very eager, and followed the waiter out, with their eyes; meanwhile Mr. Squeers tasted the milk and water.

"Ah," said that gentleman, smacking his lips, "here is richness! Think of the many beggars and orphans in the streets that would be glad of this, little boys. A shocking thing hunger is, isn't it, Mr. Nickleby?"

"Very shocking, sir," said Nicholas.

"When I say number one," pursued Mr. Squeers, putting the mug before the children, "the boy on the left hand nearest the window may take a drink; and when I say number two, the boy next him will go in, and so till we come to number five, which is the last boy. Are you ready?"

"Yes, sir," cried all the little boys with great eagerness.

"That's right," said Squeers, calmly getting on with his breakfast, "keep ready till I tell you to begin. Subdue your appetites, my dears, and you've conquered human nature. This is the way we build strength of mind, Mr. Nickleby,"

said the schoolmaster, turning to Nicholas and speaking with his mouth full of beef and toast.

Nicholas murmured something — he knew not what — in reply; and the little boys, dividing their gaze between the mug, the bread and butter (which by this time had arrived), and every morsel which Mr. Squeers took into his mouth, remained with strained eyes in torments of expectation.

"Thank God for a good breakfast," said Squeers when he had finished. "Number one may take a drink."

Number one seized the mug ravenously, and had just drunk enough to make him wish for more, when Mr. Squeers gave the signal for number two, who gave up at the same interesting moment to number three; and the process was repeated until the milk and water terminated with number five.

"And now," said the schoolmaster, dividing the bread and butter for three into as many portions as there were children, "you had better look sharp with your breakfast, for the horn will blow in a minute or two, and then every boy leaves off."

The boys began to eat in desperate haste; while the schoolmaster (who was in a high good humor after his meal) looked smilingly on. In a very short time the horn was heard. "I thought it wouldn't be long," said Squeers, jumping up and producing a little basket from under his seat; "put what you haven't had time to eat in here, boys. You'll want it on the road!"

Nicholas was considerably startled by these very economical arrangements; but he had no time to reflect upon them, for the little boys had to be got up to the top of the coach. A minute's bustle, a banging of the coach doors, a cry of all right, a few notes from the horn, and the coach was off. At six o'clock the following night, Nicholas, Mr. Squeers, and the little boys were all put down together at the George and New Inn, Greta Bridge.

"Is it much farther to Dotheboys Hall, sir?" asked Nicholas, when they had started off the next morning, the little boys in one vehicle, he and Mr. Squeers in another.

"About three miles from here," replied Squeers. "But you needn't call it a hall down here."

"Oh, indeed!" said Nicholas, whom this piece of intelligence much astonished.

"No," replied Squeers. "We call it a hall up in London, because it sounds better, but they don't know it by that name in these parts. A man may call his house an island if he likes; there is no act of Parliament against that, I believe?"

"I believe not, sir," rejoined Nicholas.

Squeers eyed his companion slily at the conclusion of this little dialogue, and contented himself with lashing the pony until they reached their journey's end.

"Jump out," said Squeers. "Hallo there! Come and put this horse up. Be quick, will you!"

While the schoolmaster was uttering these impatient cries, Nicholas had time to observe that the school was a long, cold-looking house, only one story high, with a few straggling outbuildings behind, and a barn and stable adjoining. Presently a tall, lean boy, with a lantern in his hand, issued forth. Mr. Squeers had dismounted, and after ordering the boy, whom he called Smike, to see to the pony, and to take care that he hadn't any more corn that night, he told Nicholas to wait at the front door a minute while he went round and let him in.

"Now, then!" cried Squeers, poking his head out at the front door. "Where are you, Nickleby?"

"Here, sir," replied Nicholas.

"Come in, then," said Squeers; "the wind blows in at this door fit to knock a man off his legs."

Nicholas sighed and hurried in. Mr. Squeers ushered him into a small parlor scantily furnished with a few chairs, a yellow map hung against the wall, and a couple of tables, one of which bore some preparations for supper. Presently a servant girl brought in a pie and some cold beef, which being set upon the table, the boy Smike appeared with a jug of ale.

Mr. Squeers meanwhile was emptying his coat pockets

of letters to different boys, which he had brought down. Smike glanced with an anxious and timid expression at the papers, as if with a sickly hope that one among them might belong to him. The look was a very painful one, and went to Nicholas's heart at once; for it told a long and very sad history. He considered the boy more attentively. Although Smike could not have been less than eighteen or nineteen years old, and was tall for that age, he wore a skeleton suit which was most absurdly short in the arms and legs. He was lame, and as he feigned to be busy arranging the table, glanced at the letters with a look so keen, and yet so dispirited and hopeless, that Nicholas could hardly bear to watch him.

"What are you bothering about there, Smike?" cried Mrs. Squeers; "let the things alone, can't you?"

"Eh," said Squeers, looking up. "Oh, it's you, is it?"

"Yes, sir," replied the youth, pressing his hands together, as though to control, by force, the nervous wandering of his fingers. "Is there ——"

"Well!" said Squeers.

"Have you — did anybody — has anything been heard — about me?"

"Not a word," resumed Squeers, "and never will be. Now, this is a pretty sort of thing, isn't it, that you should have been left here all these years, and no money paid after the first six — nor no notice taken, nor no clue to be got who you belong to? It's a pretty sort of thing that I should have to feed a great fellow like you, and never hope to get one penny for it, isn't it?"

The boy put his hand to his head as if he were making an effort to recollect something, and then, looking vacantly at his questioner, gradually broke into a smile and limped away.

Wearied by a ride of two hundred miles in severe weather, Nicholas slept soundly and dreamed sweet dreams until he was rudely awakened by the voice of Squeers.

"Past seven, Nickleby," said he. "Come now, tumble up, will you?"

When Nicholas came down-stairs he found the good Mrs. Squeers in an excited state of mind.

"I can't find the school spoon anywhere," she said anxiously.

"Never mind it, my dear," observed Squeers in a soothing manner; "it's of no consequence."

"No consequence? Why, how you talk!" retorted Mrs. Squeers sharply; "isn't it brimstone morning?"

"I forgot, my dear," rejoined Squeers; "yes, it certainly is. We purify the boys' bloods now and then, Nickleby."

"Oh! nonsense," rejoined Mrs. Squeers. "If the young man comes to be a teacher here, let him understand, at once, that we don't want any foolery about the boys. They have the brimstone and treacle, partly because if they hadn't something or other in the way of medicine they'd be always ailing and giving a world of trouble, and partly because it spoils their appetites and comes cheaper than breakfast and dinner."

"But come," said Squeers, "let's go to the schoolroom; and lend me a hand with my school-coat, will you?"

Nicholas assisted his master to put on an old shooting jacket, and Squeers, arming himself with his cane, led the way across a yard to a door in the rear of the house.

"There," said the schoolmaster, as they stepped in together; "this is our shop, Nickleby!"

The place was a bare and dirty room, with a couple of windows, whereof a tenth part might be of glass, the remainder being stopped up with old copybooks and paper. There were a couple of long, old rickety desks, cut and notched and inked and damaged in every possible way; two or three forms; a detached desk for Squeers, and another for his assistant.

But the pupils! How the last faint traces of hope faded from the mind of Nicholas as he looked in dismay around! There were pale and haggard faces, lank and bony figures, boys of stunted growth; little faces which should have been

handsome, darkened with the scowl of sullen, dogged suffering; vicious-faced boys, brooding with leaden eyes, with every kindly sympathy and affection blasted in its birth, with every young and healthy feeling flogged and starved down.

And yet this scene, painful as it was, had its humorous features. Mrs. Squeers stood at one of the desks, presiding over an immense basin of brimstone and treacle, of which delicious compound she administered a large portion to each boy in succession. She used for the purpose a common wooden spoon, which widened every young gentleman's mouth considerably; they being all obliged, under heavy corporal penalties, to take in the whole of the bowl at a gasp.

"Now," said Squeers, giving the desk a great rap with his cane, which made half the little boys nearly jump out of their boots, "is that physicking[1] over?"

"Just over," said Mrs. Squeers, choking the last boy in her hurry, and tapping the crown of his head with the spoon to restore him. "Here you, Smike; take away now. Look sharp!"

Smike shuffled out with the basin, and Mrs. Squeers hurried out after him into a wash-house where there were a number of little wooden bowls which were arranged upon a board. Into these bowls, Mrs. Squeers poured a brown composition which was called porridge. A minute wedge of brown bread was inserted in each bowl, and when they had eaten their porridge by means of it, the boys ate the bread itself, and had finished their breakfast; whereupon Mr. Squeers said in a solemn voice, "For what we have received, may the Lord make us truly thankful!" — and went away to his own.

After eating a bowl of porridge, and having further disposed of a slice of bread and butter, allotted to him in virtue of his office, Nicholas sat himself down to wait for school-time. He could not but observe how silent and sad the boys seemed to be. There was none of the noise and clamor of a schoolroom; none of its boisterous play, or hearty mirth. The only

[1] physicking: an old word meaning "giving medicine."

pupil who showed the slightest tendency towards playfulness was Master Squeers, and, as his chief amusement was to tread upon other boys' toes in his new boots, his flow of spirits was rather disagreeable than otherwise.

After some half-hour's delay, Mr. Squeers reappeared, and the boys took their places and their books. Then Mr. Squeers called the first class.

"This is the class in English spelling, Nickleby," said Squeers, beckoning Nicholas to stand beside him. "Now, then, where's the first boy?"

"Please, sir, he's cleaning the back parlor window," answered one of the class.

"So he is, to be sure," rejoined Squeers. "We go upon the practical mode of teaching, Nickleby; the regular education system. C — l — e — a — n, clean, verb active, to make bright, to scour. When the boy knows this out of book, he goes and does it. Where's the second boy?"

"Please, sir, he's weeding the garden," replied a small voice.

"To be sure," said Squeers. "So he is. B — o — t, bot, t — i — n, tin, n — e — y, ney, bottinney, a knowledge of plants. Third boy, what's a horse?"

"A beast, sir," replied the boy.

"So it is," said Squeers. "Isn't it, Nickleby?"

"I believe there is no doubt of that, sir," answered Nicholas.

"Of course there isn't," said Squeers. "A horse is a quadruped, and quadruped's Latin for beast, as everybody that's gone through the grammar knows. As you're perfect in that," resumed Squeers, turning to the boy, "go and look after my horse, and rub him down well, or I'll rub you down. The rest of the class go and draw water up till somebody tells you to leave off, for it's washing day to-morrow."

So saying, he dismissed the class, and eyed Nicholas with a look, half cunning and half doubtful, as if he were not altogether certain what he might think of him by this time.

"That's the way we do it, Nickleby," he said, after a

pause. Nicholas shrugged his shoulders, and said he saw it was.

"And a very good way it is, too," said Squeers. "Now just take those fourteen little boys and hear them some reading, because, you know, you must begin to be useful."

At one o'clock the boys sat down in the kitchen to some hard salt beef. After this there was another hour of crouching in the schoolroom and shivering with cold, and then school began again.

"Let any boy speak without leave," said Mr. Squeers mildly, "and I'll take the skin off his back."

This special command had the desired effect, and a death-like silence immediately prevailed, in the midst of which Mr. Squeers went on to say:

"Boys, I've been to London, and have returned as strong and well as ever."

According to half-yearly custom, the boys gave three feeble cheers at this refreshing intelligence. Such cheers! Sighs of extra strength with the chill on.

"Now let us see," said Squeers. "A letter for Cobbey. Stand up, Cobbey."

A boy stood up and eyed the letter very hard, while Squeers made a mental abstract of the same.

"Oh," said Squeers; "Cobbey's grandmother is dead, which is all the news his sister sends, except eighteenpence, which will just pay for that broken square of glass. Mrs. Squeers, my dear, will you take the money?"

The worthy lady pocketed the eighteenpence with a most businesslike air, and Squeers passed on to the next boy, as coolly as possible. "Mobbs's stepmother," said Squeers, "took to her bed on hearing that he wouldn't eat fat, and has been very ill ever since. She wishes to know, where he expects to go if he quarrels with his vittles; and with what feelings he could turn up his nose at the cow's liver broth, after his good master had asked a blessing on it. She is sorry to find he is

discontented, which is sinful and horrid, and hopes Mr. Squeers will flog him into a happier state of mind; and with this view, she has also stopped his halfpenny a week pocket-money.

"A sulky state of feeling," said Squeers, after a terrible pause. "Cheerfulness and contentment must be kept up. Mobbs, come to me."

Mobbs moved slowly towards the desk, rubbing his eyes in anticipation of good cause for doing so; and he soon afterwards retired by the side door, with as good a cause as a boy need have.

Mr. Squeers then proceeded to open a miscellaneous collection of letters; some enclosing money, which Mrs. Squeers "took care of"; and others referring to small articles of apparel, all of which the same lady stated to be too large, or too small, and calculated for nobody but young Squeers, who would appear indeed to have had most accommodating limbs, since everything that came into the school fitted him to a nicety. His head, in particular, must have been singularly elastic, for hats and caps of all dimensions were alike to him.

There was a small stove at that corner of the room which was nearest to the master's desk, and by it Nicholas sat down, depressed and degraded by the consciousness of his position. But for the present his resolve was taken. He had written to his mother and sister announcing the safe conclusion of his journey, and saying as little about Dotheboys Hall, and saying that little as cheerfully as he could. He hoped that by remaining where he was he might do some good.

Some weeks later, as the cold feeble dawn of a January morning was stealing in at the window, Nicholas was aroused from his slumbers by the voice of Squeers.

"Where's that boy Smike?" cried that gentleman.

"He is not here, sir," said Nicholas.

"Please, sir. I think Smike's run away, sir," cried one of the small boys.

"Yes, he is off," said Mrs. Squeers, angrily. "The cow-house and stable are locked up, so he can't be there; and he's not down-stairs anywhere. He must beg his way, and he could do that nowhere but on the public road."

"That's true," exclaimed Squeers, clapping his hands.

"True! Yes. Now, if you take the chaise and go one road and I borrow Squallow's chaise and go the other, one or other of us is pretty certain to lay hold of him!"

The worthy lady's plan was adopted and put in execution without a moment's delay.

After a very hasty breakfast, Squeers started forth in the pony chaise, intent upon discovery and vengeance. Shortly afterwards, Mrs. Squeers issued forth in another chaise and another direction, taking with her a good-sized bludgeon, several odd pieces of strong cord, and a stout laboring man.

Nicholas remained behind, in a tumult of feeling, sensible that whatever might be the upshot of the boy's flight, nothing but painful and unhappy results were likely to come from it. The unhappy being had established a hold upon his sympathy, which made his heart ache at the prospect of the suffering he was destined to undergo.

The next evening Squeers returned alone and unsuccessful. Another day came, and Nicholas was scarcely awake when he heard the wheels of a chaise approaching the house. It stopped. The voice of Mrs. Squeers was heard in exultation. Nicholas hardly dared to look out of the window; but he did so, and the very first object that met his eyes was the wretched Smike, so bedabbled with mud and rain, so haggard and worn and wild, that, but for his garments being such as no scarecrow was ever seen to wear, he might have been doubtful, even then, of his identity.

"Lift him out," said Squeers, after he had literally feasted his eyes upon the culprit. "Bring him in; bring him in!"

Smike, more dead than alive, was brought into the house and securely locked up in a cellar.

It may be a matter of surprise to some persons that Mr.

and Mrs. Squeers should have taken so much trouble to repossess themselves of a burden of which they complained so loudly; but the services of the drudge, if performed by any one else, would have cost some ten or twelve shillings per week in the shape of wages; and, furthermore, all runaways were, as a matter of policy, made severe examples of at Dotheboys Hall.

The news that Smike had been caught and brought back in triumph ran like wild-fire through the hungry community, and expectation was on tiptoe all the morning. On tiptoe it was destined to remain, however, until afternoon; when the luckless Smike, trembling with fear, was brought before the entire school.

"Have you anything to say?" demanded Squeers, giving his right arm two or three flourishes to try its power and suppleness. "Stand a little out of the way, Mrs. Squeers, my dear; I've hardly got room enough."

"Spare me, sir!" cried Smike.

"Oh! that's all, is it?" said Squeers. "Yes, I'll flog you within an inch of your life, and spare you that."

"I was driven to do it," said Smike faintly, and casting an imploring look about him.

"Driven to it, were you?" said Squeers. "Oh! it wasn't your fault; it was mine, I suppose — eh?"

Squeers caught the boy firmly in his grip; one desperate cut had fallen on his body — he was wincing from the lash and uttering a scream of pain — it was raised again, and again about to fall — when Nicholas Nickleby, suddenly starting up, cried "Stop!" in a voice that made the rafters ring.

"Who cried stop?" said Squeers, turning savagely round.

"I," said Nicholas, stepping forward. "This must not go on!"

"Must not go on!" cried Squeers, almost in a shriek.

"No!" thundered Nicholas.

Aghast and stupefied by the boldness of the interference,

Squeers released his hold of Smike, and, falling back a pace or two, gazed upon Nicholas with looks that were positively frightful.

"I say must not," repeated Nicholas, nothing daunted; "shall not. I will prevent it."

"Sit down, beggar!" screamed Squeers, almost beside himself with rage, and seizing Smike as he spoke.

"Wretch," rejoined Nicholas, fiercely; "touch him at your peril! I will not stand by and see it done. My blood is up, and I have the strength of ten such men as you. Look to yourself, for by Heaven I will not spare you, if you drive me on!"

"Stand back," cried Squeers, brandishing his weapon.

"I have a long series of insults to avenge," said Nicholas, flushed with passion. "Have a care; for if you do rouse the devil within me, the consequences shall fall heavily upon your own head!"

He had scarcely spoken, when Squeers, in a violent outbreak of wrath, and with a cry like the howl of a wild beast, struck him a blow across the face with his instrument of torture, which raised up a bar of livid flesh as it was inflicted. Smarting with the agony of the blow, and concentrating into that one moment all his feelings of rage, scorn, and indignation, Nicholas sprang upon him, wrested the weapon from his hand, and, pinning him by the throat, beat the ruffian till he roared for mercy.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. What was the worst cruelty of Squeers?
2. What is your first impression of Smike? You might ask a member of the class to read the rest of *Nicholas Nickleby* to see and to report how Smike and Nicholas are finally found to be cousins.
3. Can you find in Squeers's treatment of the letters any reason for parents leaving their boys at Dotheboys Hall?
4. Try to find a single hint of any good trait in any of the Squeers family. If you think you find one, read the lines which support your answer.

5. Find paragraphs in which Squeers's character is shown by what he says; find others which show his character by what he does; find other places in which Squeers's character is shown by what Dickens says about him.
6. Write a heading for each of the main parts into which "Dotheboys Hall" is divided.
7. Give oral reports on "Three Characteristics of Squeers."
8. *Volunteer work.* You may find another description of English schools of Dickens's days in one of his other novels, chap. 5 of *David Copperfield.* Read it and report to the class.

Reading Skill — Picking Out Essential Parts

No one can remember everything in a long story like "Dotheboys Hall." Therefore a good silent reader tries to pick out and to remember only the main parts of a selection, the parts which most clearly stand for the message the writer had in mind. That is why you were asked on p. 100 to read to find passages that would help you tell about three characteristics of Squeers. When you followed the reading directions on p. 100, you looked for the main ideas of "The Schoolmaster."

CLASS-LIBRARY READINGS

SCHOOLS AND THE SCHOOLING OF EARLY DAYS

1. "Going to School in Old New England," *Real Stories from Our History*, 38–44.
2. "The Oldest Library in America," *ibid.*, 66–70.
3. "The Heart of an Eighteenth Century Girl," *ibid.*, 77–84.
4. "The Princess' Dream," Jean Ingelow, in *Children's Literature*, 228–233.
5. "Franklin's Youth," Benjamin Franklin, *ibid.*, 645–655.
6. "The Story of Schools," *World Book*, 7 : 5236–5245.
7. "Child Life in Colonial Days," *Book of Knowledge*, 3 : 941–948.

B. OVERCOMING DIFFICULTIES FOR AN EDUCATION

1. WHAT WILL POWER DID FOR ME

This story, like the introduction on page 90, helps you see the difference between *schooling* and *education*. Keep this point in mind as you read, and be ready to explain how the boy in the story was educated partly in school and partly in life outside of school.

I do not remember my father and mother. My earliest recollection is that I was one of a number of children in the care of an old woman who, later on, I learned was half-witted. We were dirty, ragged, and poorly fed. As I grew older I learned that I was a pauper in the county poorhouse, and that my parents were dead. This is all I ever knew about them.

We were huddled together — children and mumbling old men and women, many of them crippled, blind, and weak-brained. To the few who were passably intelligent was given the care of the others. Those who were able to do a little work, including the children, had to cultivate the farm for the benefit of the overseer. I think I could not have been more than four years old when I was put to work picking up chips in the woodyard. As I grew older I was set to other tasks, and many a beating I got when my work did not satisfy the overseer. This life went on until I was about thirteen.

One evening, just as I had finished milking, a cow kicked over the bucket, and half of the milk was lost. I told the overseer, and he gave me the worst beating I had ever had

and sent me to bed without supper. That night, when all the others were sleeping, I left the house and made my way to the railroad. A freight train was standing there, and I crept into an empty box-car and went to sleep.

I was awakened in the morning by a train-man shouting, "Out of that, you little bum!" The train had stopped to put off supplies for a gang of men who were doing the grading for a new railroad that was to cross the one I was on. The gang were working near by. Child-curious, I walked over to look around.

As I got up close one of the men yelled, "Where's that water boy? We can't dig without drinkin'!"

"I'll get you water; where do I get it?" I said, stepping forward. He told me, and I soon had the gang drinking like camels. When I was dispensing the second bucket a big, rough-looking man came up, and after looking me over, asked, "Who are you?"

"I am the water boy," I said, not knowing what else to say.

"Who put you on the job?"

"No one, sir, I put myself on."

"Where is that water boy who was here yesterday?"

"Left last night," put in one of the men.

At noon when they knocked off for dinner I was about used up. I had eaten nothing for twenty-four hours and was getting faint. As I sat on the bank while the men were eating, one of them, called Tom, said to me, "It's lunch time, kid." I did not answer.

"Where is your lunch, kid?"

"Left it behind," I said.

"Left it where?"

"About a hundred miles back, I guess."

He looked at me sharply. "Come here, kid," he said kindly. "What's this you are giving us?"

So I told them all about myself, showed them my body, which was covered with black-and-blue marks, and added, "Those bruises are why I ran away."

"Good boy," said one of the men; "you will do." These were the first kind words I remember as ever having been spoken to me, and they helped me a lot. The men shared their dinner with me. It was the best meal I had ever eaten.

When the gang quit work for the day, Tom said, "Come with me, kid!" and he took me to the wooden shack where the gang slept and had their breakfast and supper. A German boarded them by the week.

After supper Tom took me to the cook. "Mike," he said (and I thought this was an odd name for a German), "here is a kid who is down and out. He is our new water boy. Don't you think that he could help you enough morning and night to pay for his grub?"

"How vos you down and outs, son?" asked the cook.

I told my story over again and showed him my bruised body.

"Dot oferseer vos a devil — a devil!" he said. "Now you vill get up at four o'clock and help me mit the breakfast, and at night help me to vash de dishes and clean tings up, and vot you eats you vill enough haf paid for."

I was given a bunk, a straw tick, and a blanket, and before turning in Mike gave me a hot-water bath and rubbed me all over with arnica. When I got into my bunk I dare say there was never a happier boy in the world.

When I was in the poorhouse I was called George Black; whether it was my right name I never knew. One evening I was sitting, thinking over my past, when this good German, the best friend I ever had, put his hand on my head. "Son," he said, "it vos not goot to look at dot blackness. Put him behind you, and look at dot brightness in front of you; it vos better always so!"

This struck me as good advice, and the first thing I did was to drop George Black for the cheerier name I bear to-day.

Regular hours and plenty of wholesome food soon made a big change in me. I had always been strong for my age, and in a short time I was able to carry two buckets of water at a time.

While in the poorhouse I had been taught my letters by a man who had lost both legs, and for whom I often did little favors, and when I ran away from there I could read a little and write my name.

I had often wondered why it was that some men were better off than others. I had not been a water boy long before my association with men broadened observation, and these childish thoughts came back with renewed force. *Why is it,* I wondered, *that Mr. Mullen is a boss, instead of working in the gang?* My solution was: He knows more than they do, and when the contractor gives orders to the boss it is because he knows still more; and so I found it to be all the way up the line. "I will some day be a boss!" I assured myself.

We were paid twice a month. The evening of the day that I received my first pay I went to a little town two miles away and bought a pair of shoes, the first new pair I had ever had. I told the storekeeper that I wanted some books for a beginner. He questioned me, and selected an elementary arithmetic, a spelling book, a geography, and a copy book.

When I asked if I ought not to have a reader, he said "No! Let your reader be the newspaper! Here, I will give you something better to start with!" and he gave me a dozen illustrated books. He also gave me a small dictionary and showed me how to use it. From that time every spare moment at my command was given over to mastering the contents of these, my first books.

In a town some fifty miles away Mike, our boarding boss, kept a workingmen's boarding house, which his wife looked after during the summer while he was running the shack boarding house. When cold weather and snow tied up work on the road until the following spring he went home, and carried me with him. His wife took me right to her heart. They called me "son." At the shack I had been just "kid." Had I indeed been the son of this dear German couple I do not think they could have shown me more kindness and affec-

tion. They insisted that I spend not less than four hours a day with my lessons and they heard me recite.

I soon mastered my elementary books and got more advanced ones. Grammar and history were added to the list, and I spent much time improving my penmanship. One day I said I wished I could speak German, and straightway they commenced to teach me. By spring I had a good understanding of German, and a fair ability to express myself in it.

After the snow was off the ground we went back to the railroad. The new gang was much larger than the old one, and my German friend had to have a steady helper. I gave up the job of water boy and became his assistant. He paid me five dollars a week.

I found more or less time each day to study, and at night I went on with my German, reading and talking with Mike. About the middle of October I happened to see in a newspaper that the night schools in a city about two hundred miles away would reopen for the winter in November. I made up my mind at once that I would enter those schools. How I would live during the winter did not trouble me. I knew that I would make out somehow; my wants consisted only of plenty of plain food and a dry place in which to sleep.

When I told my plan to the boss he heartily approved of it, and gave me a good letter of recommendation. The gang made up a small purse for me, which with my wages, the most of which I had saved, gave me a feeling of real independence.

I reached the city about six o'clock in the morning and was quite dumbfounded when I saw the crowds of people going in all directions to their work. I had not supposed there were so many people in the world. I do not know how long I had been standing on the corner watching the people, when a policeman came up and asked me if I was looking for any one. I told him that I had never been in a city before and everything was very strange to me, and I asked him where I could get breakfast.

"Have you any money?" he asked. I told him that I had seventy-eight dollars.

This statement and my shabby clothes seemed to make him a little suspicious, so I told him all about myself and let him read my letter of recommendation.

"That's a good letter," he said. "Come with me, and I will take you to a reasonable restaurant."

I got a very good meal for twenty-five cents, which I thought was an awful price to pay for just something to eat. It was the first meal that I had ever bought.

Before leaving me, the policeman asked me what I intended to do, and I replied, "Look for a job at once."

"What kind of a job do you want?"

"Anything," I said, "will do for a starter."

He pointed to my shabby clothes, and told me that my appearance would be against me. He offered to go with me to a second-hand store where I could get a good suit. The suit, with shirt, shoes, and hat, cost nine dollars.

After telling me how to find a lodging house where I could get a good clean bed for twenty cents a night, the officer shook hands with me and wished me good luck. Let me say in passing that until his death, many years later, we remained very close friends. It was one of the greatest pleasures of my life that I was able to have him placed in a much better position.

I do not know how many times I was turned down that day. The nearest I came to landing a job was as a messenger boy for the telegraph company, but my ignorance of the city's streets was against me. Toward evening I wandered over to the station. Trains were more familiar to me than anything else in this big city. The station was at the foot of a steep hill on the top of which ran horse-cars. Soon a train came in. A gang of rough-looking, shabby boys, whom I had noticed loafing around, made a rush for the passengers' bags.

It struck me that right here was a chance for me to earn

enough to pay for my night's lodging. I went up to a lady who had a large carpetbag, and, lifting my hat, asked to carry her bag. Among other things taught me by my German friends is that politeness costs nothing and is often very valuable. When I had placed her bag on the car at the top of the hill she gave me a quarter. Ten cents was as much as I had hoped for. I returned to the station, and soon after another train came in. Two men who were together handed me their luggage to carry, and one of them gave me twenty-five cents to pay for both. I had now more than enough to pay for my bed and supper.

The next morning I went back to the station, and by evening had made ninety cents. The next day the hoodlums tried to run me away from the station, but the station policeman threatened to arrest them if they interfered with me again. He was much interested in my story and in my determination to get an education. It was through him that the station agent let me sit in the waiting-room, where it was warm, a privilege not granted to any of the other boys.

About two weeks before the night schools were to open, the officer I had met the morning I arrived in the city advised me to go and see the superintendent of education. The superintendent gave me some good advice and a note to the principal of one of the schools. I called on him a day or two later.

About two weeks after school opened my hair needed cutting. So I went across the street from the station to a barber shop. The barber was a German, and he was greatly pleased when I spoke to him in that language. I told him about myself, and some three or four weeks later he sent word he would like to see me. I went over.

"Would you like to earn some money between trains? Are you too proud to polish shoes?" he asked. I smiled at the idea that I was. I went to work polishing inside of an hour, and I seldom made less than seventy-five cents a day.

Aside from buying a little new clothing my expenses mainly

were for food, lodging, and laundry. I had found a place where very good table board was twenty cents a meal. A young man whom I met at the barber's went halves with me in renting a small furnished room at two dollars a week.

My earnings now were considerably more than my expenses. Soon I found that I had nearly one hundred dollars. I spoke to the barber about this one day, and he advised me to put the money in a savings bank. One remark that he made greatly impressed me — that it would be working for me day and night.

One day while walking through the better part of the city I saw a man trying to put a box of ashes out of a cellar window. He was having trouble, and I pulled it out for him. He came out to thank me. He told me that he had fourteen houses where he attended to the heaters during the winter at one dollar each week.

"I wish that I had a job like yours," I said.

"Well," he replied, "there were two places offered to me a couple of days ago which I had to turn down. Meet me at the engine house in an hour and I'll go with you and vouch for you." I got these jobs. By the end of the week, with his help, I had nine places. The work took about four hours a day.

Having now an assured income for the winter, I gave up luggage carrying and shoe polishing. On the advice of the barber I went to a workingmen's boarding house, where I got a small room to myself with board and washing at four dollars and a half a week. My new employment gave me several hours a day for study, and on the advice of my night-school teacher I began to learn stenography. I took six lessons, and then I saw that I did not need him any more; all I needed was practice. In a year I had no trouble in taking down ordinary conversation, and at the end of the second year I could rapidly and correctly report lectures and political speeches.

The night schools closed at the end of March, but I kept

up my studies under the guidance of my teacher, who kindly allowed me to come to her twice a week to recite. Here was another instance of kindness which I was later able to repay. Many years afterward, when, on account of advanced age and ill-health, she could no longer teach, I was able to give her an annuity, without which she would have been dependent on relatives who were not able to care for her.

I was born with a mathematical turn of mind. Arithmetic was my favorite study, and I soon outstripped the rest of the class. My teacher advised me to take up algebra. This opened a new world for me — one that I fear I pursued at times to the neglect of my other studies.

When night schools opened again, I was placed in a class under a man teacher. When the term was about half over he advised me to take up the study of geometry, and I learned quickly under his guidance. A few days after the schools had closed he sent for me.

"How old are you?" he asked.

I said that I thought I must be about seventeen years old.

"I have heard you say several times," he went on, "that you want a college education. There is a small college in a town about one hundred and fifty miles from here. The president is an old friend of mine. The requirements for entrance are not severe, and your acquaintance with mathematics and history exceed the requirements in those branches. You will have six months in which to get ready for your examination in two or three other requirements. And I will help you. How much money have you?"

"About $100 in the savings bank," I replied.

"That is more than enough for your first year," he said.

I broke in to tell him I did not intend to touch a dollar of it except for actual necessities. "I have more than earned my way here for the past two years," I explained, "and I shall be much mistaken if I can't find something to do in college, at least partly to pay my way."

The college was then in session and would remain so until

the middle of June, and I concluded that I had better not wait until the fall term opened before looking over the ground. I was most kindly received by the president, who advised me about my preparations for entrance. I stayed in the town a week and got acquainted with most of the professors and many of the students. Some two hundred of them boarded in common, paying a flat rate per week to a man who was under contract. He told me that when the fall term opened if I would help wait on the table he would give me my board. I jumped at the offer.

About a week before the fall term opened I left for the college. The day after my arrival the president sent for me and told me that if I would sweep out the halls once a day, the chapel, and classrooms, and attend to the fires in the classrooms during the winter, it would be considered full payment for my tuition. This meant that my college expenses would be very little. I passed my entrance examination with a percentage of 92; there were only two other students who exceeded this mark.

Up to this time I had never decided what I would like to be after I was graduated. One day I read in a magazine an article on great civil engineering feats and the men who had accomplished them. That article decided me to become a civil engineer, and I told the president of my determination. He approved of it heartily and gave me two or three elementary books on engineering. These I studied at leisure moments.

Shortly before the summer vacation I learned of a survey that was being made for a new railroad about seventy miles away. I wrote to the engineer in charge, and the president enclosed a letter of recommendation. An answer came in a few days to report at the close of the term. This I did, and my first job was that of chain bearer.

Two weeks later, in the course of a conversation, the engineer learned something of my mathematical attainments; whereupon he took me into his office as an assistant to figure

up results of surveys. Once in his office he gave me many opportunities to learn surveying and a great deal of valuable information on different phases of the business. By the time the fall term opened I had acquired much useful knowledge.

Before the close of my second year in college I had made up my mind that I had received all the help it had to give me, and at the end of the college year I went back to the engineer for whom I had worked the summer before. I stayed with him until late in the fall, when the snow in the mountains forced us to stop work until the following spring. My employer took me into his office during the winter and gave me great help in mastering many of the details of his profession.

In the spring operations were resumed on the road, which we completed by fall. Before this, however, he had advised me to take a three-year course in a celebrated school of technology. I applied for admission, and after an examination was enrolled. It was now that my skill in stenography gave me the way of almost entirely paying my way. With a letter of introduction from the engineer to the editor of a large daily newspaper, I was, after he had tested my stenography, promised assignments when extra help was needed to report lectures, sermons, and political speeches. The work that I turned in for my first assignment was so satisfactory that I was employed at least four evenings a week and sometimes every evening.

My three summer vacations were spent in the employ of my friend the engineer, who during this time was engaged on a harbor improvement. Shortly after my graduation he sent for me and told me he was about to make the survey for a railroad in Chile. He offered to take me with him, and I accepted at once.

While at the school I had become chummy with a young Spanish student, and at the end of my three years' course I could speak Spanish almost as well as English. This facility helped me in Chile. We remained there three years, and then went to Brazil, where we stayed two years more.

It has been my good fortune to be concerned in a directive capacity with many big engineering jobs at home and abroad. Among other contracts, my engineer friend and I spent two years in Russia in the employ of that government. I have always been interested in politics, and although I have never run for office I have held several positions by appointment. Among them are president of a city board of education, commissioner of charities and corrections, commissioner of water and gas, private secretary to a governor, and my present position of supervisor of municipal improvements.

I mention these things, not in a spirit of boasting but merely to show once more that a lowly beginning need not prove a handicap, that hardships may be made the bond-servant of determination. I have been assured that my simple story may give new hope to many discouraged ones. I hope so. That is why I have written it.

—*Anonymous and Adapted.*

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. What in this story makes you have faith in people? Contrast one of the good friends of the boy with the overseer in this story and with Squeers in "Dotheboys Hall."
2. Read aloud the lines which give the strongest reason for seeking an education.
3. Name one man and one woman in your community whose lives show the value of education.
4. Explain how the boy in the story was educated partly in school and partly outside of school.
5. Name three instances which show that this boy "kept his eyes open."
6. Name the helpful friends the boy found, and decide which was the most helpful.
7. If any of you are beginning to study German or Spanish, explain what part of your work resembles this boy's study of German and Spanish.
8. Write on the board any words in this story that caused you difficulty. Can you read the sentences in which the words are found and guess their meaning?

9. Using the following topics, tell the substance of the story in relay:
   a. The boy's life at the poor farm.
   b. His escape.
   c. His first friend.
   d. The chief reason for his success.
   e. How he kept his eyes open.
   f. His good "luck."
   g. How he refused to waste time.
   h. An example of his modesty.
   i. Why people liked him.
   j. Doing more than he was expected to do.

Additional Readings. — 1. "The Struggle to Become a Lawyer," H. Nicolay, *Boys' Life of Abraham Lincoln*, 49–72. 2. "Lincoln's Education," *ibid.*, 17–27. 3. "People of the Night," Irma Kraft, in *Century Magazine*, 66: 210–216. 4. "Education Outside of School," E. D. L. Cheney, in *Louisa M. Alcott; Her Life, Letters, and Journals*, 32–60.

2. THE MOONLIGHT SCHOOLS OF KENTUCKY

CORA WILSON STEWART

In "Home Folks and Neighbor People," on p. 46, a description was given of the mountaineers of Kentucky and Tennessee. Until recent years these frontier people had had little or no opportunity for securing an education, as their manner of speech clearly shows. To supply this need was the main purpose of "The Moonlight Schools of Kentucky." Read the selection as directed below.

1. At a given signal all begin to read silently. Read rapidly until you come to the part which explains the use of the term "moonlight schools." Then hold up your hand.
2. When you have all reached this point, look back over the pages read, and notice the three parts into which the account is so far divided. Try by class discussion to give a title to each of the three parts.
3. Read the rest slowly. At the close, test your reading by writing answers to the five questions which follow the story.

When I was Superintendent of Schools in Rowan County, Kentucky, I acted as voluntary secretary to several illiterate folk — a mistaken kindness — I ought to have been teaching them to read and write. Among these folk there was a mother

whose children had all grown up without learning except one daughter who had secured a limited education. When grown, the girl had drifted away to Chicago, where she profited by one advantage which the city possesses over the rural district — the night school. She so improved her education and increased her efficiency that she was enabled to engage profitably in a small business.

The letters of this daughter in the North were the only joys that came into that mother's life, and the money which they contained was the only means of relieving her needs. Usually she would bring those letters to me, seven miles, over the hill, to read and answer for her. Sometimes she would take them to the neighbors to be interpreted. Once after an absence of six weeks, an unaccustomed period, she came in one morning fondling a letter. I noticed something unusual; the seal was broken.

Guessing her mission, I inquired, "Have you a letter from your daughter? Shall I read and answer it for you?"

She straightened up with more dignity and more pride than I have ever seen an illiterate assume — with more dignity and more pride than an illiterate *could* assume — as she replied, "No, I kin answer hit fer myself. I've larned to read and write!"

"Learned to read and write!" I exclaimed in amazement. "Who was your teacher, and how did you happen to learn?"

"Well, sometimes I jist couldn't git over here to see you," she explained, "an' the cricks would be up 'twixt me an' the neighbors, or the neighbors would be away from home an' I couldn't git a letter answered fer three or four days; an' anyway hit jist seemed like thar was a wall 'twixt Jane an' me all the time, an' I wanted to read with my own eyes what she had writ with her own hand. So, I went to the store an' bought me a speller, an' I sot up at night 'til midnight an' sometimes 'til daylight, an' I larned to read an' write."

To prove her statement, she slowly spelled out the words of that precious letter. Then she sat down, and under my

direction answered it — wrote her first letter — an achievement which pleased her greatly, and one that must have pleased her daughter still more.

A few days later a middle-aged man came into the office, a man stalwart, intelligent, and very pleasing in appearance. While he waited for me to dispatch the business in hand, I handed him two books. He turned the leaves hurriedly, like a child handling its first books, turned them over and looked at the backs, and laid them down with a sigh. Knowing the scarcity of interesting books in his locality, I offered to lend them to him. He shook his head.

"I can't read or write," he said. Then the tears came into the eyes of that strong man and he added in a tone of longing, "I would give twenty years of my life if I could."

A short time afterward I was attending an entertainment in a rural district school. A lad of twenty was the star among the performers. He sang a beautiful ballad, partly borrowed from his English ancestors but mostly his own composition, displaying his rare gift as a composer of song.

When he had finished, I went over and sat down beside him. "Dennis," I said, "that was a beautiful ballad. It is worthy of publication. Won't you write a copy for me?"

His countenance, which had lighted up at my approach, suddenly fell, and he answered in a shamed tone, "I would if I could write, but I can't. Why, I've thought up a hundred of 'em that were better'n that, but I'd forget 'em before anybody come along to set 'em down."

These were the three incidents that led directly to the establishment of the moonlight schools. I interpreted them to be not merely the call of three individuals, but the call of three different classes: the appeal of illiterate mothers, separated from their absent children farther than sea or land or any other condition than death had power to divide them; the call of middle-aged men, shut out from the world of books, and unable to read the Bible or the newspapers or to cast their votes in secrecy and security; the call of illiterate youths

and maidens who possessed rare talents, which if developed might add treasures to the world of art, science, literature, and invention.

The opening of the day schools to them was first considered, but the day schools were already crowded with children; and illiterates, more than any other class, are chained to labor by day. Then came the thought of opening the schools at night, but bad roads with innumerable gullies, high hills, and unbridged streams, were difficulties to overcome. Besides, the county had formerly been a feud county and the people were not accustomed to venturing out much after night. It was decided to have the schools on moonlight nights, and to let the moon light the students on their way to school.

The teachers of the county were called together and the conditions laid before them. They were asked to volunteer to teach at night those whom the schools of the past had left behind. To their everlasting credit be it said that not one teacher offered an excuse; each and every one of them, without a single exception, volunteered to teach at night, after she had taught all day, and to canvass her district in advance to inform the people of the purpose of the moonlight schools and to urge them all to attend.

This preliminary canvass was made on Labor Day, September 4, 1911. The teachers of Rowan County celebrated the holiday by going out into the highways and byways to gather in to school all who needed to learn. They went into every farmhouse and hovel, inviting both educated and uneducated to attend.

On September 5, the brightest moonlight night, it seemed to me, that the world had ever known, the moonlight schools opened for their first session. We had estimated the number that would attend, and expected an average of three to each school, one hundred and fifty for the entire county.

We waited with anxious hearts. The teachers had volunteered, the schools had been opened, the people had been invited; but would they come? They had all the excuses that

any toilworn people ever had. They had rugged roads to travel, streams without bridges to cross, high hills to climb, children to lead and babes to carry, weariness from the hard day's toil; but they were not seeking excuses, they were seeking knowledge, and so they came. They came singly or hurrying in groups, they came walking for miles, they came carrying babes in arms, they came bent with age and leaning on canes, they came twelve hundred strong!

Among them were overgrown boys who had dropped out of school at an early age and who had been ashamed to reenter the day school and be classified with the tiny tots. These came to catch up again. There were maidens who had been deprived of education, but who felt that there was something better for them in life than ignorance. There were women who had married in childhood, as is the custom of mountain girls — but who all their lives had craved that which they knew to be their inherent right — their mental development. By their sides were their husbands, men who had been ashamed when they had made their mark in the presence of the educated and when forced to ask the election officers to cast a vote for them for the candidates of their choice.

There were middle-aged men who had seen a hundred golden opportunities pass them by because of the handicap of illiteracy, men whose mineral, timber, and material stores, as well as their time and labor, were in the control of educated men, making them but beggars, as it were, on the bounty of those whom they enriched. There were women whose children had all grown up and vanished from the home, some of them into the far West. When the spoken word and the hand-clasp had ceased there could be no heart-to-heart messages, for the third person as an interpreter between mother and child is but a poor means at best. These and other folk, some half-educated and some more, made up these schools.

"Just to learn to read my Bible!" was the cry of many a patriarch and many a withered dame.

"Just to write my children with my own hand, and to read their letters with my own eyes!" was the cry of the mother's heart.

"Just to escape from the shame of making my mark!" was the appeal of the middle-aged man.

"Just to have a chance with the other folk — to be something and to do something in the world!" was the expressed desire of youth and maid.

The youngest student was aged eighteen, the oldest eighty-six. It was a scene to bring tears to the eyes, but surely one to make the heart rejoice, to see those hoary-headed old people and those robust young people seated at their desks studying together, or standing in a row in class to spell, or lined up at the blackboard to solve problems or to write.

Many of them learned to write their names the first evening, and such rejoicing as there was over this event! One old man on the shady side of fifty shouted for joy when he learned to write his name. "Glory to God!" he shouted, "I'll never have to make my mark any more!"

Some were so happy that they wrote their names in great delight on trees, fences, barns, barrel staves, and every available scrap of paper; and those who possessed even small savings, drew the money out of its hiding-place and deposited it in the bank, wrote their checks and signed their names with pride. Soon letters began to go from hands that had never written to loved ones in other counties and in far-distant States. Usually the first letter of each student came to me as the County School Superintendent.

The first three letters that ever came out of the moonlight schools came in this order: the first from the mother whose daughter was absent in Chicago; the second from the man who "would give twenty years of his life if he could read and write"; and the third from the boy who would forget his ballads "before anybody come along to set 'em down." This answered the anxious question in our hearts as to whether the moonlight schools had met the need of those who had made the appeal.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

To test your understanding, answer in writing without looking back:

1. What titles did you select for the three parts?
2. Why did the teachers wait with anxious hearts on the first night?
3. How many people did they expect? How many came?
4. Name three different groups of people who came, and in each case tell what lack in their lives they came to fill.
5. What range of ages was found in the pupils?
6. Who wrote the first three letters in the school? Why did the author plan the first part of her story as she did?

3. GAINING WINGS

EDNA DEAN PROCTOR

1

A twig where clung two soft cocoons
I broke from a wayside spray,
And carried home to a quiet desk
Where, long forgot, it lay.

2

One noon I chanced to lift the lid,
And lo! as light as air,
A moth flew up on downy wings
And settled above my chair.

3

A dainty, beautiful thing it was
Orange and silvery gray,
And I marvelled how from the withered bough
Such fairy stole away.

4

Had the other flown? I turned to see,
And found it striving still
To free itself from the swathing floss
And rove the air at will.

5

"Poor little prisoned waif," I said,
"You shall not struggle more";
And tenderly I cut the threads
And watched to see it soar.

6

Alas! a feeble chrysalis,
It dropped from its silken bed;
My help had been the direst harm —
The pretty moth was dead!

7

I should have left it there to gain
The strength that struggle brings:
'Tis stress and strain, with moth or man,
That free the folded wings!

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Tell the story of this poem. Is Miss Proctor telling only about moths? What lines best express the larger meaning?
2. Can you guess why "Gaining Wings" is placed in this section with the three selections which precede it? Explain.

CLASS-LIBRARY READINGS

OVERCOMING DIFFICULTIES FOR AN EDUCATION

1. "How a Blind Girl Learned to Read," *Story of My Life*, 20–46.
2. "Learning to Speak," *ibid.*, 55–62.
3. "The Hunger for Self-Education," *A Dutch Boy Fifty Years After*, 15–25; "A Boston Pilgrimage," *ibid.*, 26–36.
4. "Starting a Newspaper," *ibid.*, 68–77.
5. "Helen Keller," *Book of Knowledge*, 17 : 5285–5286.
6. "Partners in Pluck" (Charles and Mary Lamb), *More Than Conquerors*, 27–53.
7. "Through Failure to Success" (Phillips Brooks), *ibid.*, 253–283.
8. "The Star-Showered Beauty" (Edwin Booth), *ibid.*, 287–311.
9. "Winning the Knowledge that is Power," *Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia*, 2 : 827–833.
10. "The Schoolma'am of Squaw Peak," Laura T. Kent, in *Atlantic Prose and Poetry*, 256–265.

C. SPORTS AND SPORTSMANSHIP IN SCHOOL LIFE

1. REVELATION

RUTH COMFORT MITCHELL

A poem about football, about a "scrub," a boy on the second team, about school life! Perhaps this poem, like others in our book, will help you see that poetry often tells about interesting things and is often easy to understand. Remember that a poet usually leaves much unsaid; he relies much more upon the imagination of the reader than does a writer of prose. Try to see the boy huddled in his blanket watching the game.

He had not made the team. The ultimate moment —
  Last practice for the big game, his senior year —
Had come and gone again with dizzying swiftness.
  It was all over now, and the sudden cheer
That rose and swelled to greet the elect eleven
  Sounded his bitter failure on his ear.

He had not made the team. He was graduating:
  The last grim chance was gone, and the last hope fled;
The final printed list tacked up in the quarters;
  A girl in the bleachers turned away her head.
He knew that she was trying to keep from crying;
  Under his tan there burned a painful red.

He had not made the team. The family waiting
  His wire, up state; the little old loyal town

That had looked to him year by year to make it famous,
And laureled him each time home with fresh renown.
The men from the house there, tense, breathlessly watching,
And, after all, once more, he'd thrown them down.

He had not made the team, after years of striving;
After all he had paid to try, and held it cheap —
The sweat and blood and strain and iron endurance —
And the harassed nights, too aching-tired to sleep;
The limp that perhaps he might be cured of some day;
The ugly scar that he would always keep.

He had not made the team. He watched from the side lines.
Two days later, a part of a sad patrol,
Battered and bruised in his crouched, blanketed body,
Sick and sore to his depths, and aloof in dole,
Until he saw the enemy's swift advancing
Sweeping his team-mates backward. Then from his soul
Was cleansed the sense of self and the sting of failure,
And he was one of a pulsing, straining whole,
Bracing to stem the tide of the on-flung bodies,
Helping to halt that steady, relentless roll;
Then he was part of a fighting, frenzied unit
Forcing them back and back and back from the goal.
There on the side lines came the thought like a whip-crack
As his team rallied and rose and took control:

He had not made the team, but for four long seasons,
Each of ten grinding weeks, he had given the flower,
The essence and strength of body, brain, and spirit,
He and his kind — the second team — till the power
To cope with opposition and to surmount it
Into the team was driven against this hour!

What did it matter who held fast to the leather,
He or another? What was a four-years dream?

Out of his heart the shame and rancor lifted;
There burst from his throat a hoarse, exultant scream.
Not in the fight, but part of it, he was winning!
This was his victory: he had *made* the team!

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Why does Miss Mitchell repeat "He had not made the team" at the beginning of each stanza? What does it mean "to make the team"?
2. At what point might you divide the poem into two parts?
3. The first stanza shows how much can be condensed in a few lines of poetry. Find other examples of condensation in the poem.
4. Read aloud two or three lines which make you know that this was a college football team.
5. Why is the word *made* printed in italics in the last line?
6. Did the story of the "scrub" make you think of any similar experience of your own? Can you tell the class about it?
7. Look up the words: ultimate, harassed, aloof, dole, rancor, exultant.
8. Use these topics for conversation and discussion.
   a. It is harder to practise than to play a game.
   b. A hard game our team played.
   c. One of our substitutes who made good.
   d. An example of team-work in our English class.
   e. A "star" player who is also a "star" student.
   f. Examples of "school loyalty" in our school.
9. Can you add any other test of sportsmanship to these:

Ten tests of a sportsman: (1) He does not boast; (2) nor quit; (3) nor make excuses when he fails; (4) he is a cheerful loser; (5) and a quiet winner; (6) he plays fair; (7) and as well as he can; (8) he enjoys the pleasure of risk; (9) he gives his opponent the benefit of the doubt; (10) and he values the game itself more highly than the result.

2. PLAYING THE GAME

HENRY NEWBOLT

The first scene in the poem is the "Close," the playground of a boarding school for boys in England. The boys are playing a game of cricket, the national sport of England, as baseball is ours. Ten

runs behind in cricket is not so bad as ten runs behind in baseball; it is more like one run behind in the ninth inning.

The second scene is with a British regiment in Africa.

There's a breathless hush in the Close to-night:
Ten to make and the match to win —
A bumping pitch and a blinding light,
An hour to play and the last man in.
And it's not for the sake of a ribboned coat,
Or the selfish hope of a season's fame,
But his captain's hand on his shoulder smote:
"Play up! play up! and play the game!"

The sand of the desert is sodden red,
Red with the wreck of a square that broke:
The gatling's jammed and the colonel dead,
And the regiment blind with dust and smoke.
The river of death has brimmed his banks,
And England's far, and Honor a name,
But the voice of a Schoolboy rallies the ranks:
"Play up! play up! and play the game!"

This is the word that year by year,
While in her place the school is set,
Every one of her sons must hear,
And none that hears it dare forget.
This they all with a joyful mind
Bear through life like a torch in flame,
And falling fling to the host behind:
"Play up! play up! and play the game!"

CLASS ACTIVITIES.

1. What helps a boy to play his best game in a school contest?
2. Had the schoolboy become an officer in the second scene or was he a private? Explain.

3. Tell about some of the lessons of loyalty and courage your school is teaching and how it is teaching them.
4. Tom Brown played many cricket matches. Read *Tom Brown's School Days* to find out about cricket as compared with baseball. Find out also about schoolboy life in England, to see if Newbolt is right in "Play up! and play the game!" Would Tom have become like the man in the second scene of "Playing the Game"?
5. The Duke of Wellington once said that the battle of Waterloo was won on the cricket field. What did he mean?
6. Study of phrases: a bumping pitch; a blinding light; a square that broke; and England's far, and Honor a name; play the game.

Additional Readings. — 1. *Danny Fists*, W. Camp. 2. *The Varmint*, O. Johnson. 3. "Games and Sports," C. A. Eastman, in *Indian Boyhood*, 63–86. 4. "How the Heavens Fell," R. Johnson, in *St. Nicholas*, 1 : 193–6. 5. "Greater Victory," H. C. Davies, in *St. Nicholas*, 41 : 679–687.

3. THE FOOTBALL GAME

OWEN JOHNSON

Lawrenceville, a boys' school in New Jersey, and other private schools like it, hold somewhat the same position in the United States that Rugby and Eton hold in England. The "house championships" are contests between teams representing various dormitories in which the boys live. Woodhull and Kennedy are the names of two of these dormitories, or "houses."

The house championships had gone on until the Woodhull and the Kennedy emerged for the final conflict. The experience gained in these contests, for on such occasions Stover played with his house team, had sharpened his powers of analysis and given him a needed acquaintance with the sudden, shifting crises of actual play.

Now, the one desire of Dink Stover, next to winning the fair opinion of his captain, was the rout of the Woodhull, of which Tough McCarty was the captain and his old acquaintances of the miserable days at the Green were members — Cheyenne Baxter, the Coffee-Colored Angel, and But-

sey White. This aggregation, counting as it did two members of the 'varsity, was strong; but the Kennedy, with P. Lentz and the Waladoo Bird and Pebble Stone, the Gutter Pup, Lovely Mead, and Stover all of the scrub, had a slight advantage.

Stover used to dream of mornings, in the lagging hours of recitation, of the contest and the sweet humiliation of his ancient foes. He would play like a demon; he would show them, Tough McCarty and the rest, what it was to be up against the despised Dink Stover — and dreaming thus he used to say to himself, with suddenly tense arms:

"Gee, I only wish McCarty would play back of the line so I could get a chance at him!"

But on Tuesday, during the 'varsity practice, suddenly, as a scrimmage ended and sifted open, a cry went up. Ned Banks, left end of the 'varsity, was seen lying on the ground after an attempt to rise. They gathered about him with grave faces, while Mr. Ware bent over him in anxious examination.

"What is it?" said the captain, with serious face.

"Something wrong with his ankle; can't tell yet just what."

"I'll play Saturday, Garry," said Banks, gritting his teeth. "I'll be ready by then. It's nothing much."

The subs carried him off the field with darkened faces — the last hopes of victory seemed to vanish. The gloom spread thickly through the school; even Dink, for a time, forgot the approaching hour of his revenge in the great disaster. The next morning a little comfort was given them in the report of Doctor Charlie that there was no sprain but only a slight wrenching, which, if all went well, would allow Banks to start the game. But the consolation was scant. What chance had Banks in an Andover game? There would have to be a shift; but what?

The captain, looking indeed very serious, arrived, looked over the group, and called Stover out. Dink, surprised, jumped up, saying:

"You want me, sir?"

"Yes."

Cockrell put his arm under Stover's and quickly drew him away.

"Stover," he said, "I've got bad news for you."

"For me?"

"Yes. I'm not going to let you go into the Woodhull game this afternoon."

Stover received the news as though it had been the death of his entire family, immediate and distant. His throat choked, he tried to say something and did not dare trust himself.

"I'm sorry, my boy — but we're up against it, and I can't take any risks now of your getting hurt."

"It means the game," said Dink at last.

"I'm afraid so."

"We've no one to put in my place — no one but Beekstein Hall," said Stover desperately. "Oh, please, sir, let me play; I'll be awfully careful. It's only a house game."

"Humph — yes, I know these house games. I'm sorry, but there's no help for it."

"But I'm only a scrub, sir," said Stover, pleading hard.

"We're going to play you at end," said Cockrell suddenly, seeing he did not understand, "just as soon as we have to take Banks out; and Heaven only knows when that'll be."

Dink was aghast.

"You're not going — you're not going —" He tried to speak and stopped.

"Yes, we've talked it over and that seems best."

"Oh, but I'm so light."

The captain watched the terror-stricken look in his face and was puzzled.

"What's the matter? You're not getting shaky?"

"Oh, no, sir," said Dink, "it's not that. It — it seems so terrible that you've got to put me in."

"You're better, my boy, than you think," said Cockrell,

smiling a little, "and you're going to be better than you know now. Now you understand why you've got to keep on the side-lines this afternoon. You're too fragile to take risks on."

"Yes, I understand."

"It comes hard, doesn't it?"

"Yes, sir, it does; very hard."

When the Kennedy and the Woodhull lined up for play an hour later, little Pebble Stone was at end in place of Stover, who watched from his post as linesman the contest that was to have been his opportunity. He heard nothing of the buzzing comments behind, of the cheers or the shouted entreaties. Gaze fixed and heart in throat, he followed the swaying tide of battle, imprisoned, powerless to rush in and stem the disheartening advance.

The teams, now more evenly matched, both showed the traces of tense nerves in the frequent fumbling that kept the ball changing sides and prevented a score during the first half.

In the opening of the second half, by a lucky recovery of a blocked kick, the Kennedy scored a touchdown, but failed to kick the goal, making the score six to nothing. The Woodhull then began a determined assault upon the Kennedy's weak end. Stover, powerless, beheld little Pebble Stone, fighting like grim death, carried back and back, five, ten yards at a time, as the Woodhull swept up the field.

"It's the only place they can gain," he cried in his soul in bitter repetition.

He looked around and caught the eye of Captain Cockrell, and sent him a mute, agonizing, fruitless appeal.

"Kennedy's ball," came the sharp eye of Slugger Jones, the umpire.

Dink looked up and felt the blood come back to his body again — on the twenty-five yard line there had been a fumble and the advance was checked. Twice again the battered end of the Kennedy was forced back for what seemed certain touchdowns, only to be saved by loose work on the Wood-

hull's part. It was getting dark and the half was ebbing fast — three minutes more to play.

A fourth time the Woodhull furiously attacked the breach, gaining at every rush over the light opposition, past the forty-yard line, past the twenty-yard mark, and triumphantly, in the last minute of play, over the goal for a touchdown. The ball had been downed well to the right of the goal-posts and the trial for goal was an unusually difficult one. The score was a tie; everything depended on the goal that, through the dusk, Tough McCarty was carefully sighting. Dink, heart-broken, despairing, leaning on his linesman's staff, directly behind the ball, waited for the long, endless moments to be over. Then there was a sudden movement of McCarty's body, a wild rush from the Kennedy, and the ball shot high in the air and, to Stover's horror, passed barely inside the farther goal-post.

"No goal," said Slugger Jones. "Time's up."

Dink raised his head in surprise, scarcely crediting what he had heard. The Woodhull team were furiously disputing the decision, encouraged by audible comments from the spectators. Slugger Jones, surrounded by a contesting, rioting mass, suddenly swept them aside and began to take the vote of the officials.

"Kiefer, what do you say?"

Cap Kiefer, referee, shook his head.

"I'm sorry, Slugger; it was close, very close, but it did seem a goal to me."

"Tug, what do you say?"

"Goal, sure," said Tug Wilson, linesman for the Woodhull. At this, jeers and hoots broke out from the Kennedy.

"Of course he'll say that!"

"He's from the Woodhull."

"Hold up, hold up, now!" said Slugger Jones, more excited than any one else. "Don't get excited; it's up to your own man. Dink, was it a goal or no goal?"

Stover suddenly found himself in a whirling, angry mass —

the decision of the game in his own hands. He saw the faces of Tough McCarty and the Coffee-Colored Angel in the blank crowd about him and he saw the sneer on their faces as they waited for his answer. Then he saw the faces of his own team-mates and knew what they, in their frenzy, expected from him.

He hesitated.

"Goal or no goal!" cried the umpire, for the second time.

Then suddenly, face to face with the hostile mass, the fighting blood came to Dink. Something cold went up his back. He looked once more above the riot to the shadowy posts, trying to forget Tough McCarty, and then, with a snap to his jaws, he answered:

"Goal."

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Why was Stover kept out of the "house" game?
2. What characteristics of the various boys are suggested by their nicknames?
3. Match the nicknames in this story with names which boys in your school give each other.
4. Where is the "problem" of the story presented? What is the "high spot" or "climax"?
5. Would you like to know how Stover played in the *big* game? Perhaps some one has a copy of the book, *The Varmint.*
6. Would the boys of Kennedy be angry at Stover? What do you suppose happened after he said "goal"?
7. Why is this story placed in this section of "Going to School"?
8. Explain from your own experience:
   - *a.* Why a game must have an umpire.
   - *b.* How it feels to lose a game.
   - *c.* How it feels to fight hard in a losing game.
   - *d.* What games are good for.
   - *e.* What "victory in defeat" means.

CLASS-LIBRARY READINGS

SPORTS AND SPORTSMANSHIP IN SCHOOL LIFE

1. "The Story of Athletics," *World Book*, 1 : 457.
2. "The Story of Baseball," *ibid.*, 1 : 604.
3. "The Story of Basketball," *ibid.*, 1 : 610.
4. "The Story of Football," *ibid.*, 3 : 2254.

D. GLIMPSES OF SCHOOL LIFE

1. FACTS, FACTS, FACTS

CHARLES DICKENS

"Now, what I want is, Facts. Teach these boys and girls nothing but Facts. Facts alone are wanted in life. Plant nothing else, and root out everything else. You can only form the minds of reasoning animals upon Facts; nothing else will ever be of any service to them. This is the principle on which I bring up my own children, and this is the principle on which I bring up these children. Stick to Facts, sir!"

The scene was a plain, bare schoolroom, and the speaker's square forefinger emphasized his statements by underscoring every sentence with a line on the schoolmaster's sleeve. The emphasis was helped by the speaker's square wall of a forehead, which had his eyebrows for its base, while his eyes looked as if they were in two dark caves, overshadowed by the wall. The emphasis was helped by the speaker's mouth, which was wide, thin, and hard set. The emphasis was helped by the speaker's voice, which was inflexible, dry, and dictatorial. The emphasis was helped by the speaker's hair, which bristled on the skirts of his bald head, a plantation of firs to keep the wind from its shining surface, all covered with knobs, like the crust of a plum pie, as if the head had scarcely enough room for the hard facts stored inside. The speaker's stubborn carriage, square coat, square legs, square shoulders — nay, his very neckcloth, trained to take him by the throat

with an unyield'ng grasp, like a stubborn fact, as it was all helped the emphasis.

"In this life, we want nothing but Facts, Sir; nothing but Facts!"

The speaker and the schoolmaster and the third grown person present all backed a little, and swept with their eyes the little children then and there arranged in order, ready to have imperial gallons of facts poured into them until they were full to the brim.

Thomas Gradgrind, Sir. A man of realities. A man of facts and calculations. A man who proceeded upon the principle that two and two are four, and nothing over, and who was not to be talked into allowing for anything over. Thomas Gradgrind, Sir — peremptorily Thomas — Thomas Gradgrind. With a rule and a pair of scales, and the multiplication table always in his pocket, Sir, ready to weigh and measure any parcel of human nature, and tell exactly what it came to. It was a mere question of figures, a case of simple arithmetic. One might hope to get some other foolish belief into the head of George Gradgrind, or Augustus Gradgrind, or John Gradgrind, or Joseph Gradgrind (all imaginary, nonexistent persons), but into the head of Thomas Gradgrind - no, Sir!

In such terms Mr. Gradgrind always mentally introduced himself, whether to his private circle of acquaintance, or to the public in general. In such terms, no doubt, substituting the words "boys and girls" for "Sir," Thomas Gradgrind now presented Thomas Gradgrind to the pupils, the little pitchers before him, who were to be filled so full of facts.

Indeed, as he eagerly sparkled at them, he seemed a kind of cannon loaded to the muzzle with facts, and prepared to blow them clean out of the regions of childhood at one discharge.

"Girl number twenty," said Mr. Gradgrind, squarely pointing with his square forefinger, "I don't know that girl. Who is that girl?"

"Sissy Jupe, Sir," explained number twenty, blushing, standing up, and curtseying.

"Sissy is not a name," said Mr. Gradgrind. "Don't call yourself Sissy. Call yourself Cecelia."

"It's father as calls me Sissy, Sir," returned the young girl in a trembling voice, and with another curtsey.

"Then he has no business to do it," said Mr. Gradgrind. "Tell him he mustn't. Cecelia Jupe. Let me see. What is your father?"

"He belongs to the horse-riding, if you please, Sir."

Mr. Gradgrind frowned, and waved off the objectionable calling with his hand.

"We don't want to know anything about that, here. You mustn't tell us about that, here. Your father breaks horses, doesn't he?"

"If you please, Sir, when they can get any to break, they do break horses in the ring, Sir."

"You mustn't tell us about the ring, here. Very well, then. Describe your father as a horsebreaker. He doctors sick horses, I dare say?"

"Oh yes, Sir."

"Very well, then. He is a veterinary surgeon, a farrier, and horsebreaker. Give me your definition of a horse."

(Sissy Jupe thrown into the greatest alarm by this demand.)

"Girl number twenty unable to define a horse!" said Mr. Gradgrind, for the general benefit of all the little pitchers. "Girl number twenty possessed of no facts, in reference to one of the commonest of animals. Some boy's definition of a horse. Bitzer, yours."

The square finger, moving here and there, lighted suddenly on Bitzer, perhaps because he chanced to sit in the same ray of sunlight which, darting in at one of the bare windows of the intensely whitewashed room, shone on Sissy. For the boys and girls sat in two compact bodies, divided up the middle by a narrow interval; and Sissy, at the corner of a row on the sunny side, came in for the beginning of a sunbeam,

of which Bitzer, being at the corner of a row on the other side, a few rows in advance, caught the end. But, whereas the girl was so dark-eyed and dark-haired, that she seemed to receive a deeper and more lustrous color from the sun when it shone upon her, the boy was so light-eyed and light-haired that the self-same rays appeared to draw out of him what little color he ever possessed. His short-cropped hair might have been a mere continuation of the sandy freckles on his forehead and face. His skin was so unwholesomely lacking in the natural color that he looked as though, if he were cut, he would bleed white.

"Bitzer," said Thomas Gradgrind. "Your definition of a horse."

"Quadruped. Forty teeth, namely, twenty-four grinders, four eye-teeth, and twelve incisive. Sheds coat in the spring; in marshy countries sheds hoofs, too. Hoofs hard, but requiring to be shod with iron. Age known by marks in mouth." Thus (and much more) Bitzer.

"Now, girl number twenty," said Mr. Gradgrind. "You know what a horse is."

She curtseyed again, and would have blushed deeper, if she could have blushed deeper than she had blushed all this time. Bitzer, after rapidly blinking at Thomas Gradgrind with both eyes at once, put his knuckles to his freckled forehead, and sat down again.

Another gentleman now stepped forth. A mighty man at cutting and drying he was; a government officer; in his way (and in most other people's too) a professed pugilist; always in training, always with a system to force down the general throat, always to be heard of at the bar of his little public-office, ready to fight all England. To continue in fistic terms, he had a genius for coming up to the scratch, wherever and whatever it was, and proving himself an ugly customer. He would go in and damage any subject whatever with his right, follow up with his left, stop, exchange, counter, drive his opponent (he always fought All England) to the ropes,

and fall upon him neatly. He was certain to knock the wind out of common sense, and render that unlucky opponent deaf to the call of time.

"Very well," said this gentleman, briskly smiling, and folding his arms. "That's a horse. Now, let me ask you girls and boys, Would you paper a room with pictures of horses?"

After a pause, one-half of the children cried in chorus, "Yes, Sir!" Upon which the other half, seeing in the gentleman's face that Yes was wrong, cried out in chorus, "No, Sir!" — as the custom is, in these examinations.

"Of course, No. Why wouldn't you?"

A pause. One corpulent slow boy, with a wheezy manner of breathing, ventured the answer, Because he wouldn't paper a room at all, but would paint it.

"You *must* paper it," said the gentleman, rather warmly.

"You must paper it," said Thomas Gradgrind, "whether you like it or not. Don't tell *us* you wouldn't paper it. What do you mean, boy?"

"I'll explain to you, then," said the gentleman, after another and a dismal pause, "why you wouldn't paper a room with the figures of horses. Do you ever see horses walking up and down the sides of rooms in reality — in fact? Do you?"

"Yes, Sir!" from one half. "No, Sir!" from the other.

"Of course, No," said the gentleman, with an indignant look at the wrong half. "Why, then, you are not to see anywhere what you don't see in fact; you are not to have anywhere what you don't have in fact. What is called Taste is only another name for Fact."

Thomas Gradgrind nodded his approval.

"This is a new principle, a discovery, a great discovery," said the gentleman. "Now, I'll try you again. Suppose you were going to carpet a room. Would you use carpet having the pictures of flowers upon it?"

There being a general conviction by this time that "No

Sir!" was always the right answer to this gentleman, the chorus of No was very strong. Only a few feeble stragglers said Yes, among them Sissy Jupe.

"Girl number twenty," said the gentleman, smiling in the calm strength of knowledge.

Sissy blushed, and stood up.

"So you would carpet your room — or your husband's room, if you were a grown woman and had a husband — with representations of flowers, would you?" said the gentleman. "Why would you?"

"If you please, Sir; I am very fond of flowers," returned the girl.

"And is that why you would put tables and chairs upon them, and have people walking over them with heavy boots?"

"It wouldn't hurt them, Sir. They wouldn't crush and wither, if you please, Sir. They would be the pictures of what was very pretty and pleasant, and I would fancy——"

"Ay, ay, ay! But you mustn't fancy," cried the gentleman, quite elated by coming so happily to his point. "That's it! You are never to fancy."

"You are not, Cecelia Jupe," Thomas Gradgrind solemnly repeated, "to do anything of that kind."

"Fact, fact, fact!" said the gentleman. And "Fact, fact, fact!" repeated Thomas Gradgrind.

"You are to be in all things regulated and governed," said the gentleman, "by fact. We hope to have, before long, a board of fact, composed of commissioners of fact, who will force the people to be a people of fact, and of nothing but fact. You must discard the word Fancy altogether. You have nothing to do with it. You are not to have, in any object of use or ornament, what would be a contradiction in fact. You don't walk upon flowers in fact; you cannot be allowed to walk upon flowers in carpets. You don't find that foreign birds and butterflies come and perch upon your crockery; you cannot be permitted to paint foreign birds and butterflies upon your crockery. You never find quadrupeds,

going up and down walls; you must not have quadrupeds represented upon walls. You must use," said the gentleman, "for all these purposes, combinations, and modifications of mathematical figures which are capable of proof and demonstration. This is the new discovery. This is fact. This is taste."

The girl curtseyed, and sat down. She was very young, and she looked as if she were frightened by the matter-of-fact prospect the world afforded.

— *Adapted.*

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Did Dickens think the examiners were asking sensible questions? Explain.
2. Read the second paragraph again. Try to see exactly how each sentence adds to the picture of Gradgrind.
3. How does this picture of Gradgrind agree with what he does and says?
4. Was the second examiner as stupid as the first? Explain your answer.
5. Find the parts which show that the pupils were frightened.
6. Do you think that Dickens believes there is no value in facts? Explain.
7. Find in the Glossary: dictatorial, inflexible, peremptorily, nonsensical, veterinary, lustrous, deficient, curtseyed, corpulent.

2. SEVENTH GRADE COMPOSITIONS

GEORGE MADDEN MARTIN

As you read this story make up your mind about William. Do you like him? Ask some questions about Emily Louise which you would like to have answered.

There came a week when the classes were assembled for a lesson in composition. Mr. Page laughed at what he called flowery effusions. "Use the matter and life about you," he said.

"There is one boy," he went on, "whose compositions

are generally good for that reason. William, step up, sir, and let us hear what you have made of this."

William arose. He was still square, but he was no longer short; there was a straight and handsome bridge building to his nose, and he had taken to tall collars. William's face was somewhat flushed at this summons to publicity, but his smile was cheerful and unafraid. His composition was on "Conscience." So were the compositions of the others; but his was different.

"A boy has one kind of a conscience," read William, "and a girl has another kind. Two girls met a cow. 'Look her right in the face and pretend that we aren't afraid,' said the biggest girl; but the littlest girl had a conscience. 'Won't it be deceiving the cow?' she wanted to know."

Emily Louise blushed; how could William! For Emily Louise was "the littlest girl"; Hattie was the other, and William had come along and driven the cow away.

William was still reading: "There was a girl found a quarter in the snow. She thought how it would buy five pies, or ten doughnuts, or fifteen pickles, and then she thought about the person who would come back and find the place in the snow and no quarter, and so she went and put the quarter back."

How could William! Mr. Page, his hair wildly rumpled, was clapping hand to knee; even the teachers were trying not to smile. Emily Louise blushed hotter, for Emily Louise, taking the quarter back, had met William.

"Boys are different," stated William's composition. "There was a boy went to the office to be whipped. The strap hit a stone in his pocket. So the Principal, who went around on Saturdays with a hammer tapping rocks, let the boy off. He didn't know the boy got the rock out of the alley on purpose. But I reckon boys have some kind of a conscience. That boy felt sort of mean."

It was the teachers who were laughing now, while Mr. Page, running his fingers through his hair, wore a smile,

arrested, reflective, considering. But it broadened; there are Principals, here and there, who can appreciate a William.

The cheek of Emily Louise might be hot, but in her heart was a newer feeling; was it pleasure? Something, somewhere, was telling Emily Louise that William liked her the better for these things he was laughing at. Was she pleased thereat? Never. Her cheek grew hotter. Yet the pleasurable sensation was there. Suddenly she understood. It was because of this tribute to the condition of her conscience. Of course it would be perfectly proper, therefore, to try to keep up this reputation with William.

There was other proof that William liked her. At grammar school it was the proper thing to own an autograph album. William's page in the album of Emily Louise was a triumph in purple ink upon a pinkish background. Not that William had written it. Jimmy Reed had written it for him. Jimmy wielded a master pen in flourish and shading, upon which he put a price accordingly. A mere name cost the patrons of Jimmy a pickle, while a pledge to eternal friendship or sincerity was valued at a doughnut. For the feelings in verse one paid a pie.

William had paid a pie, and his sentiments at maximum price thus set forth declared:

"True friendship is a golden knot
Which angles' hands have tied,
By heavenly skill its textures wrought
Who shall its folds divide?"

Emily Louise wondered about the "angles' hands." What were they? It never occurred to her that a master of the pen such as Jimmy might be weak in spelling.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. What do you like in William? Would you like Mr. Page for a teacher? Give reasons.
2. What questions would you like to have answered about Emily Louise?

3. Write a dramatization of this story. Begin as follows:

SEVENTH GRADE COMPOSITIONS

A One Act Play

PERSONS IN THE PLAY:

.....

.....

.....

.....

Place of the play:

Describe an imaginary school.

Mr. Page (*standing at his desk*): Children, there is one boy who always follows my advice; he writes his compositions about the life that is round about him. William, let us hear what you have written to-day.

William (*slowly rising to his feet*): (Describe William and continue.)

Volunteer Additional Reading.—See if you can find Mr. Martin's book, *Emmy Lou*. Read it to find answers to the questions your classmates may have asked about Emily Louise.

3. AN INDIAN BOY'S TRAINING

CHARLES A. EASTMAN

This selection tells about four parts of an Indian boy's education. Locate these parts in your first reading; then write a title for each part.

Very early the Indian boy assumed the task of learning and passing on the legends of his ancestors and his race. Almost every evening a myth, or a true story of some deed done in the past, was told by one of the parents or grandparents, while the boy listened with parted lips and glistening eyes. On the following evening he was usually required to repeat it. If he was not an apt scholar, he struggled long with his task; but, as a rule, the Indian boy is a good listener and has a good memory, so that the stories were tolerably well

mastered. The household became his audience, by which he was both criticised and applauded.

This sort of teaching at once enlightens the boy's mind and stimulates his ambition. His idea of his own future career becomes a vivid and irresistible force. Whatever there is for him to learn must be learned; whatever qualifications are necessary to a truly great man he must seek at any expense of danger and hardship. Such was the feeling of the imaginative and brave young Indian. It became apparent to him in early life that he must accustom himself to rove alone and not to fear or dislike the feeling of solitude.

It seems to be a popular idea that all the characteristic skill of the Indian is born in him. This is a mistake. All the patience of the Indian is an acquired trait, and continual practice alone makes him master of the art of woodcraft. Physical training and dieting are not neglected. I remember that I was not allowed to have beef soup or any warm drink. The soup was for the old men. General rules for the young were never to take their food very hot, nor to drink much water.

My uncle, who educated me up to the age of fifteen years, was a strict and good teacher. When I left the teepee in the morning, he would say: "Hakadah, look closely to everything you see"; and at evening, on my return, he used often to question me for an hour or so.

"On which side of the trees is the lighter-colored bark? On which side do they have most regular branches?"

It was his custom to have me name all the new birds that I had seen during the day. I would name them according to the color, or the shape of the bill, or their song, or the appearance and locality of the nest — in fact, anything about the bird that impressed me as characteristic. I made many ridiculous errors, I must admit. He then usually informed me of the correct name. Occasionally I was right, and this he would warmly commend.

He went much deeper into these lessons when I was a little

older, that is, about the age of eight or nine years. He would say, for instance:

"How do you know that there are fish in yonder lake?"

"Because they jump out of the water for flies at mid-day."

He would smile at my prompt but superficial reply.

"What do you think of the little pebbles grouped together under the shallow water? And what made the pretty curved marks in the sandy bottom and the little sand-banks? Where do you find the fish-eating birds? Have the inlet and the outlet of a lake anything to do with the question?"

He did not expect a correct reply at once to all the many questions that he put to me on these occasions, but he meant to make me watchful and a good student of nature.

"Hakadah," he would say to me, "you ought to follow the example of the shunktokecha (wolf). Even when he is surprised and runs for his life, he will pause to take one more look at you before he enters his final retreat. So you must take a second look at everything you see.

"It is better to view animals unobserved. I have been a witness to their courtships and their quarrels, and have learned many of their secrets in this way. I was once the unseen spectator of a thrilling battle between a pair of grizzly bears and three buffaloes — a rash act for the bears, for it was in the moon of strawberries, when the buffaloes sharpen and polish their horns for bloody contests among themselves.

"I advise you, my boy, never to approach a grizzly's den from the front, but to steal up behind and throw your blanket or a stone in front of the hole. He does not usually rush for it, but first puts his head out and listens and then comes out very indifferently and sits on his haunches on the mound in front of the hole before he makes any attack. While he is exposing himself in this fashion, aim at his heart. Always be as cool as the animal himself." Thus he armed me against the cunning of savage beasts by teaching me how to outwit them.

"In hunting," he would resume, "you will be guided by the

habits of the animal you seek. Remember that a moose stays in swampy or low land or between high mountains near a spring or lake, for thirty to sixty days at a time. Most large game moves about continually, except the doe in the spring; it is then a very easy matter to find her with the fawn. Conceal yourself in a convenient place as soon as you observe any signs of the presence of either, and then call with your birchen doe-caller.

"Whichever one hears you first will soon appear in your neighborhood. But you must be very watchful, or you may be taken for a fawn by a large wild-cat. They understand the characteristic call of the doe perfectly well.

"When you have any difficulty with a bear or a wild-cat — that is, if the creature shows signs of attacking you — you must make him fully understand that you have seen him and are aware of his intentions. If you are not well equipped for a pitched battle, the only way to make him retreat is to take a long sharp-pointed pole for a spear and rush toward him. No wild beast will face this unless he is cornered and already wounded. These fierce beasts are generally afraid of the common weapon of the larger animals — the horns — and if these are very long and sharp, they dare not risk an open fight.

"There is one exception to this rule — the gray wolves will attack fiercely when very hungry. But their courage depends upon their numbers; in this they are like many men. Wolves will stampede a herd of buffaloes in order to get at the calves; they will rush upon a herd of antelopes, for these are helpless; but they are always careful about attacking man."

Of this nature were the instructions of my uncle, who was widely known at that time as among the greatest hunters of his tribe.

All boys were expected to endure hardship without complaint. In savage warfare a young man must, of course, be an athlete and used to undergoing all sorts of privations. He must be able to go without food and water for two or three days without displaying any weakness, or to run for a day

and a night without any rest. He must be able to cross a pathless and wild country without losing his way, either in the day or night time. He cannot refuse to do any of these things if he hopes to be a warrior.

Sometimes my uncle would waken me very early in the morning and challenge me to fast with him all day. I had to accept the challenge. We blackened our faces with charcoal, so that every boy in the village would know that I was fasting for the day. Then the little tempters would make my life a misery until the merciful sun hid behind the western hills.

I can scarcely recall the time when my stern teacher began to give sudden war-whoops over my head in the morning while I was sound asleep. He expected me to leap up with perfect presence of mind, always ready to grasp a weapon of some sort and to give a shrill whoop in reply. If I was sleepy or startled and hardly knew what I was about, he would ridicule me and say that I need never expect to sell my scalp dear. Often he would vary these tactics by shooting off his gun just outside of the lodge while I was yet asleep, at the same time giving blood-curdling yells. After a time I became used to this.

When Indians went upon the war-path, it was their custom to try the new warriors thoroughly before coming to a battle. For instance, when they were near a hostile camp, they would order the novices to go after the water and test them in all sorts of ways to prove their courage. In accordance with this idea, my uncle used to send me off after water when we camped after dark in a strange place. Perhaps the country was full of wild beasts, and, for aught I knew, there might be scouts from hostile bands of Indians lurking in that very neighborhood.

Yet I never objected, for that would show cowardice. I picked my way through the woods, dipped my pail in the water, and hurried back, always careful to make as little noise as a cat. Being only a boy, my heart would leap at every crackling of a dry twig or distant hooting of an owl, until, at

last, I reached our teepee. Then my uncle would perhaps say: "Ah, Hakadah, you are a thorough warrior," empty the precious contents of the pail and order me to go a second time.

Imagine how I felt! But I wished to be a brave man as much as a white boy desires to be a great lawyer or even President of the United States. Silently I would take the pail and endeavor to retrace my footsteps in the dark.

With all this, our manners and morals were not neglected. I was made to respect the adults and especially the aged. I was not allowed to join in their discussions, nor even to speak in their presence, unless requested to do so. Indian etiquette was very strict, and among the requirements was that of avoiding the direct address. A term of relationship or some title of courtesy was commonly used instead of the personal name by those who wished to show respect. We were taught generosity to the poor and reverence for the "Great Mystery." Religion was the basis of all Indian training.

I recall to the present day some of the kind warnings and reproofs that my good grandmother was wont to give me. "Be strong of heart — be patient!" she used to say. She told me of a young chief who was noted for his uncontrollable temper. While in one of his rages he attempted to kill a woman, for which he was slain by his own band and left unburied as a mark of disgrace — his body was simply covered with green grass. If I ever lost my temper, she would say:

"Hakadah, control yourself, or you will be like that young man I told you of, and lie under a *green blanket!*"

— *Adapted.*

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. What are the four main parts of the selection? How did you name them?
2. Is there anything in your own school or in the Boy Scouts which gives training somewhat similar to that of the Indian boy's? If so, what?
3. Glance through the selection again; select and write five words which are new to you; think about the meaning of the various

sentences in which these words are found; try to make a good definition for each of the words. Compare your meanings with those found in the glossary or the dictionary.

ADDITIONAL READINGS.— 1. "The Little Japanese at Home," I. T. Hodnett, in *St. Nicholas*, 25: 486–507. 2. "Baa, Baa, Black Sheep," R. Kipling, *Under the Deodars*, 251–287. 3. "The First Alphabet," R. Kipling, *Just So Stories*, 145–163. 4. "What the Farmer Boy Learned at School," in *The Children's Hour*, 11: 365–371. 5. "Hakadah's First Offering," C. A. Eastman, *Indian Boyhood*, 101–112. 6. "Girls' Occupations in Colonial Days," A. M. Earle, *Home Life in Colonial Days*, 252–280.

4. IN SCHOOL DAYS

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

Still sits the schoolhouse by the road,
A ragged beggar sunning;
Around it still the sumachs grow,
And blackberry-vines are running.

Within, the master's desk is seen,
Deep scarred by raps official;
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jack-knife's carved initial;

The charcoal frescos on its wall;
Its door's worn sill, betraying
The feet that, creeping slow to school,
Went storming out to playing.

Long years ago a winter sun
Shone over it at setting;
Lit up its western window-panes,
And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls,
And brown eyes full of grieving,
Of one who still her steps delayed
When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy
  Her childish favor singled:
His cap pulled low upon a face
  Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow
  To right and left, he lingered:
As restlessly her tiny hands
  The blue-checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes; he felt
  The soft hand's light caressing,
And heard the tremble of her voice,
  As if a fault confessing.

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word:
  I hate to go above you,
Because" — the brown eyes lower fell —
  "Because, you see, I love you!"

Still memory to a gray-haired man
  That sweet child-face is showing.
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave
  Have forty years been growing!

He lives to learn, in life's hard school,
  How few who pass above him
Lament their triumph and his loss,
  Like her — because they love him.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Do you think the school building was still in use when Whittier wrote the poem? Explain.
2. Explain "deep scarred by raps official." Of what earlier selection does this poem remind you?
3. Why did the little boy feel ashamed? Why did he feel proud?
4. How should one feel when a classmate passes "above him"?

CLASS–LIBRARY READINGS

GLIMPSES OF SCHOOL LIFE

1. "My Teacher," *The Thoughts of Youth*, 75–83.
2. "Odin's Search," H. W. Mabie, in *Children's Literature*, 348–351.
3. "When a Feller Needs a Friend," *World Book*, 3 : 1040.
4. "Why I Should Go to College," *Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia*, 2 : 828.
5. "A Magic City and Its Schools," *ibid.*, 4 : 1401–1403.
6. "Tricks That Test Your Intelligence," *ibid.*, 4 : 1792–1703.
7. "Treasure Houses of the World's Wisdom," *ibid.*, 5 : 1091–1093.
8. "Schools of the World and Their Work," *ibid.*, 7 : 3138–3142.
9. "Secret of Successful Study," *ibid.*, 8 : 3372–3374.
10. "My Babes in the Wood," in *Atlantic Prose and Poetry*, 102–107.
11. "School Children of France," O. Forsant, *ibid.*, 194–207.
12. "The School Days of an Indian Girl," Z. Zitkala-Ša, *ibid.*, 275–286.
13. "Fine Names for Guinea Pigs," *Letters to His Children*, 18–21.
14. "Advice and News," *ibid.*, 25–29.
15. "Proper Place for Sports," *ibid.*, 61–66.
16. "On Counting Days," *ibid.*, 115–116.

GENERAL REVIEW

SUGGESTIONS ABOUT SILENT READING

a. Varying the rate of reading.

In "Making Homes," page 86, we saw that a good silent reader does not always read at the same speed. When he reads "just for the story," he reads much more rapidly than when he is trying to master all the writer's ideas. If he reads to find an answer for a special question, he skims over some parts rapidly and reads quite slowly the part that contains the answer to his question.

Turn over the pages of "Going to School." Talk about or make lists of the selections which should be read slowly; of others, that should be read rapidly for the story; and of others, parts of which should be read rapidly and other parts slowly.

Who of you need to pay special attention to greater speed in silent reading, and who need to slow down for more careful reading?

b. Looking for the central idea and the chief parts.

We have had several exercises in "Going to School" which directed us to find the *main idea*, or *message*, which the writer

had in mind. Look back at pages 98 and 100. Stop also to read over the titles of all the selections in "Going to School," page 91; notice that several of these titles suggest at once the central idea of their poems or selections. This is not always true. Look over "The Football Game," on page 140. The central idea is not stated in the title. What is the central idea of "The Football Game," of "Revelation," page 136; of "An Indian Boy's Training," page 155? Do you think that the introduction on page 90 states a suitable central idea for all of the selections in this whole unit? Explain.

After finding a writer's central idea, a skilful reader tries to see the main parts into which the central idea is divided. Read again the explanation on page 23; look again at the reading directions on page 155, to recall the lessons we have had in finding parts in this unit. A good reader or listener often tries to remember a selection or address somewhat in this way:

MAIN IDEA

1. First supporting idea.
2. Second supporting idea.
3. Third supporting idea.

In a somewhat similar way this book is divided into parts. Look over the "contents" of "Making Homes," page 3, and of "Going to School," page 91. Notice that each is divided into four parts, marked A, B, C, D, with appropriate titles. Notice that several selections, somewhat alike in meaning, are placed under each division. Now look at the "contents" of the next division of this book, "Finding Enjoyment," page 171. See how the main idea, finding enjoyment, is broken up into four parts, each of which has in its turn several divisions.

QUESTIONS AND PROBLEMS

1. What are you doing, outside of your school work, that is helping to educate you? Explain how your work at home or some other regular task like carrying papers helps educate you.
2. What parts of your school life in addition to your lessons are helping to educate you? What opportunities do you have to learn how to get on with other people? Why is being able to associate happily with others an important part of education?
3. Do you know any men and women who are attending evening schools? Perhaps you can find out what they are studying. Ask your teacher to tell you about "continuation schools."

4. Go around the class, each telling about "one chance I had to be a good sportsman," or "an act of good sportsmanship I saw."
5. If your school has clubs such as "A Bicycle Club," "A Camera Club," or "A Hiking Club," tell which you have joined or would like to join, and give reasons for your choice.
6. Which of all the characters in the stories of "Going to School" do you dislike most? Why? Which one do you like best? Why? Who showed the greatest courage? Explain. Who had the greatest difficulties to overcome? What were they?

ROUNDING OUT THE MEANING OF "ACQUIRING EDUCATION"

Assign a committee to work out each of the following problems. Appoint a time when the different committees are to report to the class.

1. Make a list of ten of the most important characters in "Going to School." Write one paragraph about each. After deciding which characters to select, the committee may have each member of the committee write about two of the characters. When the ten paragraphs are ready, the chairman may read them to the class and ask the class to decide (*a*) whether the committee has chosen wisely, and (*b*) whether the paragraphs suitably describe the characters selected.
2. Find information about the boyhood of Washington and of Lincoln. Let each member of the committee look through a different book, if possible. Choose I. M. Tarbell, *He Knew Lincoln;* M. E. Seawell, *The Virginia Cavalier;* Owen Wister, *Seven Ages of Washington;* W. S. Cather, *Boyhood of Famous Men;* J. G. Holland, *True Stories of Great Americans;* or any other books which the librarian may recommend. Let each member of the committee report what he finds.
3. The boyhood or girlhood of other famous Americans. The committee may choose Roosevelt, Franklin, Ulysses S. Grant, Robert E. Lee, Frances Willard, Jane Addams, or any other famous man or woman. Consult with the librarian. Each member of the committee read parts of the book or article which tell of the childhood experiences and write a brief account to be read to the class when the committee reports.
4. How your class may best serve your school. The chairman may interview the principal and assign other members of the committee to interview the teachers. Before going to the interviews, decide how to state your business. Plan questions to ask.

After the interviews, hold a committee meeting and plan to include in one report all of the suggestions the committee has secured.

5. Each of you selected one book from the list on pages 92 and 93 to read at home. What did you find in it that was interesting or helpful in your thought about school and schooling? Go around the class, naming your book, and reporting very briefly what you found worth telling your classmates.

TOPICS FOR COMPOSITIONS

1. How a cat educates her kittens.
2. How a colt is "broken."
3. How a bird teaches her young.
4. The way I remember how to spell a word that gave me trouble.
5. What the orchestra means to our school.
6. A meeting of our school assembly which I enjoyed.
7. Why one of our schoolmates is a good hockey player; baseball player; tennis player.
8. School life in Japan; in France; in Italy; in any other country.
9. My "worst" day in school.
10. Why it is easier (or harder) to study at home than in school.

TOPICS FOR DEBATES

1. *Resolved*, That school clubs have an educative value worth the time they take.
2. *Resolved*, That our class should volunteer to present a program at the school assembly.

FINDING ENJOYMENT

"THE BEAUTIES OF NATURE . . . BELONG TO ANY ONE WHO ENJOYS THEM."

FINDING ENJOYMENT

Good morning, life — and all
Things glad and beautiful.

— William H. Davies

"Who owns the mountains?" asked John, as he and his father were looking at a mountain range. His father began to name some of the owners.

"Well," said John, "I don't see what difference that makes. Every one can look at them."

And John was right. The beauties of nature, mountains and valleys, forests, rivers, lakes, parks, and pleasure grounds, the songs of birds, and the happiness of springtime belong to any one who enjoys them. Possession of beautiful things does not depend upon ownership but upon ability to appreciate and enjoy them.

We have the greatest pleasure in watching a game that we can understand — a good baseball or basket-ball game! We know such games. In a similar way, music-lovers attend the opera; nature-lovers seek mountains and parks; book-lovers haunt libraries; adventure-lovers explore arctic regions and deserts. We all enjoy what we are fitted to enjoy. Pleasure in seeing and in doing lies largely in our capacity for pleasure. An old adage expresses this idea: "He takes most from an art gallery who takes the most to it." An important part of life is training ourselves "to own the mountains."

FINDING ENJOYMENT

A. Joy in the Out-of-Doors

			PAGE
1.	A Greeting	*William H. Davies*	174
2.	The Making of Birds	*Katherine Tynan*	175
3.	Listening to the Songs of Birds	*Viscount Edward Grey*	177
4.	The Throstle	*Alfred Tennyson*	183
5.	On the Grasshopper and Cricket	*John Keats*	184
6.	To the Grasshopper and Cricket	*Leigh Hunt*	184

B. Beauties of Nature

1.	Rain	*Margaret Deland*	187
2.	The Rainbow	*William Wordsworth*	188
3.	Nature's Spring House-Cleaning	*James Lane Allen*	189
4.	The Cloud	*Percy Bysshe Shelley*	190
5.	Ellis Park	*Helen Hoyt*	190
6.	Who Owns the Mountains?	*Henry Van Dyke*	192
7.	Salute to the Trees	*Henry Van Dyke*	194
8.	Trees	*Bliss Carman*	195
9.	Shade	*Theodosia Garrison*	196
10.	Trees	*Joyce Kilmer*	197

C. Sports, Amusements, and Games

1.	Christmas in the Dark	*Helen Keller*	200
2.	The Circus-Day Parade	*James Whitcomb Riley*	204
3.	Book Houses	*Annie Fellows Johnston*	206
4.	Going to the Theatre with Longfellow	*Edward Bok*	207
5.	Going Down Hill on a Bicycle	*Henry Charles Beeching*	212

D. Happiness, Cheerfulness, and Contentment

1.	Daffodils	*William Wordsworth*	215
2.	The Satisfaction of Work	*Charles William Eliot*	216
3.	The Miller of the Dee	*Eva L. Ogden*	220

CHOOSE A BOOK

1. Ball, Robert S., *Starland.* Ginn.
   About the sun, moon, planets, comets, shooting stars, and other wonders of the heavens.

2. Blanchan, Neltje, *Bird Neighbors.* Doubleday.
   Accounts of one hundred and fifty birds commonly found in the gardens, meadows, and woods near our homes. Fifty colored pictures.

3. Burroughs, W. D., *The Wonderland of Stamps.* Stokes.
   The delights of collecting stamps.

4. Burgess, Thornton W., *Bird Book for Children.* Little, Brown.
   Forty bird stories with twenty-four illustrations; the different habits and characteristics of our feathered friends.

5. Burroughs, John, *Birds and Bees.* Houghton.
   Stories about birds and bees; also about muskrats, squirrels, and foxes.

6. Collins, A. Frederick, *The Book of Stars.* Appleton.
   How to know the stars, the moon, and other things in the sky.

7. Duncan, Norman, *Adventures of Billy Topsail.* Revell.
   Thrilling adventures of a boy and his dog, "Skipper," in Labrador with Doctor Luke.

8. Eastman, Charles A., *Indian Scout Talks.* Little, Brown.
   Suggestions for Boy Scouts and Campfire Girls about camping and outdoor life, told from memories of his own Indian boyhood.

9. Graham, Peter A., *Country Pastimes for Boys.* Longmans.
   Tells how to play many sports, games, and pastimes.

10. Hawkesworth, Hallam, *Strange Adventure of a Pebble.* Scribner.
    Wonders of nature, with many pictures, described for boys and girls.

11. Johnson, Clifton, *What to See in America.* Macmillan.
    One chapter for each State, giving facts of general interest for travelling. Five hundred illustrations.

12. Mathiews, F. K. (Ed.), *Boy Scout's Book of Campfire Stories.* Appleton.
    Adventures in the out-cf-doors.

13. Mills, Enos, *Story of a Thousand Year Pine.* Houghton.
Strange wild life of the Rockies: birds, bears, beavers, as well as trees.

14. Roberts, Charles G., *Kindred of the Wild.* Page.
A book of wild animal life, hunting and camping.

15. Seton, Ernest Thompson, *Wild Animals I Have Known.* Scribner.
Stories like "The Pacing Mustang," "The Springfield Fox," "Bingo, the Story of My Dog."

16. Stevenson, Robert Louis, *The Black Arrow.* Scribner.
Stirring story of adventure of the olden times, telling about Master Richard and the outlaw band of "the black arrow."

17. Stevenson, Robert Louis, *Kidnapped.* Scribner.
How David Balfour was kidnapped, cast away, and rescued.

18. Tappan, Eva March, *Sports and Pastimes.* Volume I of *The Children's Hour.* Houghton.
Fifty stories about all sorts of games.

19. Thompson, James M., *Water Wonders Every Child Should Know.* Grosset.
Pictures and studies of dew, frost, snow, ice, and rain.

20. Tomlinson, E. T., *Camping on the St. Lawrence.* Lothrop.
The summer vacation of four boys on a boating expedition.

21. Twain, Mark, *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* and *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn.* Harper.
Tom and Huck and their comrades are the friends of every boy. The books are chuck-full of fun: going down the Mississippi on a raft; escaping from the sharpers.

22. *Harper's Outdoor Book for Boys.* Harper.
How to make windmills, ice-boats, skiis; camp life, canoeing, and fishing.

23. Wiggin, Kate Douglas, *Summer in a Canyon.* Houghton.
Polly Oliver and girl friends on a summer vacation.

A. JOY IN THE OUT-OF-DOORS

1. A GREETING

WILLIAM H. DAVIES

Good-morning, Life — and all
Things glad and beautiful.
My pockets nothing hold,
But he that owns the gold,
The Sun, is my great friend —
His spending has no end.

Hail to the morning sky,
Which bright clouds measure high;
Hail to you, birds, whose throats
Would number leaves by notes;
Hail to you, shady bowers,
And you, green fields of flowers.

Hail to you, women fair,
That make a show so rare
In cloth as white as milk —
Be't calico or silk;
Good-morning, Life — and all
Things glad and beautiful.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Explain whether the person in the poem is rich or poor.
2. Who "owns the gold" in line 4? How did you decide?
3. Explain "his spending has no end," in line 6.
4. Explain "would number leaves by notes," in line 10.
5. What does "Be't calico or silk" add to the meaning of the poem?
6. Name the interesting places in your own city or neighborhood which you always show to visitors. Can you think of beautiful places which you sometimes forget to show?
7. Tell about places of interest in other cities which you have visited.
8. When Davies speaks of the sun owning the *gold*, he does not mean just gold; he wants *gold* to stand for all kinds of riches. Compare the literal meaning of "my pockets nothing hold," line 3, with the meaning the poet has in mind. Find and discuss other words and phrases in "A Greeting" which have more than their literal meaning.

ADDITIONAL SELECTIONS TO BE READ ALOUD. — Hemans, "The Voice of the Spring"; Rands, "The Wonderful World"; Longfellow, "An April Day"; Lowell, "The Fountain"; Longfellow, "Rain in Summer"; Carman, "April Morning"; Burns, "To a Mountain Daisy."

2. THE MAKING OF BIRDS

KATHERINE TYNAN

God made Him birds in a pleasant humor;
Tired of planets and suns was He.
He said: "I will add a glory to summer,
Gifts for my creatures banished from me!"

He had a thought and it set Him smiling,
Of the shape of a bird and its glancing head,
Its dainty air and its grace beguiling:
"I will make feathers," the Lord God said.

He made the robin; He made the swallow;
His deft hands moulding the shape to His mood,
The thrush and lark and the finch to follow,
And laughed to see that His work was good.

He who has given men gift of laughter,
Made in His image; He fashioned fit
The blink of the owl and the stork thereafter,
The little wren and the long-tailed tit.

He spent in the making His wit and fancies;
The wing-feathers He fashioned them strong;
Deft and dear as daisies and pansies,
He crowned His work with the gift of song.

"Dearlings," He said, "make songs for my praises!"
He tossed them loose to the sun and wind,
Airily sweet as pansies and daisies;
He taught them to build a nest to their mind.

The dear Lord God of His glories weary —
Christ our Lord had the heart of a boy —
Made Him birds in a moment merry,
Bade them soar and sing for His joy.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Find several places in which the personal pronoun is capitalized in the poem, and explain in each case how this helps to make the meaning clear.
2. Do you think that stanza 4 represents God as having the trait of laughter? Explain.
3. Give several reasons why the wing-feathers were made strong.
4. See if you can find the word "dearlings" in the dictionary.
5. What is the crowning gift that God gave to men through birds?
6. Does the last stanza mean that God made birds in a careless, off-hand way, when he had nothing else to do?

Reading Poetry Aloud

The first poetry was sung or chanted; it was made up of stories and songs which were passed on by word of mouth from father to son, from mother to daughter. Indeed, poetry was made to be *heard* rather than read. That is why it should be read or recited, to bring out its rhythm, its rhyme, its music. The good reader, like the good singer, always tries to express the spirit of what he reads.

Take turns reading aloud parts of "The Making of Birds." Try to make your reading jolly and happy, as if you were laughing. Make your reading as pleasant as the songs you are talking about. Remember that in the poem the Creator, tired of making planets and suns, turns to the happiness of making birds and flowers.

ADDITIONAL READINGS. — 1. *Our Vanishing Bird Life*, W. T. Hornaday; 2. *Birds Every Child Should Know*, N. Blanchan. 3. "Shall We Feed the Birds?" in *Literary Digest*, 52 : 1214.

3. LISTENING TO THE SONGS OF BIRDS

VISCOUNT EDWARD GREY

At the close of his service as President of the United States, Theodore Roosevelt travelled extensively in Africa and Europe. Almost two years before he was to be in England, he wrote to Lord Grey, Foreign Minister of Great Britain, that he would like to spend a holiday in the country listening to the birds of England. The reading which follows is part of an informal talk which Lord Grey made to a group of Harvard boys while he was visiting in America.

Several years ago, when I was at the Foreign Office in London, I got a letter from Mr. Bryce, who was then British Ambassador at Washington, saying that President Roosevelt intended to travel as soon as he was out of office. He was going to travel in Africa, to visit Europe, and to come to England; he was planning his holiday so minutely as to time his visit to England for the spring, when the birds would be in full song and he could hear them. For this purpose he wanted it to be arranged that somebody who knew the songs of the English birds should go for a walk with him in the country, and as the songs were heard tell him what the birds were.

That is a pretty good instance of thorough planning for a holiday. It seemed to me very attractive that the executive head of the most powerful country in the world should have this simple, healthy, touching desire to hear the songs of birds, and I wrote back at once to Mr. Bryce to say that when President Roosevelt came to England I should be very

glad to do for him what he wanted. It is no more a necessary qualification for the Secretary of Foreign Affairs in London than it is for the President of the United States that he should know the songs of the birds, and it is amusing that we should have been able to arrange this little matter satisfactorily between us as if it were part of our official duties, without feeling obliged to call in experts.

Time passed, and when Mr. Roosevelt retired from office he went to Africa and had much big-game shooting and travel there. Then he came to Europe. The leading countries of Europe were stirred to do him honor, England not less than others. He had a great reception and everywhere a program of great and dignified character was arranged for him. European newspapers were full of his travels long before he reached England, and I thought this little walk to hear the songs of English birds suggested some two years previously would be forgotten and crowded out by greater matters. But it was not so.

Without any reminder on my part I received a letter from the English friend who was to be Colonel Roosevelt's host in London that Colonel Roosevelt had written to him to say that the promise of a bird trip had been made and that he wished time to be found for the fulfilment of it. I saw Colonel Roosevelt once soon after he came to London. The day was arranged, and at the appointed time we met at Waterloo Station. We had to ask the newspaper reporters not to go with us, not because it made any difference to Colonel Roosevelt, but because birds are not so tame, or perhaps I should say are more self-conscious than public men, and do not like to be photographed or even interviewed at close quarters; it was necessary not only that Colonel Roosevelt and I should be alone, but that we should make ourselves as inconspicuous as possible.

So we went alone, and for some twenty hours we were lost to the world. We went by train and motor to the little village of Titchborne, arriving shortly after midday. In the

village of Titchborne there lives also the family of Titchborne, and in the old village church there is a tomb with figures of one of the Titchbornes and his wife who lived in the time of James the First; on it is inscribed the statement that he chose to be buried with his wife in this chapel, which was built by his ancestor in the time of Henry the First. That shows a continuous record of one family in one place for about eight hundred years. I forget whether we had time to go into the church and look at it, but the songs of the birds which we had come to hear are far more ancient. They must be the same songs that were heard by the inhabitants of England before the Romans came, for the songs of birds come down unchanged through great antiquity, and we are listening today, in whatever part of the world we may be, to songs which must have been familiar to races of men of which history has no knowledge and no record.

I was a little worried about this walk. I had had no personal acquaintance with Colonel Roosevelt before he came to England, and I thought to myself, "Perhaps, after all, he will not care so very much about birds, and possibly after an hour or so he will have had enough of them. If that be so and he does not care for birds, he will have nothing but my society, which he will not find sufficiently interesting for so long a time." I had relied upon the birds to provide entertainment for him. If that failed, I doubted my own resources.

I need have had no fear about his liking for birds. I found not only that he had a remarkable and abiding interest in them, but also a wonderful knowledge of them. Though I know something about British birds, I should have been lost and confused among American birds, of which unhappily I know little or nothing. Colonel Roosevelt not only knew more about American birds than I did about British birds, but he knew about British birds also. What he had lacked was an opportunity of hearing their songs, and one cannot get a knowledge of the songs of birds in any other way than by listening to them.

We began our walk, and when we heard a song I told him the name of the bird. As soon as I mentioned the name it was unnecessary to tell him more. He knew what the bird was like. It was not necessary for him to see it. He knew the kind of bird it was, its habits and appearance. He just wanted to complete his knowledge by hearing the song. He had, too, a well-trained ear for bird songs, which cannot be acquired without having spent much time in listening to them. How he had found time in his busy life to acquire this knowledge so thoroughly it is almost impossible to imagine, but there the knowledge and training undoubtedly were. He had one of the most perfectly trained ears for bird songs that I have ever known, so that if three or four birds were singing together he would pick out their songs, distinguish each, and ask to be told each separate name; and when farther on we heard any bird for a second time, he would remember the song from the first telling and be able to name the bird himself.

He had not only a trained ear; he had also keen feeling and taste for bird songs. He was quick to express preferences, and at once picked out the song of the English blackbird as being the best of the bird songs we heard. I have always had the same feeling about the blackbird's song. I do not say it is better than the songs of American birds, which I have not heard, and I think Colonel Roosevelt thought one or two of the American bird songs were better than anything we had in England; but his feeling for the English blackbird's song I found confirmed the other day in a book published by Dr. Chapman, of the Natural History Museum at New York. He has written a chapter on English birds and selects the song of the blackbird for excellence because of its "spiritual quality."

Colonel Roosevelt liked the song of the blackbird so much that he was almost indignant that he had not heard more of its reputation before. He said everybody talked about the song of the thrush; it had a great reputation, but the song of

the blackbird, though less often mentioned, was much sweeter than that of the thrush. He wanted to know the reason for this injustice, and kept asking the question of himself and me. At last he suggested that the name of the bird must have injured its reputation. I suppose the real reason is that the thrush sings for a longer period of the year than the blackbird and is a more obtrusive singer, and that so few people have sufficient feeling about bird songs to care to notice the differences.

I shall give one more instance of his interest and his knowledge. We were passing under a fir tree when we heard a small song in the tree above us. We stopped, and I said that was the song of a golden-crested wren. He listened very attentively while the bird repeated its little song, as its habit is. Then he said, "I think that is exactly the same song as that of a bird we have in America"; and that was the only English song that he recognized as being the same as any bird song in America. Some time afterwards I met a bird expert in the Natural History Museum in London and told him this incident; he confirmed what Colonel Roosevelt had said, that the song of this bird is about the only song that the two countries have in common. I think that a very remarkable instance of minute and accurate knowledge on the part of Colonel Roosevelt. It was the business of the bird expert in London to know about birds; Colonel Roosevelt's knowledge was a mere incident acquired, not as part of the work of his life, but entirely outside it. I remember thinking at the time how strange it seemed that the golden-crested wren, which is the very smallest bird which we have in England, should be the only song-bird which the great continent of North America has in common with us.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Explain why it is right for "Listening to the Songs of Birds" to follow the two poems which precede it, pp. 174 and 175.
2. What bird's song did the two men think is the best in England?

3. Why did Roosevelt think that the best singer had been unjustly treated? How does Grey's explanation differ?
4. How many songs did Roosevelt recognize as being heard in America as well as in England?
5. How many birds of your neighborhood do you know by name? What birds can you recognize by their songs? Make two lists on the board in response to these questions.
6. Look up in the glossary: antiquity, minute, obtrusive.

Study Directions. — Locating evidence. After you have finished reading an article like Grey's, you should be able to turn very quickly to paragraphs or sentences in it which contain the evidence for certain questions. Practise finding these, one at a time; work quickly.

1. Read evidence that Roosevelt planned his holidays carefully.
2. Find evidence of Grey's modesty.
3. How does Grey impress the fact that the songs of birds are ancient?
4. Did Roosevelt know more than Grey about British birds? Find the exact words which support your reply.
5. What evidence is there that Roosevelt had spent much time listening to birds in America? Find two passages.

Volunteer Work

1. If you have bird books, show them to the class and tell about the birds which have the sweetest songs.
2. Ask some one who can tell you about song birds to come to your class. Perhaps some older brother or sister can do it for you, or possibly one of the teachers.
3. If you have records of bird songs, bring them, and have a Bird Program, using the school phonograph.

Topics for Oral and Written Work

1. How the preservation of birds helps the farmer.
2. What is being done in our city to protect birds?
3. The obligation of Boy Scouts toward birds.
4. Making friends with birds. See John Burroughs, *Harper's Magazine*, 140: 837–845.
5. Have you ever "made friends" with a bird? If so, tell the class about it.

Additional Readings. — 1. "English Song Birds," T. Roosevelt, in *The Outlook*, 95: 614–616. 2. "A Call on the Birds of England,"

T. Roosevelt, in *Literary Digest*, 65: 00–01. 3. "Outdoors and Indoors," T. Roosevelt, *Autobiography*, 318–348. 4. "The Blue Jay," H. Garland, *Boy Life on the Prairie*, 354. 5. "A New Method of Bird Study," in *Literary Digest*, 48: 102–103. 6. "The Wind in a Frolic," W. Hewitt, in *Children's Literature*, 301–302. 7. "Bird Habits," O. T. Miller, *ibid.*, 540–557. 8. *The Birds of the White House Grounds*, T. Roosevelt.

4. THE THROSTLE

ALFRED TENNYSON

"Summer is coming, summer is coming.
I know it, I know it, I know it.
Light again, leaf again, life again, love again!"
Yes, my wild little poet.

Sing the new year in under the blue.
Last year you sang it as gladly.
"New, new, new, new!" Is it then so new
That you should carol so madly?

"Love again, song again, nest again, young again,"
Never a prophet so crazy!
And hardly a daisy as yet, little friend,
See, there is hardly a daisy.

"Here again, here, here, here, happy year!"
O warble unchidden, unbidden!
Summer is coming, is coming, my dear,
And all the winters are hidden.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. What parts of the poem are supposed to be sung by the throstle? How did you tell?
2. Who is supposed to be talking to the bird?
3. Read the lines that tell of the coming of summer.

5. ON THE GRASSHOPPER AND CRICKET

JOHN KEATS

One evening three poets — John Keats, Leigh Hunt, and Cowden Clarke — were talking about the writing of poetry. During the conversation it was proposed that each man write a poem immediately on some subject to be agreed upon. Hunt suggested as the topic, "The Grasshopper and the Cricket," and the three men went to work. The poems by Keats and by Hunt are given below. Which do you like better? Can you give reasons for your choice.

The poetry of earth is never dead:
When all the birds are faint with the hot sun
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead.
That is the Grasshopper's — he takes the lead
In summer luxury — he has never done
With his delights; for, when tired out with fun,
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.
The poetry of earth is ceasing never:
On a lone winter evening, when the frost
Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills
The Cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,
And seems, to one in drowsiness half lost,
The Grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

6. TO THE GRASSHOPPER AND CRICKET

LEIGH HUNT

Green little vaulter in the sunny grass,
Catching your heart up at the feel of June —
Sole voice that's heard amidst the lazy noon
When even the bees lag at the summoning brass;
And you, warm little housekeeper, who class
With those who think the candles come too soon,

Loving the fire, and with your tricksome tune
Nick the glad silent moments as they pass;
O sweet and tiny cousins, that belong,
One to the fields, the other to the hearth,
Both have your sunshine: both, though small, are strong
At your clear hearts; and both seem given to earth
To ring in thoughtful ears this natural song —
In doors and out, summer and winter, Mirth.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Which poem do you like better? Explain.
2. What special service in keeping the poetry of earth alive does Keats think is rendered by the grasshopper and the cricket?
3. Where, in each poem, does the thought turn from the grasshopper to the cricket?
4. What lines in each poem refer to both the grasshopper and the cricket?
5. What one word in the second poem seems to sum up the meaning of both poets?
6. Do Keats and Hunt think that the grasshopper gives more mirth to the world than the cricket? Explain your answer by quoting lines.

VOLUNTEER READING ABOUT OUT-OF-DOORS. — 1. "The Right Way to Camp Out," P. Johnson, in *St. Nicholas*, 43 : 633–637. 2. "Field Day at Woodcraft Camp," T. W. Burgess, in *Children's Hour*, 12 : 14–25. 3. "Life in a Girls' Camp," A. W. Coale, *ibid.*, 12 : 27–37. 4. "The Joy of Horseback Riding," M. R. Andrews, *ibid.*, 12 : 204–212. 5. *Wild Animals I Have Known*, E. T. Seton. 6. "The Work of a Ranchman," H. Hagedorn, in *Joy in Work*, 66–79. 7. "Our Presidents Out of Doors," C. H. Wilson, in *Century Magazine*, 55 : 699–713. 8. "On Making Camp," S. E. White, *The Forest*. 9. "Eight Boys and Ninety Miles," C. K. Taylor, in *St. Nicholas*, 45 : 833–837. 10. "Life in the Woods," C. A. Eastman, *Indian Boyhood*, 213–233. 11. "His Temples," B. Johnson, in *Harper's Magazine*, 133 : 892. 12. "What Makes the Rainbow," *Book of Knowledge*, 6 : 1859–1868. 13. "The Story of the Moon," *World Book*, 5 : 3939–3941.

CLASS-LIBRARY READINGS

JOY IN THE OUT-OF-DOORS

1. "The Joy of Outdoor Life," *Story of My Life*, 50–54.
2. "The Joy of the Seashore," *ibid.*, 47–49.
3. "My Out-of-Doors," *The Thoughts of Youth*, 138–148.
4. "The Paradise of Children," Nathaniel Hawthorne, in *Children's Literature*, 309–319.
5. "Daffodils," William Wordsworth, *ibid.*, 419.
6. "A President as Cook," *Letters to His Children*, 130–134.
7. "A Boy and a Rod," *The Van Dyke Book*, 3–8.
8. "The Songs of Birds," *ibid.*, 63–70.
9. "America," *ibid.*, 73.
10. "Wolf Wind and the Children," *World Book*, 2 : 611.
11. "The Birds of Beauty," *Book of Knowledge*, 6 : 1737–1748.
12. "The Shining Doors of Wonderland," *Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia*, 5 : 2027–2030.
13. "My Real Estate," in *Atlantic Prose and Poetry*, 51–53.
14. "The Blue-Jay," O. T. Miller, *ibid.*, 170–178.

B. BEAUTIES OF NATURE

1. RAIN

MARGARET DELAND

Oh, the dancing leaves are merry,
And the bloss'ming grass is glad,
But the river's too rough for the ferry
And the sky is low and sad.

Yet the daisies shake with laughter
As the surly wind goes by,
For they know what is hurrying after,
As they watch the dim gray sky;

The clovers are rosy with saying —
(The buttercups bend to hear)
"Oh, be patient, it is only delaying —
Be glad, for it's very near."

The blushing pimpernel closes;
It isn't because it grieves —
And down in the garden, the roses
Smile out from their lattice of leaves!

Such gladness has stirred the flowers!
Yet children only complain:
"Oh, what is the use of showers?"
"Oh, why does it ever rain?"

2. THE RAINBOW

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

My heart leaps up when I behold
A Rainbow in the sky:
So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a Man;
So be it when I shall grow old,
  Or let me die!
The Child is Father of the Man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

HOW TO READ POETRY SILENTLY

(To be read aloud by the teacher and discussed with the class.)

1. Some poems need to be read slowly. These are poems like Goldsmith's "The Schoolmaster," on p. 98, because they are somewhat hard to understand; they do not tell a story. Read again the two poems entitled "Gaining Wings," on p. 134, and "Revelation," on p. 136; then explain the chief reasons why the slow and careful reading of some short poems is best. How should "The Rainbow" be read?
2. Other poems, like "In School Days," p. 161, and "Rain," p. 187, may be read much more rapidly, as you read an easy and interesting story. The silent reading of poetry, like the reading of any other selection, may be slow or rapid, depending on the thought of the poem and on your purpose in reading it.
3. Whether you read slowly or rapidly, poetry should be read thoughtfully. This is true for two reasons:
   a. A poem often has a meaning that is deeper than its literal meaning. "Gaining Wings," on p. 134, is in reality about something more than butterflies. "Revelation," p. 136, is more than a story about a football player. Look over some of the poems in "Making Homes" which have a deeper meaning than they seem to have at first. Then read silently "Rain," p. 187; see its surface story and its deeper meaning.
   b. A poet usually leaves more to the imagination of the reader than does the writer of prose. Poetry condenses a good deal of meaning within a little space. Read "Revelation," p. 136, aloud to see how many of the lines make the reader fill out the meaning from his own imagination. The last four lines of

the third verse, for example, which tell of four years of hard football practice, are condensed in fifty words. Find passages in the poems of "Making Homes" which, similarly condensed, should be read slowly in order that one may understand their full meaning.

3. NATURE'S SPRING HOUSE-CLEANING

JAMES LANE ALLEN

I love most to see nature do her spring house-cleaning, with the rain-clouds for her water-buckets and the winds for her brooms. What an amount of drenching and sweeping she can do in a day. How she dashes pailful and pailful into every corner, till the whole earth is as clean as a new floor.

Another day she attacks the piles of dead leaves, where they have lain since last October, and scatters them in a trice, so that every cranny may be sunned and aired. Or, grasping her long brooms by the handles, she will go into the woods and beat the icicles off the big trees as a housewife would brush down cobwebs; so that the released limbs straighten up like a man who has gotten out of debt, and almost say to you, joyfully, "Now, then, we are all right again."

This done, she begins to hang up soft new curtains at the forest windows, and to spread over her floor a new carpet of an emerald loveliness such as no mortal looms could ever have woven. And then, at last, she sends out invitations through the South, and even to some tropical lands for the birds to come and spend the summer. The invitations are sent out in March, and accepted in April and May, and by June her house is full of visitors.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. How does nature "attack the piles of dead leaves"?
2. What are nature's "long brooms"?
3. How does nature send out her invitations to the birds?
4. Make a list of all the things people do to help nature in her spring house-cleaning.

5. Read the following poem and find a reason for placing it after "Nature's Spring House-Cleaning."

4. THE CLOUD

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet birds every one,
When rock'd to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under;
And then again I dissolve it in rain;
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain, when with never a stain
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,—
And out of the caverns of rain,
I rise and upbuild it again.

5. ELLIS PARK

HELEN HOYT

If you live in a city, you know what it means to carry to your work or school some of the beauties of even a tiny park.

Little park that I pass through,
I carry off a piece of you

Every morning hurrying down
To my work-day in the town;
Carry you for country there
To make the city ways more fair.

I take your trees
And your breeze,
Your greenness,
Your cleanness,
Some of your shade, some of your sky,
Some of your calm as I go by;
Your flowers to trim
The pavements grim;
Your space for room in the jostled street,
And grass for carpet to my feet.
Your fountains take and sweet bird calls
To sing me from my office walls.
All that I can see
I carry off with me.

But you never miss my theft,
So much treasure you have left.
As I find you, fresh at morning,
So I find you, home returning,
Nothing lacking from your gra
All your riches wait in place
For me to borrow
On the morrow.

Do you hear this praise of you,
Little park that I pass through?

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. How could Miss Hoyt, or any one, take away a part of the little park with her?
2. Tell the class about something you pass on the way to school that

you can carry off with you, as Miss Hoyt carries something from the park.

3. What, in the light of "Ellis Park," is the reason for such signs in public parks as "Do not pick the flowers"?
4. Read again "Nature's Spring House-Cleaning" on p. 189. What different memories of spring does James Lane Allen carry with him?
5. Is it possible to "carry off" something from a story or a poem? Explain, using a story or a poem in this book.
6. Explain Emerson's meaning in these lines:

"I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,
Singing at dawn on the alder bough;
I brought him home, in his nest, at even.
He sings his song, but it pleases not now,
For I did not bring home the river and sky;
He sang to my ear — they sang to my eye."

6. WHO OWNS THE MOUNTAINS?

HENRY VAN DYKE

Then said the lad, lying on the grass beside me, "Father, who owns the mountains?"

I happened to have heard, the day before, of two or three lumber companies that had bought some of the woodland slopes; so I told him their names, adding that there were probably a good many different owners, whose claims taken all together would cover the whole range of hills.

"Well," answered the lad, after a moment of silence, "I don't see what difference that makes. Everybody can look at them."

They lay stretched out before us in the level sunlight, the sharp peaks outlined against the sky, the vast ridges of forest sinking smoothly toward the valleys, the deep hollows gathering purple shadows in their bosoms, and the little foothills standing out in rounded promontories of brighter green from the darker mass behind them.

They were all ours, from crested cliff to wooded base. The solemn groves of firs and spruces, the plumed sierras of lofty

pines, the stately pillared forests of birch and beech, the wild ravines, the tremulous thickets of silvery poplar, the bare peaks with their wide outlooks, and the cool vales resounding with the ceaseless song of little rivers — we knew and loved them all; they ministered peace and joy to us; they were all ours, though we held no title deeds and our ownership had never been recorded.

What is property, after all? The law says there are two kinds, real and personal. But it seems to me that the only real property is that which is truly personal, that which we take into our inner life and make our own forever, by understanding and admiration and sympathy and love. This is the only kind of possession that is worth anything.

What does it profit a man to be the landed proprietor of countless acres unless he can reap the harvest of delight that blooms from every rood of God's earth for the seeing eye and the loving spirit? And who can reap that harvest so closely that there shall not be abundant gleaning left for all mankind? The most that a wide estate can yield to its legal owner is a living. But the real owner can gather from a field of golden-rod, shining in the August sunlight, an unearned increment of delight.

We measure success by accumulation. The measure is false. The true measure is appreciation. He who loves most has most.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Give informal talks in class.

   a. The story of a flower that is useful.
   b. One of our city's "harvests of delight."
   c. A "possession" that belongs to all.
   d. A harvest which can never be reaped.
   e. Places in my neighborhood which take the place of "mountains"?
   f. A harvest I must learn to reap.
   g. Something I possess but do not own.
   h. A story from which I reaped delight.

2. Read aloud:

a. "The Fringed Gentian," William Cullen Bryant.
b. "The Rhodora," Ralph Waldo Emerson.

POEMS ABOUT TREES

Play the game "The poem I like best" with these four poems about trees. Read each of them through twice slowly. When you have finished, write the title of the poem you like best and place after it the figure 1; write the title of the poem you like next best and write after it the figure 2; and so on with the rest of the poems. Then read all four poems again, and see if you still would keep No. 1 and No. 4 and the others in the places you first gave them. When you have the poems thus arranged, try to write in two sentences a reason for your first choice and a reason for your last choice.

7. SALUTE TO THE TREES

HENRY VAN DYKE

Many a tree is found in the wood,
And every tree for its use is good:
Some for the strength of the gnarled root,
Some for the sweetness of flower or fruit;
Some for the shelter against the storm,
And some to keep the hearthstone warm;
Some for the roof, and some for the beam,
And some for a boat to breast the stream;
In the wealth of the wood since the world began
The trees have offered their gifts to man.

But the glory of trees is more than their gifts:
'Tis a beautiful wonder of life that lifts,
From a wrinkled seed in an earth-bound clod,
A column, an arch in the temple of God,
A pillar of power, a dome of delight,
A shrine of song, and a joy of sight!
Their roots are the nurses of rivers in birth;
Their leaves are alive with the breath of the earth;

They shelter the dwellings of man; and they bend
O'er his grave with the look of a loving friend.

I have camped in the whispering forest of pines,
I have slept in the shadow of olives and vines;
In the knees of an oak, at the foot of a palm
I have found good rest and slumber's balm.
And now, when the morning gilds the boughs
Of the vaulted elm at the door of my house,
I open my window and make salute:
"God bless thy branches, and feed thy root!
Thou hast lived before, live after me,
Thou ancient, friendly, faithful tree."

8. TREES

BLISS CARMAN

In the Garden of Eden, planted by God,
There were goodly trees in the springing sod —
Trees of beauty and height and grace,
To stand in splendor before His face:

Apple and hickory, ash and pear,
Oak and beech, and the tulip rare,
The trembling aspen, the noble pine,
The sweeping elm by the river line;

Trees for the birds to build and sing,
And the lilac tree for a joy in spring;
Trees to turn at the frosty call
And carpet the ground for their Lord's footfall;

Trees for fruitage and fire and shade,
Trees for the cunning builder's trade;
Wood for the bow, the spear, and the flail,
The keel and the mast of the daring sail —

He made them of every grain and girth
For the use of man in the Garden of Earth.
Then lest the Soul should not lift her eyes
From the gift to the Giver of Paradise
On the crown of a hill, for all to see,
God planted a scarlet maple tree.

9. SHADE

THEODOSIA GARRISON

The kindliest thing God ever made,
His hand of very healing laid
Upon a fevered world, is shade.

His glorious company of trees
Throw out their mantles, and on these
The dust-stained wanderer finds ease.

Green temples, closed against the beat
Of noontime's blinding glare and heat,
Open to any pilgrim's feet.

The white road blisters in the sun;
Now, half the weary journey done,
Enter and rest, O weary one!

And feel the dew of dawn still wet
Beneath thy feet, and so forget
The burning highway's ache and fret.

This is God's hospitality,
And whoso rests beneath a tree
Hath cause to thank Him gratefully.

10. TREES

JOYCE KILMER

I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree;

A tree whose hungry mouth is pressed
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;

A tree that looks at God all day
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

A tree that may in summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Make a table like this on the blackboard:

PUPIL	JOHN	MAY	FRANK	ETC.	TOTALS
1. Salute to the Trees	1				
2. Trees	4				
3. Shade	3				
4. Trees	2				

Write the votes of each pupil beneath his name and find the sums of all the votes for each poem. Such totals in the right-hand column

will show the judgment of the class; the poem with the smallest sum will be the first choice of the class, the one with the next lowest sum the second choice, and so on.

Now read aloud the sentences explaining the choices for No. 1 and the choices for No. 4.

2. Make a list on the blackboard of all the trees named in the poems, which grow in your neighborhood?
3. Make a list of all the uses of trees mentioned in the poems.
4. Arrange the ten most important uses in the order of their importance.
5. How large a variety of autumn leaves can your class arrange on a large card for the bulletin board?
6. Tell about other poems you have read about trees.
7. What do you think is the prettiest picture in all the poems?
8. *Volunteer work:*

   a. Memorize Kilmer's "Trees."

   b. Those who selected different poems for their first choice, practise reading them aloud. Have a contest to decide who reads best the poem of his choice.

Additional Readings. — 1. "The Oldest Tree in the World," in *Literary Digest*, 54: 243–244. 2. "The Story of the Trees," *World Book*, 8: 5870–5872. 3. "Our Neglected Friends the Birds," W. P. Eaton, in *Harper's Magazine*, 136: 701–713. 4. "The Planting of the Apple Tree," W. C. Bryant, in *Children's Literature*, 417–418.

EXERCISES IN JUDGING POETRY

1. "A tree that may in summer wear
   A nest of robins in her hair."

   These two lines will help you judge the beauty of the pictures and the music of any lines of poetry. Write the two lines at the very top of a piece of paper, and slide the paper slowly down over the lines of any poem in this book. Keep on until you find one example which you like equally well.

2. A little girl, speaking of a telephone wire, called it "a message vine."

PROSE		POETRY
A telephone wire	=	*A message vine*
a plain statement of a fact		a figurative statement of the same truth

3. Find two lines in any poem which are like either of the two examples given above. If possible, have typewritten all the lines selected by the class.

CLASS-LIBRARY READINGS

THE BEAUTIES OF NATURE

1. "My Walks Abroad," *The Thoughts of Youth*, 161-167.
2. "Little Rivers," *The Van Dyke Book*, 9–15.
3. "The Story of Astronomy," *World Book*, 1 : 430–447.
4. "The Story of the Flowers," *ibid.*, 3 : 2223–2228.
5. "The Story of Niagara Falls," *ibid.*, 6 : 4224–4226.
6. "The Story of the Rocky Mountains," *ibid.*, 7 : 5044–5046.
7. "The Yellowstone National Park," *Book of Knowledge*, 2 : 587–590.
8. "The Sun and His Family," *ibid.*, 1: 143–152.
9. "The Mammoth Cave," *ibid.*, 2 : 583–586.
10. "The Glory of the Flowers," *ibid.*, 12 : 3727–3736.
11. "The Poacher and the Silver Fox," E. J. Seton, in *Children's Literature*, 551–556.
12. "Learning to Read in Nature's Wonder Book," *Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia*, 6 : 2407–2415.
13. "The Wondrous Stars," *ibid.*, 1 : 39.
14. "Butterflies and Their Cousins," *ibid.*, 2 : 544.

C. SPORTS, AMUSEMENTS, AND GAMES

1. CHRISTMAS IN THE DARK

HELEN KELLER

When Helen Keller was two years old a severe illness left her deaf, dumb, and blind. In spite of such handicaps, she learned to read, write, and speak. Graduated from college with honors, she is to-day a well-known writer and lecturer. This is her story of a Christmas celebration in a home for blind children.

When I was a little girl I spent the Christmas holidays one year at the Perkins Institution for the Blind. Some of the children, whose homes were far away or who had no homes, had remained at the school. I have never known a merrier Christmas than that.

Some one may ask: "What pleasure can Christmas hold for children who cannot see their gifts or the sparkling tree or the ruddy smile of Santa Claus?" The question would be answered if you had seen that Christmas of the blind children. The only real blind person at Christmas-time is he who does not have Christmas in his heart. We sightless children had the best of eyes that day in our hearts and in our finger-tips. We were glad from the child's necessity of being happy. The blind who have grown old can be children again on Christmas Day and celebrate in the midst of them who pipe and dance and sing a new song!

For ten days before the holiday I was not still a single moment. I would be one of every party that went Christmas-

ing. I laid my hands on everything that offered itself in the shops, and insisted on buying whatever I touched, until my teacher's eyes could not follow my fingers. How she ever kept me within the bounds is a matter of amazement. To the prettiest doll I would adhere a moment, then discover a still prettier one, and by indecision the more perplex her and myself. At last the presents were selected and brought home.

Next, a great Christmas tree, a cedar which towered above my head, was brought to the house where the children lived and planted in the middle of the parlor. Preparations kept us busy for a week. I helped to hang wreaths of holly in the windows and over pictures, and had my share in trimming the tree. I ascended and descended continually on the ladder to tie on little balls, apples, oranges, strings of pop-corn, and festoons of tinsel. Then we attached the little tapers which should set the tree aglow.

Last came the gifts. As we placed one and then another, it became more and more difficult for my fingers to thread their way in and out between the candles, the dangling balls, and the swinging loops of corn and tinsel, to find a secure position for the gifts. It seemed as if the green, sweet-scented branches must break with the burden of love-offerings heaped upon them, and soon the higher branches did begin to bend alarmingly with each heavier bundle, "like the cliff-swallow's nest, most like to fall when fullest."

One of the last gifts I hung in the midst of the thick branches was a most unusual toy, a cocoanut palm with a monkey, which had movable limbs, and which at the pressure of a spring would run up and slide down with a tiny cocoanut upon his head. Behold the miracle of toyland, a palm grafted upon a cedar. When a little girl wants anything to happen at Christmas, it happens and she is content.

Finally the tree was trimmed. Stars and crescents sparkled from branch to branch beneath my fingers, and farther up a large silver moon jostled the sun and stars. At the very top an angel with spread wings looked down on this wondrous,

twinkling world — the child's Christmas world complete! But I think the view must have made him a little dizzy, for he kept turning slantwise and crosswise and anywise but the way a Christmas angel should float over a Christmas tree.

My teacher and the motherly lady who was matron in that house were children themselves; it really seemed as if there could not be a grave, experienced grown-up in the world. We admonished each other not to let fall a whisper of the mysteries that awaited the blind children, and for once I kept the whole matter a secret.

On Christmas Eve I went to bed early, only to hop up many times to rearrange some package, to which I remembered I had not given the finishing touches, and to use all my powers of persuasion with the unruly angel.

Long before any one else was down-stairs on Christmas morning, I took my last touch-look at the tree, and lo! the angel was correctly balanced, looking down on the brilliant world below him. I suspected that Santa Claus had passed that way, and disciplined the unruly angel. I turned to go, quite satisfied, when I discovered that Sadie's doll had shut her eyes on all the splendor that shone about her. "This will never do," I said — "sleeping at this time!" I poked her vigorously, until she winked, and finally, to show she was really awake, kicked Jupiter in the side, which disturbed the staring universe. But I had the planets in their orbits again before it was time for them to shine on the children.

After a hurried breakfast the blind children were permitted to enter the parlor and pass their hands over the tree. They knew instantly, without eyes, what a marvelous tree it was, filled with the good smells of June, filled with the songs of birds that had southward flown, filled with fruit that at the slightest touch tumbled into their laps. I felt them shout, I felt them dance up and down, and we all crowded about and hugged each other in rapture.

I distributed all the gifts myself and felt the gestures of delight as the children opened them. Very pretty gifts they were, and well suited to sightless children. No disappointing

picture-books, or paint-boxes, or games that required the use of sight. But there were many toys wonderful to handle: dolls, both boys and girls, including a real baby doll with a bottle in its mouth — chairs, tables, sideboards, and china sets, pincushions, and work-baskets, little cases containing self-threading needles that the blind can use, sweet-scented handkerchiefs, pretty things to wear, and dainty ornaments that render children fair to look upon. Blind children, who cannot see, love to make themselves pretty for others to see.

There were animals, too, fierce lions and tigers, which proved that appearances are most deceptive, for when one took their heads off he found them full of sweet things. One girl had a bear that danced and growled whenever she wound a key somewhere in the region of its neck. Another had a cow that mooed when she turned its head.

The older children received books in raised print, not mournful, religious books, such as some good people see fit to choose for the sightless, but pleasant ones like *Undine*, or Hawthorne's *Twice-Told Tales*, or *The Story of Patsy*, or *Alice in Wonderland*. Fairy tales, novels, essays, books of travel and history, and magazines well filled with news of the world and gossipy articles are thumbed by the blind until the raised letters are worn down. Books of a gloomy or dry character are likely to repose on the top shelf until the dust takes possession of them. The blind are keenly alive to what is joyous. Their books are necessarily few and most of them should be delightful and entertaining.

After we had touched our presents to our hearts' content we romped and frolicked as long as the little ones could go, and longer. If you had looked in on our merriment and had never seen blind children at play before, you might have been surprised that in our wildest whirlings we did not run into the tree, or knock over a chair, or fall into the fire that burned on the hearth. I think we must have looked like any other group of merry children. You would have learned that the way to make the blind happy at Christmas and all the time is to treat them as far as possible like other persons. They do not like

to be continually reminded of their blindness, set aside and neglected, or even waited on too much.

Had you been our guest you would have received a gift from the sightless, for they have one precious gift for the world. In their misfortune they are often happy, and in that they bring happiness to those who see. Shall any seeing man dare to be sad at Christmas or permit a little child to be other than merry and lighthearted? What can excuse the seeing from the duty and privilege of happiness while the blind child joins so merrily in the jubilee?

"Tiny Tim" was glad to be at church on Christmas because he thought the sight of him might remind folk who it was that gave the lame power to walk. Even so the blind may remind their seeing brethren who it was that opened the blinded eyes, unstopped the deaf ears, gave health to the sick, and knowledge to the ignorant, and declared that mightier things even than these shall be fulfilled.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Tell the class about any blind children you know who are cheerful and happy.
2. Find three places in "Christmas in the Dark" which show that Miss Keller was busy helping prepare the good time.
3. What kinds of gifts did the various children receive?
4. Find and read aloud the paragraph in which Miss Keller tells you how to treat children who are less fortunate than you are.
5. Do you write letters to pupils in your grade who are ill at home? Carry out the spirit of kindness shown in this selection by writing and sending a letter to one of your friends who is sick.
6. Explain, with examples you know about, the statement: "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

2. THE CIRCUS-DAY PARADE

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

Oh, the Circus-Day parade! How the bugles played and played!
And how the glossy horses tossed their flossy manes and neighed,

As the rattle and the rhyme of the tenor-drummer's time
Filled all the hungry hearts of us with melody sublime!

How the grand band-wagon shone with a splendor all its own,
And glittered with a glory that our dreams had never known!
And how the boys behind, high and low of every kind,
Marched in unconscious capture, with a rapture undefined!

How the horsemen, two and two, with their plumes of white and blue,
And crimson, gold, and purple, nodding by at me and you,
Waved the banners that they bore, as the Knights in days of yore,
Till our glad eyes gleamed and glistened like the spangles that they wore!

How the graceless-graceful stride of the elephant was eyed,
And the capers of the little horse that cantered at his side!
How the shambling camels, tame to the plaudits of their fame,
With listless eyes came silent, masticating as they came.

How the cages jolted past, with each wagon battened fast,
And the mystery within it only hinted of at last
From the little grated square in the rear, and nosing there
The snout of some strange animal that sniffed the outer air!

And, last of all, The Clown, making mirth for all the town,
With his lips curved ever upward and his eyebrows ever down,
And his chief attention paid to the little mule that played
A tattoo on the dashboard with his heels, in the parade.

Oh! the Circus-Day parade! How the bugles played and played!
And how the glossy horses tossed their flossy manes and neighed,
As the rattle and the rhyme of the tenor-drummer's time
Filled all the hungry hearts of us with melody sublime!

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Why does Riley speak first of the music?
2. Does he omit any attractions usually found in the circus parades of to-day? Does he include anything not found in parades you have seen? If so, what?
3. Why does he repeat the first stanza at the end of the poem?
4. Decide what Riley does to make you *feel* the joy of the parade, in addition to making you *understand* it.
5. Use the lines you selected for judging poetry, p. 198, and find the most attractive passage in "The Circus-Day Parade." Compare your results.
6. What parts of a circus-day parade do girls like best? What parts do boys enjoy most?
7. Have volunteers take part in a contest: Who can read the first three stanzas with the most spirit; who can make the poem sound most like the fun of a parade?
8. Phrases for study: graceless-graceful stride; wagon battened fast; shambling camels.

ADDITIONAL READINGS. — 1. "The Young Savage," A. S. Pier, in *The Children's Hour*, 12 : 60–76. 2. "The Monroe Game,' W. Camp, *ibid.*, 12 : 77–94. 3. "The Day of the Game," D. Steele, in *Century Magazine*, 53 : 253–261. 4. "The Coming of the Circus," H. Garland, *Boy Life on the Prairie*, 203–221. 5. "Running for Boys," S. Scoville, Jr., in *St. Nicholas*, 22 : 777–780. 6. "New Views of Golf," F. Ouimet, in *St. Nicholas*, 47: 679–682. 7. "Angling," *World Book*, 1 : 257. 8. "The Geography of Games," J. R. Hildebrandt, in *National Geographic Magazine*, 36 : 89–144.

3. BOOK HOUSES

ANNIE FELLOWS JOHNSTON

I always think the cover of
  A book is like a door
Which opens into some one's house
  Where I've not been before.

A pirate or a fairy queen
  May lift the latch for me;
I always wonder, when I knock,
  What welcome there will be.

And when I find a house that's dull
I do not often stay.
But when I find one full of friends
I'm apt to spend the day.

I never know what sort of folks
Will be within, you see,
And that's why reading always is
So int'resting to me.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Tell of a book which has "opened some one's house" for you. Tell of a book that was "full of friends" for you. Who is the best "friend" you have met in a book?
2. Who is the most interesting person you have met in this book?
3. Tell of a book house in which you did not care to stay.
4. In what book has a fairy or a pirate "opened the door" for you?
5. What book or story can you recommend to your classmates in which you think they will want "to spend the day"?
6. Find phrases like "lift the latch" and "spend the day" in "Book Houses" which have more than their literal meaning.

4. GOING TO THE THEATRE WITH LONGFELLOW

EDWARD BOK

When Mr. Bok was about fifteen years old, he visited the poet Longfellow in his home at Cambridge, Massachusetts. As you read, notice the good sense and the good taste the boy showed in his visit with the kindly old gentleman.

When Edward Bok stood before the home of Longfellow, he realized that he was to see the man around whose head the boy's youthful reading had cast a sort of halo. And when he saw the head itself he had a feeling that he could see the halo. No kindlier pair of eyes ever looked at a boy, as, with a smile, "the white Mr. Longfellow," as Mr. Howells had called him, held out his hand.

"I am very glad to see you, my boy," were his first words, and with them he won the boy. Edward smiled back at the poet, and immediately the two were friends.

"I have been taking a walk this beautiful morning," he said next, "and am a little late getting at my mail. Suppose you come in and sit at my desk with me, and we will see what the postman has brought. He brings me so many good things, you know."

"Now, here is a little girl," he said, as he sat down at the desk with the boy beside him, "who wants my autograph and a 'sentiment.' What sentiment, I wonder, shall I send her?"

"Why not send her 'Let us, then, be up and doing'?" suggested the boy. "That's what I should like if I were she."

"Should you, indeed?" said Longfellow. "That is a good suggestion. Now, suppose you recite it off to me, so that I shall not have to look it up in my books, and I will write as you recite. But slowly; you know I am an old man and write slowly."

Edward thought it strange that Longfellow himself should not know his own great words without looking them up. But he recited the four lines, so familiar to every schoolboy, and when the poet had finished writing them, he said:

"Good! I see you have a memory. Now, suppose I copy these lines once more for the little girl and give you this copy? Then you can say, you know, that you dictated my own poetry to me."

Of course Edward was delighted, and Longfellow gave him the sheet on which he had written:

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

— HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Then, as the fine head bent down to copy the lines once more, Edward ventured to say to him:

"I should think it would keep you busy if you did this for every one who asked you."

"Well," said the poet, "you see, I am not so busy a man as I was some years ago, and I shouldn't like to disappoint a little girl, should you?"

As he took up his letters again, he discovered five more requests for his autograph. At each one he reached into a drawer in his desk, took a card, and wrote his name on it.

"There are a good many of these every day," said Longfellow, "but I always like to do this little favor. It is so little to do, to write your name on a card; and if I didn't do it some boy or girl might be looking, day by day, for the postman and be disappointed. I only wish I could write my name better for them. You see how I break my letters? That's because I never took pains with my writing when I was a boy. I don't think I should get a high mark for penmanship if I were at school, do you?"

"I see you get letters from Europe," said the boy, as Longfellow opened an envelope with a foreign stamp on it

"Yes, from all over the world," said the poet. Then, looking at the boy quickly, he said: "Do you collect postage-stamps?"

Edward said he did.

"Well, I have some right here, then," and going to a drawer in a desk he took out a bundle of letters, and cut out the postage-stamps and gave them to the boy.

"There's one from the Netherlands. There's where I was born," Edward ventured to say.

"In the Netherlands? Then you are a real Dutchman. Well! Well!" he said, laying down his pen. "Can you read Dutch?"

The boy said he could.

"Then," said the poet, "you are just the boy I am looking for." And going to a bookcase behind him he brought out a book, and handing it to the boy, he said, his eyes laughing: "Can you read that?"

"Yes, indeed," said Edward. "These are your poems in Dutch."

"That's right," he said. "Now, this is delightful. I am so glad you came. I received this book last week, and although I have been in the Netherlands, I cannot speak or read Dutch. I wonder whether you would read a poem to me and let me hear how it sounds."

So Edward took "The Old Clock on the Stairs," and read it to him.

The poet's face beamed with delight. "That's beautiful," he said, and then quickly added: "I mean the language, not the poem."

"Now," he went on, "I'll tell you what we'll do: we'll strike a bargain. We Yankees are great for bargains, you know. If you will read me 'The Village Blacksmith' you can sit in that chair there made out of the wood of the old spreading chestnut-tree, and I'll take you out and show you where the old shop stood. Is that a bargain?"

Edward assured him it was. He sat in the chair of wood and leather, and read to the poet several of his own poems in a language in which, when he wrote them, he never dreamed they would ever be printed. He was very quiet. Finally he said: "It seems so odd, so very odd, to hear something you know so well sound so strange."

"It's a great compliment, though, isn't it, sir?" asked the boy.

"Ye-es," said the poet slowly. "Yes, yes," he added quickly. "It is, my boy, a very great compliment."

"Ah," he said, rousing himself, as a maid appeared, "that means luncheon, or rather, it means dinner, for we have dinner in the old New England fashion, in the middle of the day. I am all alone to-day, and you must keep me company, will you? Then afterward we'll go and take a walk, and I'll show you Cambridge. It is such a beautiful old town, even more beautiful, I sometimes think, when the leaves are off the trees.

"Come," he said, "I'll take you up-stairs, and you can wash your hands in the room where George Washington slept. And comb your hair, too, if you want to," he added; "only it isn't the same comb that he used."

To the boyish mind it was an historic breaking of bread, that midday meal with Longfellow.

"Can you say grace in Dutch?" he asked, as they sat down; and the boy did.

"Well," the poet declared, "I never expected to hear that at my table. I like the sound of it."

Then while the boy told all that he knew about the Netherlands, the poet told the boy all about his poems. Edward said he liked "Hiawatha."

"So do I," he said. "But I think I like 'Evangeline' better. Still, neither one is as good as it should be. But those are the things you see afterward so much better than you do at the time."

It was a great event for Edward when, with the poet nodding and smiling to every boy and man he met, and lifting his hat to every woman and little girl, he walked through the fine old streets of Cambridge with Longfellow. At one point of the walk they came to a theatrical billboard announcing an attraction that evening at the Boston Theatre. Skilfully the old poet drew out from Edward that sometimes he went to the theatre with his parents. As they returned to the gate of "Craigie House" Edward said he thought he would go back to Boston.

"And what have you on hand for this evening?" asked Longfellow.

Edward told him he was going to his hotel to think over the day's events.

The poet laughed and said:

"Now, listen to my plan. Boston is strange to you. Now we're going to the theatre this evening, and my plan is that you come in now, have a little supper with us, and then go with us to see the play. It is a funny play, and a good laugh

will do you more good than to sit in a hotel all by yourself. Now, what do you think?"

Of course the boy thought as Longfellow did, and it was a very happy boy that evening who, in full view of the large audience in the immense theatre, sat in that box. It was, as Longfellow had said, a play of laughter, and just who laughed louder, the poet or the boy, neither ever knew.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Read the lines which give evidence of Edward Bok's good sense and good taste.
2. Ask your teacher to read aloud to you Longfellow's poem which contains the line, "Let us, then, be up and doing." Decide whether the poem was written for boys and girls.
3. Read the parts which show that Longfellow was a generous man.
4. Read aloud Longfellow's "The Old Clock on the Stairs" and "The Village Blacksmith."

5. GOING DOWN HILL ON A BICYCLE

(A BOY'S SONG)

HENRY CHARLES BEECHING

Can you catch the "feel" of the air as you coast down the hill with the boy in this poem?

With lifted feet, hands still,
I am poised, and down the hill
Dart, with heedful mind;
The air goes by in a wind.

Swifter and yet more swift,
Till the heart with a mighty lift
Makes the lungs laugh, the throat cry:
"O bird, see; see, bird, I fly.

"Is this, is this your joy,
O bird? Then I, though a boy,
For a golden moment share
Your feathery life in air!"

Say, heart, is there aught like this
In a world that is full of bliss?
'Tis more than skating, bound
Steel-shod to the level ground.

Speed slackens, now, I float
Awhile in my airy boat;
Till, when the wheels scarce crawl,
My feet to the treadles fall.

Alas, that the longest hill
Must end in a vale; but still
Who climbs with toil, wheresoe'er,
Shall find wings waiting there.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. What verse contains Beeching's main idea in the poem? There was one poem in "Going to School" which had much the same main idea. If you cannot remember it, turn back to the poems in that unit and find it.
2. Is there as much fun in coasting down hill in an automobile as on a bicycle? Explain.
3. What are the chief differences between the "fun" of watching a parade, of riding down-hill, of playing an exciting game, and of reading an interesting story?
4. Read the poem aloud so as to express the fun of coasting swiftly.
5. *Volunteer work: a.* write a little poem about skating, sliding down hill, or running; *b.* write a short story about sports — skating, sliding, or running.
6. Topics for two-minute talks:
   - *a.* The sport I like best.
   - *b.* When I took a "header."
   - *c.* When I came to a sudden stop.
   - *d.* A bad play that I made.
   - *e.* How we played circus.
   - *f.* How the game was won.

CLASS-LIBRARY READINGS

SPORTS, GAMES, AMUSEMENTS

1. "Camping Out," *The Van Dyke Book*, 16–29.
2. "The Big Salmon," *ibid.*, 38–45.
3. "Silver Horns," *ibid.*, 46–60.

4. "Phillips Brooks' Books," *A Dutch Boy Fifty Years After*, 43–52.
5. "Adventures in Music," *ibid.*, 160–167.
6. "Visit to the World's Fair," *The Story of My Life*, 73–77.
7. "The Joy of Books," *ibid.*, 104–118.
8. "Dogs That Climb Trees," *Letters to His Children*, 23–24.
9. "Sports for Children," *ibid.*, 50–53.
10. "The Proper Place for Sports," *ibid.*, 60–61.
11. "The Lure of Camping," *Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia*, 2 : 594–599.
12. "The World's Book of Books," *ibid.*, 1 : 387–393.
13. "Sports and Games," *ibid.*, 2 : iii, 3 : ii, 4 : ii, 6 : ii, 7 : ii.
14. "Greyfriars Bobby," *ibid.*, 2 : 1024.
15. "Camp," *World Book*, 2 : 1082–1085.
16. "The Story of Moving Pictures," *ibid.*, 5 : 3984–3992.
17. "The Story of Games and Play," *ibid.*, 3 : 2373–2378.
18. "The Story of Dancing," *ibid.*, 3 : 1696–1697.
19. "Moving Pictures," *Book of Knowledge*, 16 : 5083–5091.
20. "A Talk About Pictures," *ibid.*, 15 : 4585–4594.
21. "Magic of Poetry," *Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia*, 7 : 2850–2851.
22. "Where People of Two Nations Go to Play," *ibid.*, 7 : 2399–2403.
23. "The Story-Teller and His Magic Carpet," *ibid.*, 6 : 2539–2542.
24. "Reading," *ibid.*, 7 : 2981.
25. "The Place of Play in the Work of Life," *ibid.*, 7 : 2832–2838.
26. "Polo, or 'Playing Hockey on Horseback'," *ibid.*, 7 : 2873.
27. "Pastimes on King Winter's Playgrounds, *ibid.*, 9 : 3753–3756.
28. "Wordsworth, the Poet of Nature and the Simple Life," *ibid.*, 9 : 3788.

D. HAPPINESS, CHEERFULNESS, AND CONTENTMENT

1. DAFFODILS

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

I wander'd lonely as a cloud
  That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
  A host, of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
  And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretch'd in never-ending line
  Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
  Outdid the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay
  In such a jocund company:
I gazed — and gazed — but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye,
Which is the bliss of solitude,
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

2. THE SATISFACTION OF WORK

CHARLES WILLIAM ELIOT

Read very slowly and thoughtfully. Try to find the four main parts into which Mr. Eliot divides his thought.

Everybody knows some form of activity which gives him satisfaction. Perhaps it is riding on a horse, or rowing a boat, or tramping all day through woods or along beaches with a gun on the shoulder, or climbing a mountain, or massing into a ball a paste of sticky iron in a puddling furnace, or wrestling with the handles of a plunging, staggering plough, or tugging at a boat's tiller when the breeze is fresh, or getting in hay before the shower.

There is real pleasure in bodily exertion, particularly with companionship of men or animals, and competition. There is pleasure in the exertion even when it is pushed to the point of fatigue, as many a sportsman knows, and this pleasure is, in good measure, independent of the gaining of any practical end. There is pleasure in mere struggle, so it be not hopeless, and in overcoming resistance, obstacles, and hardships.

When to the pleasure of exertion is added the satisfaction of producing a new value, and the further satisfaction of earning a livelihood through that new value, we have the conditions that give pleasure in productive labor. Every working man who is worth his salt, I care not whether he works with his hands and brains, or with his brains alone, takes satisfaction first in the working; secondly, in the product of his work; and thirdly, in what that product yields to him. The

carpenter who takes no pleasure in the mantel he has made, the farm laborer who does not care for the crops he has cultivated, the weaver who takes no pride in the cloth he has woven, the engineer who takes no interest in the working of the engine he directs, is not a good workman.

It is an objection to many forms of working with the mind that their product is often hard to see. The fruit of mental labor is often remote. It can not be measured. On the other hand, mental labor is more enjoyable than manual labor in the process. The essence of the joy lies in the doing, rather than in the result of the doing. There is a lifelong and solid satisfaction in any productive labor, manual or mental, which is not pushed beyond the limit of strength.

The difference between the various occupations of man in respect to yielding this satisfaction is much less than people suppose; for occupations become habitual in time, and the daily work of every calling becomes so familiar that it may fairly be called monotonous. My occupation, for instance, offers, I believe, more variety than that of most professional men; yet I should say that nine-tenths of my work, from day to day, is routine work, presenting to me no more novelty or fresh interest than the work of a carpenter or blacksmith who is always making new things on old types presents to him.

The Oriental, hot climate idea that labor is a curse is disproved by the experience of all progressive nations. The Teutonic stock owes everything that is great and inspiring in its destiny to its faculty of overcoming difficulties by hard work, and of taking heartfelt satisfaction in this victorious work. It is not the dawdlers and triflers who find life worth living; it is the steady, strenuous, robust workers.

Once, when I was talking with Doctor Oliver Wendell Holmes about the best pleasures in life, he mentioned, as one of the most precious, frequent contact with quick and well-stored minds in large variety; he valued highly the challenge which keen minds gave to his own. We were thinking of

contact in conversation; but this pleasure, if only to be procured by personal meetings, would obviously be within the reach, as a rule, of only a very limited number of persons.

Fortunately for us, the cheap printing-press has put within easy reach of every man who can read all the best minds both of the past and the present. For one-tenth part of a year's wages a young mechanic can buy, before he marries, a library of famous books which, if he masters them, will make him a well-read man. For half a day's wages a clerk can provide himself with a weekly paper which will keep him informed for a year on all important current events. Public libraries, circulating libraries, school libraries, and book clubs nowadays bring much reading to the door of every household and every solitary creature who wants to read

This is a new privilege for the mass of mankind; and it is an inexhaustible source of growth. It seems as if this new privilege of reading must alter the whole aspect of society in a few generations. Books are the quietest and most constant of friends; they are the wisest of counsellors, and the most patient of teachers. With his daily work and his books, many a man, whom the world thought forlorn, has found life worth living.

It is a mistake to suppose that a great deal of leisure is necessary for this happy reading of books. Ten minutes a day devoted affectionately to good books — indeed to one book of the first order, like the English Bible or Shakespeare, or two or three books of the second order, like Homer, Virgil, Milton, or Bacon — will in thirty years make all the difference between a cultivated and an uncultivated man, between a man mentally rich and a man mentally poor.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Make a class outline on the blackboard naming the four main divisions of Eliot's thought.
2. From what physical exertion do you get the most satisfaction? From what do you get the least?

3. What are the three great satisfactions of doing one's work? Which is of the most importance for a happy life?
4. Why are the results of work with the mind often less satisfactory than are those of work with the hands? Which are more satisfactory in the long run?
5. Read aloud the paragraphs in which Eliot explains how easy it is for everybody to-day to come in contact with other minds.
6. Look up in the glossary: obstacles, monotonous, routine, dawdlers, inexhaustible.

Two Differences Between Prose and Poetry

By comparing Mr. Eliot's address with the poems you have been reading, you can learn some of the chief differences between prose and poetry. Among these differences are the following:

1. Both prose and poetry tell the truth, present the facts of life, and discuss real problems of life. Prose does this directly. President Eliot speaks about the satisfaction that comes from various kinds of work; then he illustrates his point with concrete examples. In contrast, poetry often does not state in exact words the truth it portrays. Miss Hoyt in "Ellis Park," on p. 190, says,

> Little park that I pass through,
> I carry off a piece of you.

but leaves us to interpret the real meaning of the lines. Not all poems, however, express truth indirectly, nor all prose selections express truth directly. The parables in the Bible, for example, or fairy stories like "Cinderella," express their meaning indirectly. But in spite of these exceptions, we are safe in thinking that poetry is usually indirect in its message, while prose is usually direct.

2. Prose usually takes more space than poetry does to express its truth. Poetry is often a brief and condensed statement of a truth. Do you recall how briefly Browning tells the story of the brave drummer-boy in "An Incident of the French Camp"? A short story telling the same incident would probably take several pages.

Additional Readings. — 1. "The Open Road," D. Grayson, *Adventures in Friendship*, 45–55. 2. "The Gunsmith," *ibid.*, 149–169. 3. "The Little Princess," F. H. Burnett, in *A Treasury of Plays for Children*, 8–62. 4. "The Parable of the Tree and the Wind," in *Poet Lore*, 3: 373. 5. *Timothy's Quest*, K. D. Wiggin. 6. "Rigmarol," L. M. Alcott, in *The Children's Hour*, 12: 399–407.

3. THE MILLER OF THE DEE

EVA L. OGDEN

Read to see whether the miller illustrates any of the points made by Mr. Eliot in the preceding selection.

There dwelt a miller, hale and bold,
Beside the river Dee;
He worked and sang from morn till night,
No lark so blithe as he;
And this the burden of his song
Forever used to be:
"I envy nobody — no, not I,
And nobody envies me!"

"Thou'rt wrong, my friend," said good King Hal;
"As wrong as wrong can be;
For could my heart be light as thine,
I'd gladly change with thee.
And tell me now, what makes thee sing,
With voice so loud and free,
While I am sad, though I'm a king,
Beside the river Dee?"

The miller smiled and doffed his cap:
"I earn my bread," quoth he;
"I love my wife, I love my friend,
I love my children three;
I owe no penny I cannot pay;
I thank the river Dee,
That turns the mill that grinds the corn
That feeds my babes and me."

"Good friend," said Hal, and sighed the while,
"Farewell! and happy be!
But say no more, if thou'dst be true

That no one envies thee.
Thy mealy cap is worth my crown;
Thy mill my kingdom's fee;
Such men as thou are England's boast,
O miller of the Dee!"

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Find in Eliot's selection the paragraph which best describes the contentment of "The Miller of the Dee." Read it aloud. Try to find another paragraph that illustrates this.
2. Read aloud the stanza in this poem which you like best.

POEMS TO BE READ ALOUD. — "Ike Walton's Prayer," James Whitcomb Riley; "The Day is Done," Henry Wadsworth Longfellow; "The Frost is on the Punkin," James Whitcomb Riley; "The Solitary Reaper," William Wordsworth; "A Day in June," James Russell Lowell; "A Song," James Whitcomb Riley; The Twenty-third Psalm.

CLASS-LIBRARY READINGS

HAPPINESS, CHEERFULNESS, CONTENTMENT

1. "The Nightingale." H. C. Andersen, in *Children's Literature*, 184–190.
2. "The Solitary Reaper," William Wordsworth, *ibid.*, 419–420.
3. "The Whistle," Benjamin Franklin, *ibid.*, 291–292.
4. "The Anxious Leaf," H. W. Beecher, *ibid.*, 290–291.
5. "My Pictures," *The Thoughts of Youth*, 84–94.
6. "My Vacation," *ibid.*, 39–47.
7. "My Broken Leg," *ibid.*, 12–18.
8. "The Open Fire," *The Van Dyke Book*, 30–37.
9. "Christmas Carols Around the World," *Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia*, 2: 758–762.
10. "The Word," J. K. Bangs, in *Atlantic Prose and Poetry*, 291.
11. "The Deserted Pasture," Bliss Carman, *ibid.*, 208–210.

GENERAL REVIEW

SUGGESTIONS ABOUT READING

Reading Poetry. — Poetry, like prose, is sometimes to be read rapidly, sometimes slowly, depending on how easy it is to understand. All of the poems in "Finding Enjoyment" are easy as compared with "The Housekeeper" (p. 54), or with "The Schoolmaster" (p. 98).

However, short poems should usually be read slowly, because (*a*) the poet condenses very much in a few words, (*b*) the words often have more than their literal meaning, and (*c*) the poet usually leaves much for the reader to do. Read "Gaining Wings" (p. 134); "A Greeting" (p. 174); and the four tree poems (p. 194), and point out illustrations of (*a*), (*b*), (*c*).

Poetry is made to be read aloud. The reader must try to make the sound and the spirit of his reading carry out the poem's meaning. Try to do this with the poem the class likes best in "Finding Enjoyment."

QUESTIONS AND PROBLEMS

1. Look up in the dictionary the meaning of the four words, *fun*, *pleasure*, *enjoyment*, and *recreation*. What different shades of meaning have they? Head four columns on the blackboard: Fun, Pleasure, Enjoyment, Recreation. Write the name of each selection in "Finding Enjoyment" in the most appropriate of the four columns. By class discussion, pick out the selection which best represents *fun*, the one which best represents *pleasure*, the one which best represents *enjoyment*, and the one which best represents *recreation*.
2. What parts of school life furnish you with fun? What parts with pleasure? What parts with enjoyment? What parts with recreation? Can you have pleasure without having fun?
3. Every city has spots, usually in its parks, which are places of beauty. You can very readily decide where you would take a visitor to see your city's most beautiful place. Pupils who have visited various cities may tell the class where visitors are taken in these cities, and what they are shown; compare what you saw with something in your neighborhood.
4. *Book Day.* — Each of you chose a book from the list on page 172 or found one to read at home while the class was working on "Finding Enjoyment." Go around the class, each telling something about fun, pleasure, enjoyment, or recreation which his book has given him.

ROUNDING OUT THE MEANING OF "FINDING ENJOYMENT"

Divide the class into committees, assign one of the following problems to each, and appoint a day for reports to the class.

1. *Something Made at Home.* — Members of the class may volunteer for this committee. Bring to the class on report day some

article which you made at home, the making of which has been a pleasure. Show the article, and tell why and how you made it, and what you are going to do with it.

2. *A Bird Program.* — The committee may plan and present a bird program; the class may make criticisms and vote whether to offer it for a school assembly program. Here are some suggestions: Write to the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., for free illustrated bulletins about birds. Plan two four-minute talks. Recite two or three bird poems. If your school has a phonograph, give one or two records of birds' songs. A number of manufacturers make such records. Some of the class may be able to exhibit bird houses which they have made or show kodak views which they have taken of birds.

3. *Nature Poems.* — Each member of the committee find a poem about nature. Practice reading the poem aloud. Have a committee meeting in which all read their poems and arrange the readings in the best order. Decide who needs to practise more before he reads his poem to the class. Have a second meeting for practice the day before the committee reports.

4. *The Birds of the Locality.* — At the first committee meeting write the names of all the birds you know; ask your science teachers to help. Then find out who the leading birdlovers of your city are, and appoint delegates to take your list to such experts. Ask them to name birds which you may have missed. On report day have your complete list on the board for the class to see. Perhaps you can persuade some bird expert to talk to the class.

5. *The Amusements of Other Times and Other Places.* — Several of the books in the list on p. 172 will give you information. Each member of the committee find one book, and read enough in it to be able to tell about one unusual or forgotten amusement.

6. *Recreations of Famous Men and Women.* — The committee may prepare a program in which each member will tell about the favorite recreation or the chief hobby of some famous person.

QUESTIONS FOR DEBATE

1. *Resolved,* That baseball is a more exciting game to watch than football.
2. *Resolved,* That our class should challenge ——— to a game of ———.

TOPICS FOR COMPOSITIONS

1. How to care for a pansy bed.
2. Why I read ——— twice.
3. One of my pets.
4. My flower garden.
5. My favorite story.
6. Why I dislike a certain book.
7. Bee life in a hive.
8. How a rabbit escapes his enemy
9. My hobby.
10. How I have pleasure in watching a certain animal.

PROVIDING SAFETY

THE SAFETY OF THE PUBLIC MEANS THE RISKING OF FIREMEN'S LIVES.

PROVIDING SAFETY

The safety of the public is the supreme law.

— JUSTINIAN.

A few years ago a French newspaper asked its readers this question: Who was the greatest of all Frenchmen? When the votes were counted, the name at the top of the list was that of Louis Pasteur, the great scientist; the name of Napoleon, the mighty general, stood fourth. The verdict was right: the genius of Pasteur was devoted to the service of man, the ambitions of Napoleon often led to man's destruction.

That the heroism of peace is as noble as the heroism of war is fast coming to be recognized the world around. The nurse who sacrifices herself in relieving the suffering of her patients; the physician who answers any call of need, by day or night, from rich or poor; the scientist who risks his life to find the cause and the remedy for disease: these are as deserving of honor as is the soldier who risks his life on the field of battle.

Equally worthy are those who protect the community from law-breakers and from the perils of fire and flood. The true policeman never thinks of his own safety when danger threatens others, while the fireman risks his life as a part of the day's work, no matter how fierce the flame or how great the peril.

These soldiers of peace do not expect and rarely gain fame or wealth, but they go quietly and courageously on with their work of service. Like the ancient Romans, they hold the public welfare as the highest good.

PROVIDING SAFETY

A. Safety from Fire and Flood

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2. Heroes Who Fight Fire	*Jacob A. Riis*	233
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B. Maintaining Law and Order

1. The Elusive Fugitive	*William Atherton Du Puy*	248
2. Israel Drake	*Katherine Mayo*	259

C. Safeguarding Health

1. The Old-Time Physician	*John Bach McMaster*	275
2. Doctor Grenfell's Winter Practice	*Norman Duncan*	278
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4. Our Lady of the Red Cross	*Mary R. Parkman*	285
5. Teaching Sanitation to the World	*William Atherton Du Puy*	294
6. Health Crusade Pledge		302

CHOOSE A BOOK

1. Anonymous, *Mademoiselle Miss.* Butterfield.
   Letters written by an American girl who served at the front as a nurse in a French army hospital during the World War.

2. Barton, William E., *Life of Clara E. Barton, Founder of the American Red Cross.* 2 vols. Houghton.
   The story of the founder of the American Red Cross told by a relative.

3. Crump, Irving, *The Boys' Book of Firemen.* Dodd.
   The deeds of firemen, with an account of modern methods of fighting fire.

4. Crump, Irving, *The Boys' Book of Policemen.* Dodd.
   The work and training of the police, including the duties of the traffic squad, the mounted police, and the secret service. *The Boys' Book of Mounted Police* (Dodd), by the same author, describes the training and service of the State troopers of New York, Pennsylvania, Texas, and Arizona, and of the Northwest Mounted Police of Canada.

5. Doyle, A. Conan, *Adventures of Sherlock Holmes.* Harper.
   Twelve short imaginary stories picturing the methods and adventures of the greatest detective in modern fiction.

6. Duncan, Norman, *Doctor Luke of the Labrador.* Revell.
   A romance of the adventures of Dr. Luke, a medical missionary in Labrador.

7. Epler, Percy Harold, *The Life of Clara Barton.* Macmillan.
   The story of the "Angel of the Battlefield"; how she began her work, and how she extended relief by means of the American Red Cross to all sufferers from public disasters.

8. Gordon, Charles (Ralph Connor), *The Doctor.* Revell.
   This novel pictures the activities of a physician in the Canadian Rockies. *Corporal Cameron*, another novel by Mr. Gordon, pictures the work of the Canadian Mounted Police.

9. Grenfell, Wilfred T., *A Labrador Doctor.* Houghton.
   The story of the life and work of a medical missionary on the bleak coasts of Labrador and Newfoundland told by himself.

10. Hill, Charles T., *Fighting a Fire.* Century.
    The training, equipment, dangers, and hardships of modern firemen, as illustrated by the activities of the New York Fire Department.

11. Jenks, Tudor, *The Fireman.* McClurg.
This book describes the work of a fireman, tells how fire companies are managed, and shows the advantages of modern methods of fighting fire.

12. Kelly, Howard A., *Walter Reed and Yellow Fever.* McClure.
The story of Walter Reed, with an account of some of the victories over disease which have been won by the United States Army Medical Corps.

13. Kenlon, John, *Fires and Fire-Fighters.* Doran.
Fire-fighting from ancient times to the present, including a description of present-day fire-fighting in Germany, France, Great Britain, and the United States. The author is the chief of the New York Fire Department.

14. McAdoo, William, *Guarding a Great City.* Harper.
The author is the former head of the police system of New York City. He tells how a great city is protected illustrating his narrative with anecdotes from his own experience.

15. McSpadden, J. Walker, *Famous Detective Stories.* Crowell.
Eleven of the most famous detective stories of such writers as Edgar Allan Poe, Emile Gaboriau, A. Conan Doyle, Anna K. Green, Arthur B. Reeve, and Robert Louis Stevenson.

16. Mayo, Katherine, *The Standard-Bearers.* Houghton.
Fifteen short stories describing the activities of the Pennsylvania State Police. *Justice to All*, by the same author, also deals with their work.

17. Moroso, John A., *Cap Fallon, Fire-Fighter.* Appleton.
True stories of members of the New York Fire Department.

18. O'Higgins, Harvey J., *The Smoke Eaters.* Century.
Tales of the home life, duties, and heroism of a New York Hook and Ladder Company.

19. Thomson, Basil, *My Experiences in Scotland Yard.* Doubleday.
The story of eventful years as the Chief of the British Intelligence Service during the World War.

20. Vallery-Radot, René, *Life of Pasteur.* Doubleday.
The biography of the greatest French scientist of the last century.

21. Watson, John (Ian Maclaren), "A Doctor of the Old School," in *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush.* Dodd.
A story of the self-sacrifice and devotion of an old-time family doctor in Scotland. Much of the conversation is in the Scotch dialect.

A. SAFETY FROM FIRE AND FLOOD

1. THE BELLS

EDGAR ALLAN POE

Did you ever hear a fire signal or siren on a quiet night? In this selection, which is part of a longer poem, Poe represents in words the clash and clamor of bells as they sound an alarm of fire in the night.

Hear the loud alarum bells —
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror now their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor
Now — now to sit, or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of despair!
How they clang, and clash, and roar!

What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear, it fully knows,
By the twanging,
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows:
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling,
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells —
Of the bells —
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells —
In the clamor and the clanging of the bells!

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Read aloud the lines you like best in this poem.
2. Explain Poe's purpose in "The Bells."
3. One device which Poe employs in order to produce the effect of terror made by fire bells in the night is the use of such words as "alarum," "frantic," "horror." List other words in the poem which have a similar effect. Can you name any other devices which Poe uses to accomplish his purpose?
4. *Suggestion for volunteers.* Some of you who enjoy making verses, try your hand at representing the sound of a fire siren or a fire gong in a way similar to that which Poe uses in representing fire bells; then read your verses to the class.

2. HEROES WHO FIGHT FIRE

JACOB A. RIIS

Read the next three selections rapidly; then, after running over the selections a second time in order to refresh your memory, write your answers to the following questions and be prepared to defend them.

1. Which fireman ran the greatest risk?
2. Which rescue was the most difficult?
3. Which fireman had to think most quickly in order to meet an unexpected situation?

DENNIS RYER

No one but an athlete with muscles and nerves of steel could have performed the feat which made Dennis Ryer famous. A flat was on fire, and the tenants had fled; but one, a woman, bethought herself of her parrot and went back for it, to find escape by the stairs cut off when she attempted to reach the street. With the parrot-cage, she appeared at the top-floor window, framed in smoke, calling for help.

There was no ladder to reach. There were neighbors on the roof with a rope, but the woman was too frightened to use it herself. Dennis Ryer made it fast about his own waist, and bade the others let him down and hold on for life. He drew the woman out, but she was heavy, and it was all his helpers above could do to hold the weight. To pull them over the cornice was out of the question. Upon the highest step of the ladder, many feet below, stood Ryer's father, himself a fireman of another company, and saw his boy's peril.

"Hold fast, Dennis!" he shouted. "If you fall I will catch you." Had Dennis let go, all three would have been killed. With a glance the young fireman saw the danger, and the one way of escape. The window before which he swung, half smothered by the smoke that belched from it, was the last in the house. Just beyond, in the window of the adjoining house, was safety if he could but reach it.

Putting out a foot, he kicked the wall, and made himself swing toward the window, once, twice, bending his body to add to the motion. The third time he all but passed it, and took a mighty grip on the frightened woman, shouting into her ear to loose her own hold at the same time. As they passed the window on the fourth trip, he thrust her through sash and all with a supreme effort, and himself followed on the next rebound, while the street, that was black with a surging multitude, rang with a mighty cheer. Old Washington Ryer, on his ladder, threw his cap in the air, and cheered louder than all the rest. But the parrot was dead — frightened to death very likely, or smothered.

SERGEANT VAUGHAN

No account of heroic life-saving at fires could pass by the marvelous feat, or feats, of John R. Vaughan. The alarm rang in station No. 3 at 3.20 o'clock one Sunday morning. Sergeant Vaughan, hastening to the fire with his men, found a huge five-story hotel ablaze from roof to cellar. The fire had shot up the elevator shaft, round which the stairs ran, and from the first had made escape impossible. Men and women were jumping and hanging from windows. One, falling from a great height, came within an inch of killing the sergeant as he tried to enter the building.

Darting up the stairs in the next house, and leaning out of a window with his whole body, while one of the crew hung on to one leg, he took a half-hitch with the other in some electric-light wires that ran up the wall, trusting to his rubber boots to protect him from the current, and made of his body a living bridge for the safe passage from the last window of the burning hotel of three men and a woman whom death stared in the face, steadying them as they went with his free hand.

Sergeant Vaughan then went up on the roof. The smoke was so dense that he could see little, but through it he heard a cry for help, and made out the shape of a man standing upon a window-sill in the fifth story, overlooking the courtyard of the hotel. The yard was between them. Bidding his men follow — they were five, all told — he ran down and around in the next street to the roof of the house that formed an angle with the hotel wing. There stood the man below him, only a jump away, but a jump which no mortal might take and live. His face and hands were black with smoke. Vaughan, looking down, thought him a negro. The man was perfectly calm.

"It is no use," he said, glancing up. "Don't try. You can't do it."

The sergeant looked wistfully about him. Not a stick or a piece of rope was in sight. Every shred was used below. There was absolutely nothing.

"But I couldn't let him die," he said to me, months after, when he had come out of the hospital a whole man again, and was back at work — "I just couldn't, standing there so quiet and brave." To the man he said sharply:

"I want you to do exactly as I tell you, now. Don't grab me, but let me get the first grab." He had noticed that the man wore a heavy overcoat, and had already laid his plan.

"Don't try," urged the man. "You cannot save me. I shall stay here till it gets too hot; then I shall jump."

"No, you won't," from the sergeant, as he lay at full length on the roof, looking over. "It is a pretty hard yard down there. I will get you, or die myself."

The four firemen sat on the sergeant's legs as he swung free down to the waist; so he was almost able to reach the man on the window with outstretched hands.

"Now jump — quick!" he commanded; and the man jumped. He caught Vaughan by both wrists as directed, and the sergeant got a grip on the collar of his coat.

"Hoist!" he shouted to the four on the roof; and they tugged with their might. The sergeant's body did not move. Bending over till his back creaked, he hung over the edge, a weight of two hundred and three pounds suspended from and holding him down. The cold sweat started upon his men's foreheads as they tried and tried again, without gaining an inch. Blood dripped from Sergeant Vaughan's nostrils and ears. Sixty feet below was the paved courtyard; over against him the window, behind which he saw the back-draft coming, gathering headway with lurid, swirling smoke. Then it burst through, burning the hair and the coats of the two men. For an instant Vaughan thought all hope was gone.

But in a flash it came back to him. To relieve the terrible dead weight that wrenched and tore at his muscles, he was swinging the man to and fro like a pendulum, head touching head. He could *swing him up!* A smothered shout warned his men. They crept nearer the edge without letting go their grip on him, and watched with staring eyes the human pendu-

lum swing wider and wider, farther and farther, until now, with a mighty effort, it swung within their reach. They caught the skirt of the coat, held on, pulled in, and in a moment lifted him over the edge.

They lay upon the roof, all six, breathless, sightless, their faces turned to the winter sky. The tumult of the street came up as a faint echo; the spray of a score of engines pumping below fell upon them, froze, and covered them with ice. The very roar of the fire seemed far off.

The sergeant was the first to recover. He carried down the man he had saved, and sent him off to the hospital. Then first he noticed that the man was not a negro; the smut had been rubbed off his face. Monday dawned before he came to, and days passed before he knew his rescuer. Sergeant Vaughan was laid up himself then. He had returned to his work, and finished it; but what he had gone through was too much for human strength. It was spring before he returned to his quarters, to find himself promoted.

— *Abridged.*

3. HEROIC FIREMEN

CLEVELAND MOFFETT

FIREMAN MCDERMOTT

It was a pleasant afternoon, and Fifth Avenue was crowded with people gathered to watch the parade. A gayer scene would have been hard to find at three o'clock, or a sadder one at four.

Suddenly there sounded hoarse shouts and the angry clang of fire-gongs, and down the street came Hook and Ladder 4 on a dead run, straight at the pompous procession, whose members immediately became badly scared and took to their heels. But the big ladders went no farther. They were needed here, badly needed; for the Windsor Hotel was on fire, far gone with fire, before ever the engines were called.

The reason for the delay was that everybody supposed that

of course *somebody* had sent the alarm. The crowd watched the fire, and waited for the engines, ten, fifteen minutes; by that time a great column of flame was roaring up the elevator-shaft, while people on the roof, in their madness, were jumping down to the street. Then some sane citizen went to a fire-box and rang the call, and within ninety seconds Engine 65 was on the ground. After her came Engines 54 and 21.

But there was no making up that lost fifteen minutes. The fire had things in its teeth now, and three, four, five alarms went out in quick succession. Twenty-three engines had their streams on the flames in almost as many minutes. The big fire-tower came from Thirty-sixth Street, besides six hook-and-ladder companies.

Let us watch for a moment Hook and Ladder 21. The rush of her galloping horses was echoing up the avenue just as Battalion Chief John Binns made out a woman in a seventh-story window, where the fire was raging fiercely. The woman was holding a little dog in her arms, and it looked as if she was going to jump. The chief waved her to stay where she was, and, running toward 21, motioned toward Forty-sixth Street, whereupon the tiller-man at his back wheel did a pretty piece of steering, and even as they swung the long truck in the turn the crew began hoisting the big ladder. Such a feat is rarely done, for the swaying of that ten-ton mass might easily upset the truck; but every second counted here, and they took the chance.

As they drew along the curb, Fireman McDermott sprang up the slowly rising ladder. Two men came behind with scaling-ladders, for they saw that the main ladder would never reach the woman. Five stories only did it reach; then McDermott, standing on the top round, smashed one of the scaling-ladders through a sixth-story window, and climbed on; smashed the second scaling-ladder through a seventh-story window, and five seconds later had the woman in his arms.

To carry a woman down the front of a burning building on

scaling-ladders is a matter of regular routine for a fireman, like jumping from a fourth story down to a net, or making a bridge of his body. It is part of the business. But to have one foot in the air reaching for a lower rung of a swaying, flimsy ladder, to feel another rung break under you and your struggling burden, and to fall two feet and catch safely, that is a feat not every fireman can do; but McDermott did it, and he brought the woman unharmed to the ground — and the dog, too.

ANDREW FITZGERALD

Andrew Fitzgerald, of Hook and Ladder 4, off on sick leave with pneumonia, had shown the true fireman spirit as he came from the doctors. His instructions were to go home and stay there. He was not on duty at all. He was scarcely strong enough to be out of bed, but when he heard that there were lives in peril down the avenue he forgot everything, and ran to the place of danger. There was need of him here; sick-leave or not, pneumonia or not, he would do what he could. What he did was to carry out the last people taken alive from the ill-fated hotel — three women whom he bore in his arms from the fourth floor through roaring hallways, then up a fire-escape, then back into the building, with the flames singeing him and a shattering blast of exploding gas pursuing him, and finally out on a balcony whence, with the help of a policeman, he got them over safely to an adjoining house-top. No wonder the Bonner medal was awarded Fitzgerald for conspicuous courage.

BILL BROWN

The great test for Fire Engine 29 and her crew, the test of life or death that firemen wait years for (to see what stuff is in them), came on a mild autumn afternoon, not soon to be forgotten. This was the day of the great explosions, when it rained red-hot stones and blazing timbers, when whole blocks shivered with the concussion.

"When the first explosion came," said Captain Devanny, telling the story weeks afterward, "I was inside the building, up one flight, at the bottom of a well of fire. McArthur and Buckley were with me, playing a stiff stream to protect the back windows. There's where people in the building had to run, men and girls; we could see 'em crowding on the balconies, and we wanted to give 'em a chance on the fire-escapes. You see, a red-hot ladder isn't much use to anybody.

"Well, they got down, every soul of 'em, but by that time big chunks of fire were dropping all around us, and our helmets were crumpling and our clothes were burning. Besides that, we kept hearing little explosions overhead, louder than the fire crackle, louder than pistol shots, and when you hear those in a drug-house you don't feel any too safe. I went to the front, and saw fire breaking out everywhere on the fourth and fifth floors. Then I knew it was all up, and ran back to order the boys out.

"On the stairs I met Gillon, and was just yelling, 'Save yourselves!' when the crash came. It was like a cannon, sir, and sounded in my ears for a long time, as I lay in the wreck, with tongues of blue flames licking down over me. I'd been blown clean off the second-floor landing and dropped in the hallway, twenty feet back from the door. McArthur and Gillon were down the elevator shaft, where they'd jumped. Nobody dared lift a head, for a cyclone of fire was all over us."

It is not my purpose to detail the sufferings and final rescue of these flame-bound men. They had some vivid glimpses of death and some cruel burns, but firemen count these nothing. Nor is McArthur's act in turning back through the fire to save a fallen comrade more than ordinary fireman's pluck, nor Devanny's experience when caught in the second explosion and blown through a shop on Washington Street more than an ordinary hazard of the business.

Indeed, this fire should have but little of my attention were there not something in it beyond noise and house-smashing. In it, overlooked by newspaper reports, yet vastly important,

was the behavior of Bill Brown, to whom came the great test I spoke of, the rare test which nothing but the highest courage can satisfy. All firemen have courage, but it cannot be known until the test how many have this particular kind — Bill Brown's kind.

The odd part of it is that what he did seems a little thing; it took only a minute to do and it saved no life and made no difference whatever in the outcome of the fire; yet to the few who know — or care — it stands in the memories of the department as a fine and unusual bit of heroism.

What happened was this: Engine 29, pumping and pounding her prettiest, stood so close to the blazing drug-house that Driver Marks thought it wasn't safe there for the three horses, and led them away. That was fortunate, but it left Brown alone, right against the cheek of the fire, watching his boiler, stoking in coal, keeping his steam-gauge at 75. As the fire gained, chunks of red-hot sandstone began to smash down on the engine. Brown ran his pressure up to 80, and watched anxiously the door through which his comrades had gone.

Then the explosion came, and a blue flame, wide as a house, curled its tongue half-way across the street, enwrapping engine and man, setting fire to the elevated railway station overhead, or such wreck of it as the shock had left. Bill Brown stood by his engine, with a wall of fire before him and a sheet of fire above him. He heard quick footsteps on the pavements, and voices, that grew fainter and fainter, crying: "Run for your lives!" He heard the hose-wagon horses somewhere back in the smoke go plunging away, mad with fright and burns. He was alone with the fire; and the skin was hanging in shreds on his hands, face, and neck. Only a fireman knows how one blast of flame can shrivel up a man, and the pain over the bared surfaces was — well, there *is* no pain worse than that of fire scorching in upon the quick flesh seared by fire.

Here, I think, was a crisis to make a very brave man quail. Bill Brown knew perfectly well why every one was running; there was going to be another explosion in a moment or two,

maybe sooner, out of this hell in front of him. The order had come for every man to save himself, and every man had done so, except the lads inside. The question was, should he run or should he stay and die? It was tolerably certain that he would die if he stayed. On the other hand, the boys of old 29 were in the building. His friends, his chums; he had seen them drag the hose in through that door — there it was now, a long, throbbing snake of it — and they had not come out. Perhaps they were dead. Yes, but perhaps they were not. If they were alive, they needed water now more than they ever needed anything before. They could not get water if he quit his engine.

Bill Brown pondered this a long time, perhaps four seconds; then he fell to shoveling in coal. After screwing the engine up another notch, he eased her running parts with the oiler. Explosion or not, pain or not, alone or not, he was going to stay and make that engine hum. He had done the greatest thing a man can do — he had offered his life for his friends.

It is pleasant to know that this sacrifice was averted. A quarter of a minute or so before the second and terrible explosion, the men came staggering from the building. Then it was, but not until then, that Bill Brown left Engine 29 to her fate (she was crushed by the falling walls), and ran for his life with his comrades. He had waited for them; he had stood the great test.

It were easy to multiply stories of the firemen, stories of the captains, stories of the chiefs — there is no end to them. However many may be told or written, they are but fragments of fragments. Our cities have hundreds of fire companies and hook-and-ladder companies; there is not one of these but has its proud record of courage and self-sacrifice.

Other lives show bravery for gain, bravery for show, bravery for sport; these show bravery for the public good and for no other reason — unselfish bravery. They give up regular sleep, they give up home life, they bear every exposure, they face death in many forms as a matter of daily routine, they

never refuse an order, lead where it may, and they do all this for modest pay and scant glory. A few dollars a day will cover their earnings, and as for the glory, what is it? For some a medal, a tattered paper with roll-of-honor mention, a picture in the newspapers; for most of them nothing. Yet they are cheerful, happy men.

— *Adapted.*

CLASS ACTIVITIES

TEST IN JUDGING

1. Let a committee of two count the votes of the class. (See p. 233.)
2. If you had three medals to give, a first, a second, and a third, to what three firemen, and in what order, would you award them? Write on your ballot the name of the man after the award.

   First award:.....
   Second award:.....
   Third award:.....

3. Let a second committee of two count the votes of the class to determine the award of the first, the second, and the third medals. To find the winners, count votes as follows: For a first place, 5 points; for a second place, 3 points; for a third place, 1 point.

4. ENGINE NO. 8

CAROLINE DUER

Have you ever seen a fire-engine going to a fire? Does this poem give you something of the thrill you felt?

FIRE!

Over the bridge, through the steam of the trains,
Through the mist and the rains
  And the black, oil street —
With the sound, hoarse and shrill, of the whistle blown first,
And the sudden wild burst
  Of the galloping feet —

A swerve round the corner, a shout to the horses,
The clamor and clang of the sharp-swinging bell —

Ahead, streams of traffic stopped short in their courses;
Behind, hurried footsteps that follow pell-mell

Far down the street, rolling wide in its track,
With the smoke floating back
And the sparks flying fast —
With the red trails of coals and the jolt and the jar
Dying dully afar,
So the engine goes past
To the fire!

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Guess how many years ago this poem was written. What is the reason for your answer?
2. Explain the effect which the poet wishes to give. Does she succeed? What devices does she use? (See p. 233, No. 3.)
3. How should this poem be read aloud? Should it be read rapidly or slowly, in a loud voice or a soft voice? What parts should receive most emphasis? If there are differences of opinion, let the pupils who disagree read the poem aloud and the class then decide which method best brings out the poet's purpose.
4. Which poem do you prefer, "The Bells" (p. 232), or "Engine No. 8"? Give reasons for your preference.

ADDITIONAL READINGS. — 1. "When the Fire Boats Are Called," I. Crump, *Boys' Book of Firemen*, 86–110. 2. "Forest Fires," O. W. Price, *The Land We Live In*, 80–90. 3. "The Airplane Patrol," L. E. Stoddard, in *St. Nicholas*, 48: 771–775. 4. "The Big Guns of a Fire Department," C. T. Hill, *ibid.*, 42: 614–618. 5. "Through Fire," L. Perry, in *Century Magazine*, 70: 133–145.

5. THE RIDE OF COLLINS GRAVES

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY

No song of a soldier riding down
To the raging fight of Winchester town;
No song of a time that shook the earth
With the nation's pang at a nation's birth;
But the song of a brave man free from fear
As Sheridan's self or Paul Revere;

Who risked what they risked — free from strife
And its promise of glorious pay — his life.

The peaceful valley has waked and stirred,
And the answering echoes of life are heard;
The dew still clings to the trees and grass,
And the early toilers smiling pass,
As they glance aside at the white-walled homes,
Or up the valley where merrily comes
The brook that sparkles in diamond rills
As the sun comes over the Hampshire hills.

What was it passed like an ominous breath?
Like a shiver of fear, or a touch of death?
What was it? The valley is peaceful still,
And the leaves are afire on the top of the hill;
It was not a sound, nor a thing of sense —
But a pain, like a pang in the short suspense
That wraps the being of those who see
At their feet the gulf of eternity.

The air of the valley has felt the chill;
The workers pause at the door of the mill;
The housewife, keen to the shivering air,
Arrests her foot on the cottage stair,
Instinctive taught by the mother-love,
And thinks of the sleeping ones above.

Why start the listeners? Why does the course
Of the mill-stream widen? Is it a horse —
"Hark to the sound of the hoofs!" they say —
That gallops so wildly Williamsburg way?
God! what was that like a human shriek
From the winding valley? Will nobody speak?
Will nobody answer those women who cry
As the awful warnings thunder by?

Whence come they? Listen! and now they hear
The sound of the galloping horse-hoofs near;
They watch the trend of the vale, and see
The rider who thunders so menacingly,
With waving arms and warning scream
To the home-filled banks of the valley stream.
He draws no rein, but he shakes the street
With a shout and the ring of the galloping feet,
And this the cry that he flings to the wind —
"*To the hills for your lives! The flood is behind!*"

He cries and is gone, but they know the worst —
The treacherous Williamsburg dam has burst!
The basin that nourished their happy homes
Is changed to a demon. It comes! it comes!
A monster in aspect, with shaggy front
Of shattered dwellings to take the brunt
Of the dwellings they shatter; white-maned and hoarse
The merciless terror fills the course
Of the narrow valley, and rushing raves
With death on the first of its hissing waves,
Till cottage and street and crowded mill
Are crumbled and crushed. But onward still,
In front of the roaring flood, is heard
The galloping horse and the warning word.

Thank God that the brave man's life is spared!
From Williamsburg town he nobly dared
To race with the flood, and to take the road
In front of the terrible swath it mowed.
For miles it thundered and crashed behind,
But he looked ahead with a steadfast mind:
"*They must be warned!*" was all he said
As away on his terrible ride he sped.

When heroes are called for, bring the crown
To this Yankee rider; send him down

On the stream of time with the Curtius old;
His deed, as the Roman's, was brave and bold;
And the tale can as noble a thrill awake,
For he offered his life for the people's sake!

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Write the story of Collins Graves as you would if you were a reporter for a newspaper.
2. How did the ride of Graves differ from that of Paul Revere or General Sheridan? Ask your teacher to read Longfellow's "The Ride of Paul Revere" and Read's "Sheridan's Ride."
3. Explain the last two lines of the first stanza.
4. Read aloud the stanza which best shows the kind of man Collins Graves was.
5. Choose some member of the class to read the poem aloud.
6. *Volunteer work.* To find and report on the story of Curtius, the Roman.

6. Additional Readings. — 1. "The Keeper of the Light." H. Van Dyke, *The Ruling Passion*, 257–296. 2. "How the United States Weather Bureau Gives Protection," W. A. Du Puy, *Uncle Sam's Modern Miracles*, 28–41. 3. "Erasmus Small, Surfman," C. H. Claudy, in *St. Nicholas*, 37 : 930–933.

CLASS-LIBRARY READINGS

SAFETY FROM FIRE AND FLOOD

1. "The Keeper of the Light," in *The Van Dyke Book*, 85–105.
2. "How We Can Aid in Fire Prevention," *Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia*, 3 : 1260–1262.
3. "Through Flame and Smoke with the Fire Fighters," *ibid.*, 3 : 1257–1260.
4. "Life Savers and Their Work," *ibid.*, 4 : 1995–1997; *World Book*, 5 : 3419–3421.
5. "Lights That Warn and Guide the Ships," *ibid.*, 4 : 2003–2006.

B. MAINTAINING LAW AND ORDER

1. THE ELUSIVE FUGITIVE

WILLIAM ATHERTON DU PUY [1]

Read this story rapidly. Try to see the different events as you would expect to see them in a motion picture.

When one individual in a great world goes forth to hide himself and a second man starts forth to find him, it would appear that all the advantage was with the fugitive. Yet the detective who knows his business and who sticks to the trail month after month nearly always captures his man. Particularly is this true of the sleuths of the Federal Government, whose instructions are never to abandon the pursuit of an escaped criminal.

There was the case of Alexander Berliner, for instance. He was a prince of frauds, a man of exceptional ability, one who knew detective methods, a man with money. He had a month the start of Billy Gard, of the Federal Department of Justice. He knew that the special agent was after him.

Gard had the advantage of having got "a spot" on Berliner. That is to say, he had seen him. Berliner was a customs broker. His business was to act as agent for American purchasers and European dealers. He had customers among the wealthiest people in America.

[1] William A. Du Puy, *Uncle Sam Detective* (copyright 1916), Frederick A. Stokes Company.

It was when a mere suspicion arose as to whether he was paying his duties that Billy Gard, on some pretext, went to see him. A large, upstanding, white-haired man he was — unusually handsome and dominant.

"May I ask," said Gard, "if you think table linens of good quality could be procured from Ireland within six weeks? My sister is opening an establishment at that time and is not satisfied with the offerings here."

"Who is your sister?" asked Berliner, rather more directly than a customer would expect to be questioned by a broker.

"Mrs. Jonathan Moulton," said the special agent glibly, giving the name of a friend. "She lives in Seventy-second Street."

"Do you mind if I call her for a confirmation of your inquiry?" said the broker, still non-committal.

"Such a request is not usually addressed to a prospective customer," said Gard, appearing a bit nettled, "but I have no objection whatever."

As a matter of fact, the special agent was very much disconcerted. He had foreseen the possibility of having to use the name of some individual who might afterward be called upon to verify the genuineness of his interest in linens. Mrs. Moulton was a good friend who would be entirely willing to help him, but he had not as yet coached her on the part she might be called upon to play. Gard's hope, if the broker insisted on calling his alleged sister, was that he would find that she was not at home.

But luck was not with him. Mrs. Moulton herself answered the telephone.

"May I ask," said the broker, "if you will give me the name of the young man whom you have commissioned to buy linens for you?"

The manner in which the question was put, Gard realized, gave Mrs. Moulton no intimation of the situation. He knew she was sufficiently clever to be entirely non-committal if the

broker mentioned his name. But Berliner was too shrewd for this.

"You have authorized no one to buy for you?" the broker was saying. "You are not in the market for linens at all? I see. There must have been some mistake."

Berliner turned to his caller.

"Young Mr. Detective," he said, pleasantly, "your work is a bit amateurish. May I present you with your hat? I trust there will be no occasion for our acquaintance to develop further."

The case against Berliner did not come to a crisis immediately, but two months later the customs agents reported that he was gone and that they had evidence that he had long resorted to undervaluing the imports of his clients. There was evidence that the Government had lost $100,000 through his operations.

Because Gard had seen the customs broker he was assigned to the capture of the fugitive. He set about the task methodically.

The special agent diligently searched out every one of Berliner's intimate friends. There was a wife and brother to begin with. It is the A B C of fugitive-catching that every man will communicate with some one of his relatives or friends. Against this possibility Gard established a close watch over the mail of the fugitive's relatives and close friends. The postman who delivered mail to each of them was given samples of Berliner's handwriting, was instructed to report the arrival of any letter that might be suspected of coming from him, to have tracings made of its envelope, to note its postmark, before it was delivered.

But a month passed and no suspicious letter arrived.

In the meantime every possibility of getting directly on the trail was exhausted. Even in a great city like New York it is difficult for anybody to take a train without having attracted the attention of somebody else. An expressman must be called to get a trunk to the station. A taxicab may be used.

Servants are aware of a departure. Tickets must be bought. Conductors on trains must take up those tickets.

It is a tedious task to interview innumerable expressmen and ask each if he had had a summons from a certain apartment. The taxicab records of calls are equally confusing, but each may be traced to a driver and that individual may be questioned. Every ticket seller in a city may be seen in a day or two, the photograph of the man wanted may be shown and a recollection of him developed. If the fugitive is of striking appearance, as was Berliner, the chances of his being remembered are increased. If the trail is once crossed, the going is easier.

After all these and many other devices had failed, chance pointed the way in a modest motion-picture theatre where Gard and a friend were passing a bit of time. Among the reels shown was one which portrayed a visit of the President to New York. It began with the arrival at the station among throngs of people.

"Look!" suddenly exclaimed the special agent. "Do you see that gray-haired man in the foreground? I have been looking for him for a month."

It was Berliner. He had chosen the moment when the station was most crowded to make his escape. Oblivious to the presence of the motion-picture operator, he had stopped for a moment to say good-by to another man, his brother, as Gard thought. The two had spoken a few words and parted.

"I wonder," said Gard, "what those two men said to each other."

Then he thought of the deaf copyist at headquarters, the best loved of the special agents.

"Jane might read the lips of those unconscious motion picture actors," he thought. "They are right out in front."

So it happened that the deaf typist got a half-holiday; she and Gard spent it at the picture show, where her lack of the sense of hearing in no way detracted from her enjoyment.

The scene at the station came on. Gard pointed out the

two men in the foreground, who, fortunately, were facing the machine. The deaf girl picked their words from their lips and repeated them to Gard.

"Send Margaret to London in three months," the customs broker was saying. "I shall not write."

"But how shall we know of your whereabouts?" the brother asked.

"You will not know. I take no chances," was the answer.

"But where are you going?"

"First to Montreal, eventually to Europe. There I shall hide and live in peace."

This much of the talk of the brothers was definitely made out. A return for three performances thoroughly confirmed the conversation.

"You are the best detective on the force," Gard told the deaf girl with his lips, thereby making her very happy, for she was full of the enthusiasm of the service.

The next day the special agent was on the cold trail in Montreal. The fact that a fugitive must eat and sleep is a great help to a detective. All the hotels in a city may be canvassed and are likely to yield results. It was at a little family hotel in the suburbs that a gray-haired man of distinction had passed a week. He had been gone nine days. Yes, he had a trunk. The porter knew that it had gone to a certain station. The ticket agent thought he remembered selling the man whose picture was shown him a ticket to Chicago.

In Chicago the trail grew warmer. The fugitive had been at the Auditorium but four days earlier, but the porters were unable to recall any of the details of his going away. The special agent asked to see the room Berliner had occupied. A close examination of it developed but one clue. Sticking inside a waste basket were three fragments of a letterhead that had been torn into small pieces. One of these fragments showed part of the picture of another hotel. An arrow, drawn in ink, pointed to a certain window.

Gard took the fragments of the picture of the hotel to a traveller's guide and searched for the house that would compare with it. At last he found the duplicate; it was a Chicago hotel. He hurried to it. After showing his credentials to the house detective, information was freely supplied. The room in question had been occupied for two weeks by a handsome and stylish red-haired woman of thirty-five.

"Has she received any callers?" asked the special agent.

"But one person has visited her," answered the house detective.

"What sort of person?" asked Gard.

"A large man with gray hair," said the house detective "He is calling on her now."

"Will you go up with me immediately?" exclaimed the special agent. "I must not fail to see this man."

"Assuredly," was the response, and they caught the next elevator.

The car they took was an express and was not to stop until it reached the eleventh floor. The next to it was a local, stopping at all floors. The express, going up with the detectives aboard, slackened its speed at the eighth floor, while its operator gave some message to the boy on the local, which had stopped there to take on a passenger. The cars were of an open-work structure and the passengers in one could see quite plainly those in the other as they passed. As the express passed, Gard looked through at those riding in the other car. Imagine his astonishment when, not two feet from him, he saw the man for whom he had been searching for months.

As he gazed through the steel slats of the car side he was close enough to have put out his hand and laid it on his man had nothing intervened. Berliner faced him and, as the car paused, he and the special agent gazed directly into the eyes of each other. This was for but an instant and both cars were in motion again. The detective was being borne rapidly toward the top of the building and the fugitive less rapidly toward the ground.

"There is my man on the other elevator," Gard whispered hurriedly to the house detective. "Have the boy reverse and run down again."

The message was given to the operator, who obeyed instantly, some excuse being made to the passengers on the car. The local had been stopping at each floor and the express passed it and barely reached the ground floor first. There the two detectives stepped out and waited for the coming of the other car.

A moment later it arrived, much crowded. The two officers waited in instant readiness to capture the man whom they had seen at the eighth floor. But the car was emptied and he was not among the passengers.

"Where did the big gray-haired man get off?" the boy was asked.

"Third floor, sir," he replied.

"You bar the exits," Gard said to the house detective, "and I will get back to the third."

On that floor the hall man said that the white-haired gentleman had run down the steps to the second. Gard followed, but was able to find no one on that floor who had seen the fugitive. He investigated every possible avenue of escape and hastened down-stairs to his ally to help cut off the line of retreat. Every possible barrier was put up and the house was well gone over. The gray-haired fugitive had, however, eluded pursuit.

Gard immediately called upon the Chicago police to throw out a drag-net and a general alarm, and this was done. All railway stations were watched with particular care. Gard was unable to get so much as a trace of him or a suggestion as to where he might have gone.

It was a task of infinite patience that brought Gard to London two months later on the trail of a woman whom he had traced half around the world. The red-haired guest at the Chicago hotel, the wife of the fugitive, here installed herself for a while and lived in a manner that amounted to absolute seclusion.

Then she went to Paris, took rooms in a quiet side street, and seemed to settle down. There was nothing in her mode of life that would indicate that she lived differently from any other woman who was alone in the world and sought quiet. She went out for a long walk every afternoon, purchased the necessities of her establishment, or books, of which she seemed to read great numbers.

Special Agent Gard established a close watch over the house in which she lived. This was easy because there was but one front entrance and apartments opposite looked out upon the street. He determined that nobody should enter this house without being observed. He asked the Paris police to provide him with two reliable men who could watch with him in shifts from the quarters he rented across the street.

A vigil of two weeks revealed nothing. With the exception of the servant who came at noon each day and remained not more than four hours, no living creature entered the house. In all that two weeks the postman left no mail. Billy Gard seemed to be facing a blank wall. He believed, however, that if a man kept resolutely awake on the most hopeless job some clue was sure to develop.

Gard interviewed the maid who worked the daily short shift in the quarters of the red-haired woman from America. He found her a stupid creature who did not possess intelligence sufficient for his purpose. Incidentally he found that she had secured her place through an employment agency located at a considerable distance. He immediately made use of this information.

The special agent, through the Paris police force, secured the co-operation of the employment bureau. A position that paid much better was offered to the servant of Mrs. Berliner and was, quite naturally, accepted. That lady, finding herself without a servant, returned to the agency that had formerly provided her with one who was entirely satisfactory. She asked for a second maid.

The employment bureau immediately supplied her demand. The woman who was sent was associated with the Paris police

department. Almost immediately she took up her new activities.

Three days later she reported to Agent Gard from America. She had found in her red-haired mistress a woman who led a quiet life that seemed in no way strange, who followed a normal routine of housekeeping, walking, shopping. She seemed to have no acquaintances. But one thing unusual appeared in the whole establishment. There was one room in the rear of the suite which remained locked. The mistress had stated that it was a storage room. This seemed somewhat strange, as it must look out upon the interior court and therefore be the most attractive room of all. It seemed peculiar that such a room should be used for storage, and, even so, that it should be locked up.

Gard put together the two facts — the locked room and the short hours of the servant — and drew a conclusion. As the result of this conclusion he asked the woman detective to install a dictagraph beneath the table in the sunny little dining-room just off the apartment of the locked door. This was easy to do during the hour of the afternoon stroll of the mistress of the house. The wires of the dictagraph were run across the street and into the watch-tower rooms of the special agent.

When the dinner hour approached that evening Billy Gard sat patiently with the head-piece of the dictagraph securely in place. The first sound that he caught from across the street was the movement of feet, supposedly those of the woman, passing back and forth about the room, then an occasional snatch of a song while she worked. He gathered that she was arranging for the evening meal, the servant having gone home hours before.

Ten minutes passed, and then there came over the wire a sound that might have been a bit surprising to the observer of this quiet household, the watcher at the entrance through which none had passed unseen since the day the house was rented.

"Well, Margaret," said a full-throated man's voice, as carried by the dictagraph, "this is not so bad. I never dreamed that you had the housewifely instincts that would make it possible for you to arrange with your own hands the dainty dinners we are having. I am beginning to think that the man is lucky who cannot afford servants."

"And don't you know," said a woman's voice, "I never enjoyed anything more in my life. For almost the only time I can remember I have a definite occupation. I haven't been so happy in years. I really don't care how long they keep us cooped up."

"I will confess," said the man, "that the novelty of the view into the courtyard has worn off. But it might be worse. For a while they had me thinking of striped suits and the lockstep, which are part of a life even more confining than this. I am quite content to wait for the atmosphere to clear."

"But I am very sure we are still being watched," said the woman. "I always feel that I am followed when I go out."

"Very likely," said the man. "But no detective will pursue fruitless quests indefinitely. Even though they know you are here, they will finally lose interest in a search that yields nothing. We can afford to wait."

"When it is all over," she responded, "I do wish that we could find a way to let those detectives know that you were here under their very noses all the time."

Billy Gard, it may here be set down, was most anxious to learn how this had been possible. He had followed Margaret Berliner to the house when she had first come to see it. He had been notified immediately when she had rented it. From that moment he had watched every detail of her taking possession; had, with the aid of his men, seen everything that had gone into the house. Yet Berliner had installed himself without his knowledge and had been living there all the time.

"It would have been impossible without Archie," Berliner was saying. "A man in a position like mine needs, upon occasion, some one he can trust to do little things for him. We

may quarrel with relatives all our lives, but they have the advantage of being safe to trust in time of trouble. It is a very small thing to send a man to a rent agent for a key to inspect lodgings and to send him back with the key after they are inspected. But had I not been able to trust Archie absolutely I should not have been able to get in here a day ahead of you and this snug little arrangement would not have been possible."

Because of what he here overheard, Special Agent Gard, assisted by the Paris police, considerately waited until Mrs. Berliner went shopping the following day; they were admitted by the woman detective, who at the time was washing the dishes of the household. They surrounded the locked door to make escape impossible, and then announced their presence. Gard told Berliner, through the locked door, of the situation on the outside. He suggested that the easiest way was to unbolt the entrance, thereby saving the necessity of breaking it down. Whereupon the customs broker walked out and surrendered, and a very tedious fugitive case was brought to a successful conclusion.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. If this story were made into a motion-picture scenario, what events would be shown? What information would need to be given in the titles to the pictures?
2. With whom lies the advantage — a fugitive from justice or a trained detective? What is the opinion of Du Puy on this point? Read the passages which show his opinion.
3. Make a list of the advantages of Berliner and of Gard. Which seemed to have the better chance of success? Give reasons.
4. Explain the offense for which Berliner was wanted. How is it punished?
5. Arrange in order in which they occurred the steps Gard took in his capture of Berliner. Would the omission of any step have resulted in failure?
6. Name the people who were of help to Gard in the capture of Berliner. Who gave him the greatest assistance?

7. How did Berliner get into the house in Paris? Why did Gard not know he was there? How was the capture finally made?

ADDITIONAL READINGS. — 1. "The Four-Footed Police of the Dog Patrol," I. Crump, *Boys' Book of Policemen*, chap. 6. 2. "The Purloined Letter," E. A. Poe. 3. "Sentinels of the Silence," A. D. Cameron, in *Century Magazine*, 57 : 289–299.

2. ISRAEL DRAKE

KATHERINE MAYO

The blue-coated policeman is a common figure in all cities. He regulates traffic, gives information to strangers, stops runaway horses, takes care of lost children, and maintains law and order. Rural communities, as a rule, are not so well protected. They are frequently without safeguards from thieves and bandits. To protect the lives and property of rural inhabitants and to provide for the common welfare, some States have established a State police. The following true story gives an example of the work of the State police of Pennsylvania.

Israel Drake was a bandit for simple love of banditry. To hunt for another reason would be a waste of time. He was a bandit, just as his neighbors were farmers — just as a hawk is a hawk, while its neighbors are barnyard fowls.

Drake was swarthy-visaged, high of cheek-bone, with large, dark, deep-set eyes and a thin-lipped mouth covered by a long and drooping black mustache. Barefooted, he stood six feet two inches tall. Lean as a panther and as supple, he could clear a five-foot rail fence without the aid of his hand. He ran like a wolf. As a woodsman, even the deer could have taught him little. With rifle and revolver he was an expert shot, and the weapons he used were the truest and best.

All the hill-people of Cumberland County dreaded him. All the scattered valley-folk spoke softly at his name. And the joy of Israel's care-free life was to make them skip and shiver and dance.

As a matter of fact, he was leader of a gang, outlaws every one. But his own wickedness eclipsed the rest, and he glared

alone among the members of his gang, endowed with terrors that made his very name a word of fear throughout the country.

His genius kept him fully aware of the value of this leadership, and it lay in his wisdom and pleasure to fan the flame of his own repute. In this it amused him to seek the picturesque — the unexpected. Once, for example, while going through Shippensburg on the rear platform of a freight train, he chanced to spy a constable crossing a bridge near the track.

"Happy thought! Let's touch the good soul up. He's getting stodgy."

Israel drew a revolver and fired, neatly nicking the constable's hat. Then with a mountaineer's hoot, he gayly proclaimed his identity.

Again, and many times, he would send into a town or settlement a message addressed to the constable or chief of police:

"I am coming down this afternoon. Get out of town. Don't let me find you there."

Obediently they went away. And Israel, strolling the streets that afternoon just as he had promised to do, would enter shop after shop, look over the stock at his leisure, and, with perfect good-humor, pick out whatever pleased him, regardless of cost.

"I think I'll take this article," he would say to the trembling storekeeper, pocketing his choice.

"Help yourself, Mr. Drake! Help yourself, sir! Glad we are able to please you to-day."

This was indeed the truth. And many of them there were who would have hastened to curry favor with their persecutor by whispering in his ear a word of warning had they known of any attempt against him by the agents of peace.

Such was their estimate of the relative strength of Israel Drake and of the law forces of the State of Pennsylvania.

In the earlier times they had tried to arrest him. Once the attempt succeeded and Israel went to the Penitentiary for a term. But he emerged a wilier bandit than before. Sheriffs

and constables now proved powerless against him, whatever they attempted.

Then came a grand, determined effort, when the sheriff, supported by fifteen deputies, all heavily armed, actually surrounded Drake's house. But the master-outlaw, alone and at ease at an upper window, his Winchester repeating rifle in his hand and a smile of content on his face, coolly stood the whole army off until it gave up the siege and went home.

This disastrous expedition ended the attempts of the local authorities to capture Drake. Thenceforth he pursued his course without pretense of interference.

At the time when this story begins, no fewer than fourteen warrants were out for his arrest, issued on charges ranging from burglary and highway robbery through a long list of crimes. But the warrants, slowly accumulating, lay in the bottom of official drawers, capturing nothing but dust. No one undertook to serve them. Life was too sweet — too short.

Then came a turn of fate. Israel chanced to bethink himself of an aged farmer living with his old wife near a spot called Lee's Crossroad. The two dwelt by themselves, without companions on their farm and without neighbors. They were said to have money.

The money might not be much. But, even so, Israel could use it, and in any event there would be the fun of the trick. So he summoned one Carey Morrison, a gifted mate and subordinate, with whom he proceeded to act.

At dead of night the two broke into the farmhouse — crept into the chamber of the old pair — crept softly, softly, lest the farmer might keep a shotgun by his side. Sneaking to the foot of the bed, Israel suddenly flashed his lantern full upon the pillows — upon the two pale, deep-seamed faces crowned with silver hair.

The woman sat up with a piercing scream. The farmer clutched at his gun. But Israel, bringing the glinting barrel of his revolver into the lantern's shaft of light, ordered both to lie down. Carey, slouching at hand, awaited orders.

"Where is your money?" demanded Israel, indicating the farmer by the point of his gun.

"I have no money, you coward!"

"It's no use your lying to me. *Where's the money?*"

"I have no money, I tell you."

Within an hour, however, the two bandits with great cruelty compelled the aged couple to reveal the hiding-place of their few treasures, and before dawn Drake and his companion were gone, bearing the little of value that the house had contained.

When the news of this brutal robbery spread abroad, it seemed, somehow, just a straw too much. The district attorney of the County of Cumberland blazed into white heat. But he was powerless, he found. Not an officer within his entire jurisdiction expressed any willingness even to attempt an arrest.

"Then we shall see," said the district attorney, "what the State will do for us, since we cannot help ourselves!" And he rushed off a telegram to the superintendent of the Department of State Police. The latter promptly referred the matter to the captain of "C" Troop, with orders to act.

It was Adams, in those days, who held that command. Truer soldier, finer officer, braver or straighter or surer dealer with men and things need not be sought.

The captain of "C" Troop, then, choosing with judgment, selected his man — selected Trooper Edward Hallisey, a Boston Irishman, square of jaw, shrewd of eye, quick of wit, strong of wind and limb. And he ordered Private Hallisey to proceed at once to Carlisle and report to the district attorney for the capture of Drake.

Three days later Private Hallisey sent in his report to his troop commander. He had made all necessary observations, he said, and was ready to arrest the criminal. In this he would like to have the assistance of two troopers, who were to join him at Carlisle.

The report came in the morning mail. First Sergeant Price

detailed two men from the reserve. They were Privates H. K. Merryfield and Harvey J. Smith. Their orders were simply to proceed at once to Carlisle, in civilian clothes, where they would meet Private Hallisey and assist him in the arrest of Drake.

Privates Merryfield and Smith, carrying in addition to their service revolvers the 44-calibre Springfield carbine, which is the force's heavy weapon, left by the next train and met Hallisey at Carlisle.

Over the supper-table that evening Hallisey gave the news. "Drake is somewhere on the mountain to-night," said he. "His cabin is 'way up high on a ridge called Huckleberry Patch. He is practically sure to go home in the course of the evening. Then is our chance. First, of course, you fellows will change your clothes. I've got some old things ready for you."

Farmer Stover, like every other inhabitant of the rural county, had lived for years in terror and hatred of Israel Drake. Willingly he had aided Hallisey to the full extent of his power. But now he was asked to perform a service that he would gladly have refused; he was asked to hitch up a horse and wagon and to drive the three troopers to the very vicinity of Drake's house.

"Oh, come on, Mr. Stover," they urged. "You're a public-spirited man, as you've shown. Do it for your neighbors' sake if not for your own. You want the county rid of this pest." Very reluctantly the farmer began the trip. With every turn of the ever-mounting forest road his reluctance grew. At last he could bear it no more.

"Here's where *I* turn 'round," he muttered hoarsely. "If you fellers are going farther you'll go alone. I got a use for *my* life!"

"All right, then," said Hallisey. "You've done well by us already. Good-night."

It was a fine moonlight night and Hallisey knew the woods as well as did his late host. He led his two comrades up

another stiff mile of steady climbing. Then he struck off into the dense timber. Silently the three men moved, threading the fragrant blackness with practised woodsmen's skill. At last their file-leader stopped and beckoned his mates.

Over his shoulder the two studied the scene before them: a clearing chopped out of the dense tall timber. In the midst of the clearing a log cabin, a story and a half high. On two sides of the cabin a straggling orchard of peach and apple trees. In the cabin window a dim light. It was then about eleven o'clock. The three troopers laid final plans.

Hallisey explained that the cabin had two rooms on the top floor and one below. The first-floor room had a door and two windows on the north and the same on the south, just opposite. Under the west end was a cellar, with an outside door. Before the main door to the north was a little porch. This, by day, commanded the sweep of the mountainside; and here, when Drake was "hiding out," expecting pursuit, his wife was accustomed to signal him concerning the movements of intruders.

Her code was written in dish-water. A panful thrown to the east meant danger in the west, and *vice versa;* this Hallisey himself had seen and now recalled in case of need.

Up to the present moment each officer had carried his carbine, taken apart and wrapped in a bundle, to avoid the remark of chance observers by the way. Now each put his weapon together, ready for use. They compared their watches, setting them to the second. They discarded their coats and hats.

The moon was flooding the clearing with high, pale light, adding greatly to the difficulty of their task. Accordingly, they planned carefully. Each trooper took a door — Hallisey that to the north, Merryfield that to the south, Smith that of the cellar. They agreed that each should creep to a point opposite the door on which he was to advance, ten minutes being allowed for each to reach his initial position; that at exactly five minutes to midnight the advance should be

started, slowly, through the tall grass of the clearing toward the cabin; that in the case of any unusual noise or alarm, each man should crouch low for exactly five minutes before resuming his advance; and that from a point fifty yards from the cabin a rush should be made upon the doors.

According to the request of the district attorney, Drake was to be taken "dead or alive," but according to an unchanging principle of the force, he must be taken not only alive, but unharmed, if that were possible. This meant that he must not be given an opportunity to run and render shooting necessary. If, however, he should break away, his chance of escape would be small, as each trooper was a dead shot.

The scheme planned, the three officers separated, heading apart to their several starting-points. At five minutes before midnight, to the tick of their watches, each began to glide through the tall grass. But it was late September. The grass was dry. Withered leaves echoed to the smallest touch; and when the men were still some two hundred yards from the cabin the sharp ears of a dog caught the rumor of these tiny sounds — and the dog barked.

Every man stopped short — moved not a finger again till five minutes had passed. Then once more each began to creep — reached the fifty-yard point — stood up, with a long breath, and dashed for his door.

At one and the same moment, practically, the three stood in the cabin, viewing a scene of domestic peace. A short, square, swarthy woman, black of eye, high of cheek-bone, stood by the stove calmly stirring a pot. On the table beside her, on the floor around her, clustered many jars of peaches — jars freshly filled, steaming hot, awaiting their tops. In a corner three children, huddled together on a low bench, stared at the strangers with sleepy eyes — all this made visible by the dull light of a small kerosene lamp whose dirty chimney was streaked with smoke. All this and nothing more.

Two of the men, jumping for the stairs, searched the upper half-story thoroughly, but without profit.

"Mrs. Drake," said Hallisey, as they returned, "we are officers of the State police, come to arrest your husband. Where is he?"

In silence the woman still stirred her pot, not missing a stroke.

"The dog warned them. He's just got away," said each officer to himself. "She's *too* calm."

She scooped up a spoonful of fruit, peered at it critically, splashed it back into the bubbling pot. From her manner it appeared the most natural thing in the world to be canning peaches at midnight on the top of South Mountain in the presence of officers of the State police.

"My husband's gone to Baltimore," she said at her easy leisure.

"Let's have a look in the cellar," said Merryfield, and dropped down the cellar stairs with Hallisey at his heels. Together they ransacked the little cave to a conclusion. During the process, Merryfield conceived an idea.

"Hallisey," he murmured, "what would you think of my staying down here while you and Smith go off talking as though we were all together? She might say something when she believes we're gone, and I could hear every word through that thin floor."

"We'll do it!" Hallisey answered, beneath his voice. Then, shouting:

"Come on, Smith! Let's get away from this; no use wasting time here!"

And in another moment Smith and Hallisey were crashing up the mountainside, calling out: "Hi, there! Merryfield! Oh, Merryfield, wait for us!" — as if their comrade had outstripped them on the trail.

Merryfield had made use of the noise of their departure to place himself under the widest crack in the floor. Now he remained motionless, subduing even his breath.

One — two — three minutes of dead silence. Then came the half-whisper of a child:

"Will those men kill father if they find him?"

"S–sh!"

"Mother!" faintly ventured another little voice, "will those men kill father if they find him?"

"S-sh! S-sh! I tell ye!"

"Ma-ma! Will they kill father?" This was the wail of the smallest child of all.

The tramp of the officers, mounting the trail, had wholly died away. The woman evidently believed all immediate danger past.

"No!" she exclaimed vehemently, "they're not goin' to lay eyes on yo' father. Quit yer frettin'!"

In a moment she spoke again: "You keep still, now, like good children, while I go out and empty these peach-stones. I'll be back in a minute. See you keep still just where you are!"

Stealing noiselessly to the cellar door as the woman left the house, Merryfield saw her making for the woods, a basket on her arm. He watched her till the shadows engulfed her. Then he went back to his place and resumed his silent watch.

Moments passed, without a sound from the room above. Then came soft little thuds on the floor, a whimper or two, small sighs, and a sound of bare legs on bare boards.

"Poor kiddies!" thought Merryfield, "they're curling down to sleep!"

Back in the days when the force was started, the major had said to each recruit of them all:

"I expect you to treat women and children at all times with every consideration."

From that hour forth the principle has been grafted into the lives of the men. It is instinct now — self-acting, deep, and unconscious.

"I wish I could manage to spare those babies and their

mother in what's to come!" Merryfield pondered as he lurked in the dark.

A quarter of an hour went by. Five minutes more. Footsteps nearing the cabin from the direction of the woods. Low voices — very low. Then the back door opened. Two persons entered, and all that they now uttered was clear.

"It was those men that the dog heard," said a man's voice. "Get me my rifle and my ammunition. I'll go to Maryland."

"But you won't start *to-night!*" exclaimed the wife.

"Yes, to-night — this minute. Quick! I wouldn't budge an inch for the county folks. But with the State troopers after me, that's another thing. If I stay around here now they'll get me dead sure — and send me up too."

Merryfield stealthily crept from the cellar's outside door, hugging the wall of the cabin, moving toward the rear. As he reached the corner and was about to make the turn toward the back, he drew his six-shooter and laid his carbine down in the grass. For the next step, he knew, would bring him into plain sight. If Drake offered any resistance, the ensuing action would be at short range or hand to hand.

He rounded the corner. Drake was standing just outside the door, a rifle in his left hand, his right hand hidden in the pocket of his overcoat. In the doorway stood the wife. They were saying good-by.

Merryfield covered the bandit with his revolver.

"Put up your hands! You are under arrest," he commanded.

"Who are you?" Drake flung back. As he spoke he thrust his rifle into the grasp of the woman and snatched his right hand from his pocket. In its grip glistened the barrel of a nickel-plated revolver.

Merryfield could easily have shot him then and there. But he had heard the children's voices. Now he saw their innocent, terrified eyes.

"Poor — little — kiddies!" he thought again.

Drake stood six feet two inches high, and weighed some

two hundred pounds, all brawn. Furthermore, he was desperate. Merryfield is merely of medium build.

"Nevertheless, I'll take a chance," he thought, returning his six-shooter to its holster. And just as the outlaw threw up his own weapon to fire, the trooper, in a running jump, plunged into him with all fours, exactly as when a boy he had plunged off a spring board into the old mill-dam on a hot July afternoon.

Too amazed even to pull his trigger, Drake gave backward a step into the doorway. Merryfield's clutch toward his right hand missed the gun, fastening instead on the sleeve of his heavy coat. Swearing wildly while the woman and children screamed behind him, the bandit struggled to break the trooper's hold — tore and pulled until the sleeve, where Merryfield held it, worked down over the gun in his own grip. So Merryfield, twisting the sleeve, caught a lock-hold on hand and gun together.

Drake, standing on the door-sill, had now some eight inches advantage of height. The door opened inward, from right to left. With a tremendous effort Drake forced his assailant to his knees, stepped back into the room, seized the door with his left hand and with the whole weight of his shoulder slammed it to on the trooper's wrist.

The pain was intense — but it did not break that lock-hold on the outlaw's hand and gun. Like a projectile, Merryfield flung his whole weight at the door. Big as Drake was, he could not hold it. It gave, and once more the two men hung at grips, this time within the room.

Drake's one purpose was to turn the muzzle of his revolver upon Merryfield. Merryfield, with his left still clinching that deadly hand caught in its sleeve, now grabbed the revolver in his own right hand, with a twist dragged it free, and flung it out of the door.

But, as he dropped his right defense, taking both hands to the gun, the outlaw's powerful left grip closed on Merryfield's throat.

With that great thumb closing his windpipe, with the world turning black, the trooper said to himself: "Guess I can't put it over, after all!"

Reaching for his own revolver, he shoved the muzzle against the bandit's breast.

"Curse you, *shoot!*" cried the other, believing his end was come.

But in that same instant Merryfield once more caught a glimpse of the children

"Hallisey and Smith must be here soon" he thought. "I won't shoot yet."

Again he dropped his revolver back into the holster, seizing the wrist of the outlaw to release that terrible clamp on his throat. As he did so, Drake, with a lightning twist, reached around to the trooper's belt and possessed himself of the gun. As he fired, Merryfield had barely time and space to throw back his head. The flash blinded him — scorched his face. The bullet grooved his body under the upflung left arm still wrenching at the clutch that was shutting off his breath.

With the shot the outlaw somewhat relaxed that choking grip. Merryfield tore loose. Half-blinded and gasping though he was, he flung himself again at his adversary and landed a blow in his face. Drake, giving backward, kicked over a row of peach jars, slipped on the bare floor, and dropped the gun.

Pursuing his advantage, Merryfield delivered blow after blow on the outlaw's face and body, backing him around the room, while both men slipped and slid, fell and recovered, on the jam-coated floor. The table crashed over, carrying with it the solitary lamp. Now only the moonlight illumined the scene.

Drake was trying always to recover the gun. His hand touched the back of a chair. He picked the chair up, swung it high, and was about to smash it down on his adversary's head when Merryfield seized it in the air.

At this moment the woman, who had been crouching against

the wall nursing the rifle that her husband had put into her charge, rushed forward clutching the barrel of the gun, swung it at full arm's length as she would have swung an axe, and brought the stock down on the trooper's right hand.

That vital hand dropped — fractured, done. But in the same second Drake gave a shriek of pain as a shot rang out and his own right arm fell powerless.

In the door stood Hallisey, smoking revolver in hand, smiling grimly, in the moonlight, at the neatness of his own aim.

Private Smith, who had entered by the other door, was taking the rifle out of the woman's grasp — partly because she had prodded him viciously with the muzzle. He examined the chambers.

"Do you know this thing is loaded?" he asked her in a mild voice.

She returned his gaze with frank despair in her black eyes.

"Drake, do you surrender?" asked Hallisey.

"Oh, I'll give up. You've got me!" groaned the outlaw. Then he turned on his wife with bitter anger. "Didn't I tell ye?" he snarled. "Didn't I tell ye they'd get me if you kept me hangin' around here? These are no deputies. *These are the State police!*"

"An' yet, if I'd known that gun was loaded," said she, "there'd 'a' been some less of 'em to-night!"

They dressed Israel's arm in first-aid fashion. Then they started with their prisoner down the mountain-trail to the nearest town where a doctor could be found.

As the doctor dressed the bandit's arm, Private Merryfield, whose broken right hand yet awaited care, observed to the groaning patient:

"Do you know, you can be thankful to your little children that you have your life left?"

"I'd a hundred times rather you'd killed me than take what's comin' now."

Then the three troopers hunted up a night restaurant and gave their captive a bite of lunch.

"Now," said Hallisey, as he paid the score, "where's the lock-up?"

The three officers, with Drake in tow, proceeded silently through the sleeping streets.

Duly they stood at the door of the custodian of the lock-up, ringing the bell — again and again ringing it. Eventually some one up-stairs raised a window, looked out for a moment, quickly lowered the window, and locked it. Waiting for a reasonable interval, the officers rang once more. No answer.

Then they pounded on the door till the entire block heard.

Here, there, up street and down, bedroom windows gently opened, then closed with finality more gentle yet. Silence. Not a voice. Not a foot on a stair.

The officers looked at each other perplexed. Then, by chance, they looked at Drake. Drake, so lately black with gloom, was grinning! Grinning as a man does when his heart is comforted.

"You don't understand, do ye!" chuckled he. "Well, I'll tell ye. What do those folks see when they open their windows and look down here in the road? They see three hard-lookin' fellers with guns in their hands, here in this bright moonlight. And they see somethin' scarier to them than a hundred strangers with guns — they see *me!* There's not a mother's son of 'em that'll budge down-stairs while I'm here, not if you pound on their doors till the cows come home." And he slapped his knee with his good hand and laughed in pure glee.

"We don't begrudge you that, do we, boys?" Hallisey conceded. "Smith, you're as respectable-looking as any of us. Hunt around and see if you can find a constable. We'll wait here for you."

Private Smith soon found the home of a constable.

"What's wanted?" asked the constable, responding like a normal citizen to Smith's knock at his door.

"Officer of State police," answered Smith. "I have a man under arrest and want to put him in the lock-up. Will you get me the keys?"

"Sure. I'll come right down and go along with you myself. Just give me a jiffy to get on my trousers and boots," cried the constable, clearly glad of a share in the adventure.

In a moment the official was at the trooper's side, talking eagerly as they moved toward the place where the party waited.

"So he's a highwayman, is he? Good! And a burglar, too, and a cattle-thief! Good work! And you've got him right up the street here, ready to jail! Well, I'll be switched. Now, what might his name be? Israel Drake? *Not Israel Drake!*"

The constable had stopped dead in his tracks.

"No, stranger," he quavered. "I reckon I — I — I won't go any further with you just now. Here, I'll give you the keys. You can use 'em yourself. *Good*-night to you. I'll be getting back home!"

By the first train next morning the troopers with their prisoner left the village for the county seat. As they placed Drake in the county jail and were about to depart, he seemed burdened with an impulse to speak, yet said nothing. Then, as the three officers were leaving the room, he leaned over and touched Merryfield on the shoulder.

"Shake!" he growled, offering his unwounded hand.

Merryfield "shook" cheerfully, with his own remaining sound member.

"I'm plumb sorry to see ye go, and that's a fact," growled the outlaw. "Because — well, because you're the only *man* that ever tried to arrest me."

— *Adapted.*

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Make a list of the episodes in this story, arranging them in the order in which they occurred.
2. The *capture* of Israel Drake by the State police is the chief incident in the story. Why does the author include the episodes on the first two pages? Would it be better to have the story begin with the crime which caused the State police to go after Drake?

3. Turn to the part of the story which describes Drake's cabin and the capture. Make a drawing showing the windows and doors of the cabin; indicate directions on your drawing; show where the three officers stationed themselves before advancing to the cabin; show also how Merryfield reached the door where Drake was saying good-by to his wife.
4. Why did Merryfield hesitate to shoot the bandit?
5. Why does the writer include the episodes on the last two pages? Would it be better to end the story with the capture of Drake? Give reasons. Are your reasons like those you gave in answer to Question 2? Explain.

CLASS-LIBRARY READINGS

MAINTAINING LAW AND ORDER

1. "Brave Guardians of Law and Order," *Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia*, 7 : 2865–2868.
2. "Royal Northwest Mounted Police," *World Book*, 7 : 5094–5096; *Book of Knowledge*, 15 : 4577–4580.
3. "According to Code," Katherine Mayo, in *Atlantic Prose and Poetry*, 85-94.

C. SAFEGUARDING HEALTH

1. THE OLD-TIME PHYSICIAN

JOHN BACH MCMASTER

As you read about the old-time physician of a century and a half ago, write a list of six questions which you think will bring out the most important facts about his education and activities.

With the exception of the minister and the judge, the doctor was the most important person in the community. His professional education would now be thought insufficient to admit him to practice; for there were then only two medical schools in the country, and owing to the expense and dangers of travelling, they were not well attended.

In general, the medical education of a doctor was such as he could pick up while serving as apprentice to some noted physician in Boston or New York. Here he combined the duties of a student with much of the work of a servant. He ground the powders, mixed the pills, rode with the doctor on his rounds, held the basin when the patient was bled, helped to adjust plasters, to sew wounds, and ran with medicine from one end of the town to the other. In the moments snatched from duties such as these he swept the office, cleaned the bottles and jars, wired skeletons, tended the night bell, and, when a feast was given, stood in the hall to announce the guests.

Under such circumstances, the doctor's knowledge was de-

rived from personal experience rather than from books, and the amount so obtained depended upon the sharpness of his powers of observation, and the strength of his memory. Medical books were scarce and expensive, and few physicians boasted a medical library of as many as fifty volumes.

When his apprenticeship was ended, the half-educated lad returned to his native town to begin the practice of medicine. There as years went by he grew in popularity and wealth. His genial face, his engaging manners, his hearty laugh, the twinkle with which he asked the blacksmith when the next boy was expected, the sincerity with which he asked after the health of the carpenter's daughter, the interest he took in the family of the poorest laborer, the good nature with which he stopped to chat with the farm-hands about the prospect of the corn crop and the turnip crop, made him the favorite of the county for miles around.

When he rode out he knew the names and personal history of the occupants of every house he passed. The farmers' lads pulled off their hats, and the girls dropped curtsies to him. Sunshine and rain, daylight and darkness, were alike to him. He would ride ten miles on the darkest night, over the worst roads, in a pelting storm to give a dose of medicine to an old woman, or to attend a sick child. He was present at every birth; he attended every burial; he sat with the minister at every death-bed; he put his name with the lawyer to every will.

Only a few of the simplest drugs were then to be found on the shelves of the village store. These were usually stowed away among heaps of shoes, hats, balls of twine, packages of seed, and flitches of bacon. The physician was, therefore, compelled to combine the duties of both the doctor and the druggist. He pounded his own drugs, made his own tinctures, and put up his own prescriptions. His saddle-bag was the only drug-store within forty miles, and there, beside his horn balances and his china mortar, were medicines now gone quite out of fashion, or at most but rarely used.

It is not too much to say that more medicine was then taken every year by the well than is now taken in the same space of time by the sick. Each spring the blood had to be purified, the bile had to be moved, and large doses of bad-tasting medicines had to be taken daily.

In a thousand ways the practice of medicine has changed since that day, and changed for the better. Remedies now in the medicine-box of every farmer were then unknown. Water was denied the patient tormented with fever, and in its stead he was given small quantities of clam-juice. The damsel who fainted was bled profusely. The only cure for malarial diseases was powdered cinchona bark; but the amount required to restore the patient was so great, and the supply so small, that the remedy was all but useless.

Vaccination was not known till 1798. Small-pox was almost as common as pneumonia is now. The discovery of anæsthesia by the use of ether or chloroform was not given to the world till 1846. Not one of the many remedies which relieve pain, which destroy disease, which hold in check the most painful maladies and the most violent epidemics, was in use.

Every few years during the dog-days, the yellow fever raged with more violence in the Northern cities than it has ever raged in this generation in the cities of the far South. Whole streets were depopulated. Better surgery is now given to every laborer injured by the fall of a scaffold than could then have been purchased at any price.

— *Adapted.*

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. *Test in raising questions.*

A good silent reader usually raises questions as he reads. You can get some light on your ability as a reader by answering these questions:

a. How many of the questions which you made out (see p. 274) can you answer correctly?

b. Exchange lists of questions. Read aloud each question on the

list you hold, tell why you think the question good or poor, and if possible answer it.

c. Put on the blackboard the different questions asked, listing the number of times each question was raised. Then vote on the best six questions, the question receiving the most votes standing first, the one receiving the next largest number of votes standing second, and so on.

2. *Written exercise:* write a paragraph on *one* of these topics:

a. The education of the old-time physician.

b. The activities of the old-time physician.

c. A comparison between the education and work of modern and old-time physicians (secure information from some physician you know).

2. DOCTOR GRENFELL'S WINTER PRACTICE

NORMAN DUNCAN

Doctor Wilfred T. Grenfell is a medical missionary who for more than thirty years has lived among the deep sea fishermen on the coasts of Newfoundland and Labrador. This story describes his work in the far North.

In the little hospital ship *Strathcona* the doctor himself darts here and there and everywhere, all summer long, responding to calls, searching out the sick, gathering patients for the various hospitals. His ship is known to every harbor of the coast; and she is often overcrowded with sick bound to the hospitals for treatment or operation. Often, in cases of emergency, operations are performed aboard, while she tosses in the rough seas. She is never idle a moment while the waters are open.

But in the fall, when navigation closes, the *Strathcona* must go into winter quarters; and then the sick and starving are sought out by dog-team and komatik. There is no end to the work; there is merely a change in the manner of getting about. Summer journeys are hard enough, but winter travel is a matter of much greater difficulty and hardship. Not that the difficulty and hardship seem to be felt by the mission-doctor; quite the contrary: he finds if anything greater delight

in a wild, swift race over rotten or heaving ice, or in a night in the driving snow, than in running the *Strathcona* through a nor'east gale.

Once, when Doctor Grenfell was wintering at St. Anthony, there came in great haste from Conch, a point sixty miles distant, a komatik with an urgent summons to the bedside of a man who lay dying of hemorrhage. And while the doctor was preparing for this journey, a second komatik from another place arrived with a message.

"Come at once," it was. "My little boy has broken his thigh."

The doctor chose to visit the lad first. At ten o'clock that night he was at the bedside. It had been a dark night — black dark: with the road dangerous, the dogs uncontrollable, the physician in great haste. The doctor thought many a time that there would be "more than one broken limb" by the time of his arrival. But there was no misadventure; and he found the lad lying on a settle, in great pain, wondering why he must suffer so.

"Every minute or two," says the doctor, "there would be a jerk, a flash of pain, and a cry to his father, who was holding him all the time."

The doctor hastened "to get the chloroform mask over the boy's face" — he is a sympathetic man; glad always to ease pain. At one o'clock in the morning the broken bone was set and the doctor had had a cup of tea; whereupon, he retired to a bed on the floor and a few hours' "watch below." At daylight, when he was up and about to depart, the little patient had awakened and was merrily calling to the doctor's dog.

"He was as merry as a cricket," said the doctor, "when I bade him good-by."

It was haste away to Conch over the ice and snow, for the most of the time on the ice of the sea, in order that the man who lay dying there might be saved.

But there was another interruption. When the dog-train

reached the coast, there was a man waiting to halt it; the news of the doctor's probable coming had spread.

"I've a fresh team o' dogs, sir," said he, "t' take you t' the island. There's a man there, an' he's wonderful sick."

Would the doctor go? Yes, he would go! But he had no sooner reached that point of the mainland whence he was bound across a fine stretch of ice to the island than he was again stopped. It was a young man this time, whose mother lay ill, with no other Protestant family living within fifty miles. Would the doctor help her? Yes, the doctor would; and did. And when he was about to be on his way again ——

"Could you bear word," said the woman, "t' Mister Elliot t' come bury my boy? He said he'd come, sir; but my little lad has been lying dead, here, since January."

It was then early in March. Mr. Elliot was a Protestant fisherman who was accustomed to bury the Protestant dead of that district. Yes, the doctor would bear word to him. Having promised this, he set out to visit the sick man on the island; for him also he did what he could.

Off again toward Conch, now with fresh teams which had been provided by the friends of the man who lay dying of hemorrhage. By the way a man brought his little son for examination and treatment — "a lad of three years," says the doctor, "a bright, healthy, coming fisherman, light-haired and blue-eyed, a true Celt."

"What's the matter with him?" the physician asked.

"He's a club foot, sir," was the answer. And so it turned out: the lad had a club foot. He was fond of telling his mother that he had a right foot and a wrong one. "The wrong one, mama," said he, "is no good." He was to be a cripple for life, utterly disabled — fishing does not admit of club feet. But the doctor made arrangements for the child's transportation to the St. Anthony Hospital, where he could be cured; and then hurried on.

For five days the doctor labored in Conch, healing many of the folk, helping more; and at the end of that period the man

who had suffered the hemorrhage was so far restored that with new dogs the doctor set out for Canada Bay, still traveling southward. There, as he says, "we had many interesting cases." One of these involved an operation — "opening a knee-joint and removing a loose body" — with the result that a fisherman who had long been crippled was made quite well again.

Then there came a second call from Conch. Seventeen men had come for the physician, willing to haul the komatik themselves, if no dogs were to be had. To this call the doctor immediately responded; and having treated patients at Conch and by the way, he set out upon the return journey to St. Anthony, fearing that his absence had already been too long. And he had not gone far on the way before he fell in with another komatik, provided with a box, in which lay an old woman bound to St. Anthony Hospital, in the care of her sons, to have her foot amputated.

Crossing Hare Bay, the doctor had a slight mishap, rather amusing, he thought.

"One of my dogs fell through the ice," said he. "There was a biting nor'west wind blowing, and the temperature was ten degrees below zero. When we were one mile from the land, I got off to run and try the ice. It suddenly gave way, and in I fell. It did not take me long to get out, for I have had some little experience, and the best advice sounds odd: it is 'keep cool.' But the nearest house being at least ten miles away, it meant almost one's life to have no dry clothing. Fortunately, I had.

"The driver at once galloped the dogs back to the woods we had left, and I had as hard a mile's running as ever I had; for my clothing was growing to resemble the armor of an ancient knight more and more every yard; and though in my youth I was accustomed to break the ice to bathe, if necessary, I never tried running a race in a coat of mail. By the time I arrived at the trees and got out of the wind, my driver had a rubber poncho spread on the snow under a snug spruce

thicket; and I was soon dry and a great deal warmer than before."

At St. Anthony the woman's foot was amputated; and in two days the patient was talking of "getting up." Meantime a komatik had arrived in haste from a point on the northwest coast, a settlement one hundred and twenty miles distant. The doctor was needed there; and the doctor went!

This brief story of a winter's journey may not serve to indicate the hardship of the life the doctor leads: he has small regard for that; but it may faintly inform the reader of the character of the work he does, and of the will with which he does it. One brief journey! The visitation of but sixty miles of coast!

Add to this the numerous journeys of that winter, and the various summer voyages of the *Strathcona;* remember that the doctor visits the folk of two thousand miles every year, often twice a year: then multiply by ten — for the mission has been in existence for ten years — and you may reach some faint idea of the good done by this man. But without knowing the desolate land — without seeing the starved bodies of the children — without hearing the cries of distress — it is impossible to realize the blessing his devotion has brought to the coast.

— *Adapted.*

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Point out the chief differences between the work of Doctor Grenfell and that of a doctor you know.
2. How many patients did Doctor Grenfell treat on his journey?
3. *Volunteer work.* Let three members of the class read Doctor Grenfell's *Adrift on an Ice Pan* and in relay give a special report to the class. These pupils should compare Doctor Grenfell's experience on this occasion with the "slight mishap" described in this selection.

Additional Reading. — "Heroes of To-day: the Deep-Sea Doctor," M. R. Parkman, in *St. Nicholas*, 44: 404–409.

3. THE RED CROSS SPIRIT SPEAKS

JOHN H. FINLEY

Tutti fratelli — all are brothers! These were the words of Henri Dunant and his little band of volunteer nurses as they did what they could for the wounded and dying soldiers lying on the battlefield of Solferino. Impressed by the suffering, Dunant wrote a pamphlet describing the need for immediate relief work at such times. Five years later (1864), the representatives of a number of nations signed the "Red Cross Treaty." In this treaty they agreed to protect the relief societies of one another in war as well as in peace. As a tribute to Switzerland, where they held their meeting, they adopted as the symbol of these societies a red cross on a white field, the colors of the Swiss flag reversed.

To-day there is hardly a nation in the world which does not have its Red Cross society. The Red Cross responds to human need in any part of the world whenever there is a great disaster, be it war, flood, fire, famine, tornado, or earthquake. Is the spirit of the organization and its leaders shown in this poem?

Wherever war, with its red woes,
Or flood, or fire, or famine goes,
  There, too, go I;
If earth in any quarter quakes
Or pestilence its ravage makes,
  Thither I fly.

I kneel behind the soldier's trench,
I walk 'mid shambles' smear and stench,
  The dead I mourn;
I bear the stretcher and I bend
O'er Fritz and Pierre and Jack to mend
  What shells have torn.

I go wherever men may dare,
I go wherever woman's care
  And love can live —

Wherever strength and skill can bring
Surcease to human suffering
Or solace give.

I helped upon Haldora's shore;
With Hospitaler Knights I bore
The first red cross;
I was the Lady of the Lamp;
I saw in Solferino's camp
The crimson loss.

I am your pennies and your pounds;
I am your bodies on their rounds
Of pain afar;
I am *you*, doing what you would
If you were only where you could —
Your avatar.

The cross which on my arm I wear,
The flag which o'er my breast I bear,
Is but the sign
Of what you'd sacrifice for him
Who suffers on the hellish rim
Of war's red line.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Read aloud the stanza which best expresses the spirit of the Red Cross. If pupils disagree, let those who differ give reasons for their choice.
2. Explain the fifth line of the second stanza, the first three lines of the fifth stanza, the last stanza.
3. *Volunteer work:*
   a. Consult the encyclopedia or the index of a good history of Europe for the historical allusions in the fourth stanza and explain them to the class.
   b. Report on the Junior Red Cross.
4. Explain these words: pestilence, trench, surcease, solace, avatar.

4. OUR LADY OF THE RED CROSS

MARY R. PARKMAN

As you read this story of Clara Barton, the founder of the American Red Cross, notice especially those parts which show the kind of person she was. Read rapidly the parts which do not throw light on her character.

"A Christmas baby! Now isn't that the best kind of a Christmas gift for us all?" cried Captain Stephen Barton, who took the interesting flannel bundle from the nurse's arms and held it out proudly to the assembled family.

No longed-for heir to a waiting kingdom could have received a more royal welcome than did the little girl who appeared at the Barton home in Oxford, Massachusetts, on Christmas Day, 1821. Ten years had passed since a child had come to the comfortable farm-house, and the four big brothers and sisters were very sure that they could not have had a more precious gift than this Christmas baby.

No one doubted that she deserved a distinguished name, but it was due to Sister Dorothy, who was a young lady of romantic seventeen and something of a reader, that she was called Clarissa Harlowe, after a well-known heroine of fiction. The name which this heroine of real life actually bore and made famous, however, was Clara Barton; for the Christmas baby proved to be a gift not only to a little group of loving friends but also to a great nation and to humanity.

The sisters and brothers were Clara's teachers rather than playmates, and her education began so early that she had no recollection of the way they led her through the beginnings of book-learning. On her first day at school she announced to the amazed teacher who tried to put a primer into her hands that she could spell the "artichoke words." The teacher had other surprises besides the discovery that this mite of three was acquainted with three-syllabled words.

Brother Stephen, who was a wizard with figures, had made the sums with which he covered her slate seem a fascinating sort of play at a period when most infants are content with

counting the fingers of one hand. All other interests, however, paled before the stories that her father told her of great men and their splendid deeds.

Clara was only five years old when Brother David taught her to ride. "Learning to ride is just learning a horse," said this daring youth, who was the "Buffalo Bill" of the surrounding country.

"How can I learn a horse, David?" quavered the child, as the high-spirited animals came whinnying to the pasture bars at her brother's call.

"Catch hold of his mane, Clara, and just feel the horse a part of yourself — the big half for the time being," said David, as he put her on the back of a colt that was broken only to bit and halter, and, springing on his favorite, held the reins of both in one hand, while he steadied the small sister with the other by seizing one excited foot.

They went over the fields at a gallop that first day, and soon little Clara and her mount understood each other so well that her riding feats became almost as far-famed as those of her brother. The time came when her skill and confidence on horseback — her power to feel the animal she rode a part of herself and keep her place in any sort of saddle through night-long gallops — meant the saving of many lives.

David taught her many other practical things that helped to make her steady and self-reliant in the face of emergencies. She learned, for instance, to drive a nail straight, and to tie a knot that would hold. Eye and hand were trained to work together with quick decision that made for readiness and efficiency in dealing with a situation, whether it meant the packing of a box, or first-aid measures after an accident on the skating-pond.

Clara was always an outdoor child, with dogs, horses, and ducks for playfellows. Sometimes when wild ducks visited the pond and all her waddling favorites began to flap their wings excitedly, it seemed that her young heart felt, too, the call of large, free spaces.

"The only real fun is to do things," she used to say.

She rode after the cows, helped in the milking and churning, and followed her father about, dropping potatoes in their holes or helping weed the garden. Once, when the house was being painted, she begged to be allowed to assist in the work, even learning to grind the pigments and mix the colors. The family was at first amused and then amazed at her persistency as day after day she donned her apron and fell to work.

They were not less astonished when she wanted to learn the work of the weavers in her brothers' mills. At first, her mother refused this extraordinary request; but Stephen, who understood the intensity of her craving to do things, took her part; and at the end of her first week at the flying shuttle Clara had the satisfaction of finding that her cloth was passed as first-quality goods. Her career as a weaver was short, however, owing to a fire which destroyed the mills.

The young girl was as enthusiastic in play as at work. Whether it was a canter over the fields on Billy while her dog, Button, dashed along at her side, or a coast down the hills in winter, she entered into the sport of the moment with her whole heart.

When she was eleven years old she had her first experience as a nurse. A fall which gave David a serious blow on the head, together with the bungling work of doctors, who, when in doubt, had recourse only to bleeding and leeches, brought the vigorous brother to a long invalidism. For two years Clara was his constant and devoted attendant. She schooled herself to remain calm, cheerful, and resourceful in the presence of suffering. When others gave way to fatigue or "nerves," her instinct for action kept her, child though she was, at her post.

In the years that followed her brother's recovery Clara became a real problem to herself and her friends. Her school-days were restless and unhappy in spite of her alert mind and many interests.

Finally her mother, at her wits' end because of the morbid

strain in her remarkable daughter, was advised by a man who understood children to throw responsibility upon her and give her a school to teach.

It happened, therefore, that when Clara was fifteen she "put down her skirts, put up her hair," and entered upon her successful career as a teacher. She liked the children and believed in them, entering enthusiastically into their concerns, and opening the way to new interests.

"When the boys found that I was as strong as they were and could teach them something on the playground, they thought that perhaps we might discover together a few other worth-while things in school hours," she said.

For eighteen years Clara Barton was a teacher. In Bordentown, New Jersey, she found there was a need for some one who would bring to her task zeal as well as passion. At that time there were no public schools in the town or, indeed, in the State.

"The people who pose as respectable are too proud to send their boys and girls to a free pauper school, and in the meantime all the children run wild." Miss Barton was told.

"We have tried again and again," said a discouraged young teacher. "It is impossible to do anything in this place."

"Give me three months, and I will teach free," said Clara.

This was just the sort of challenge she loved. There was something to be done. She began with six unpromising gamins in a dilapidated empty building. In a month her quarters proved too narrow. Each youngster became an enthusiastic and effectual advertiser. As always, her success lay in understanding her pupils. The school of six grew in a year to one of six hundred, and the thoroughly awakened citizens built an eight-room schoolhouse, where Miss Barton remained as principal and teacher until a breakdown of her voice made a complete rest necessary.

The weak throat soon made it evident that her teaching days were over; but she found new work at the same time in Washington, where she had gone for rest.

"Living is doing," she said. "Even while we say there is nothing we can do, we stumble over the opportunities for service that we are passing by in our tear-blinded self-pity."

At the outbreak of the Civil War Miss Barton was, therefore, at the very storm-centre.

The early days of the conflict found her binding up the wounds of the Massachusetts boys who had been attacked by a mob while passing through Baltimore. Some of these recruits were boys from Miss Barton's own town who had been her pupils. We find her with other volunteer nurses caring for the injured, feeding groups who gathered about her in the Senate Chamber, and, from the desk of the President of the Senate, reading them the home news from the newspapers.

Meeting the needs as they presented themselves in that time of general panic and distress, she sent to the Worcester *Spy* appeals for money and supplies. Other papers took up the work, and Miss Barton soon had to secure space in a large warehouse to hold the provisions that poured in.

Not for many days, however, did she remain a steward of supplies. When she met the transports which brought the wounded to the city, her whole nature revolted at the sight of the suffering and deaths which were resulting from delay in caring for the injured. Though it was against all traditions, to say nothing of iron-clad army regulations, she obtained permission to go with her stores of food, bandages, and medicines to the firing-line, where relief might be given on the battle-field at the time of greatest need. The girl who had been a "bundle of fears" had grown into the woman who braved every danger and any suffering to carry help to her fellow-countrymen.

People who spoke of her rare judgment had little comprehension of the simplicity and directness of her methods. She managed the sulky, rebellious drivers of her army-wagons, who had little respect for orders that placed a woman in control, in the same way that she had managed children in school. Without relaxing her firmness, she spoke to them courteously,

and called them to share the warm dinner she had prepared and spread out in appetizing fashion. When, after clearing away the dishes, she was sitting alone by the fire, the men returned in an awkward, self-conscious group.

"We didn't come to get warm," said their spokesman, as she kindly moved to make room for them at the flames, "we come to tell you we are ashamed. We've been mean and contrary all day, and you've treated us as if we'd been the general and his staff, and given us the best meal we've had in two years. We want to ask your forgiveness, and we shan't trouble you again."

She found that a comfortable bed had been arranged for her in her ambulance, while a lantern was hanging from the roof. When she came from her shelter next morning, a steaming breakfast awaited her and a devoted corps of assistants stood ready for orders.

"I had cooked my last meal for my drivers," said Clara Barton. "These men remained with me six months through frost and snow and march and camp and battle; they nursed the sick, dressed the wounded, soothed the dying, and buried the dead; if possible, they grew kinder and gentler every day."

One incident well illustrates the confidence with which she moved about amid scenes of terror. At Fredericksburg, when "every street was a firing-line and every house a hospital," she was passing along when she had to step aside to allow a regiment of infantry to sweep by. At that moment General Patrick caught sight of her, and, thinking she was a bewildered resident of the city who had been left behind, leaned from his saddle and said reassuringly:

"You are alone and in great danger, madam. Do you want protection?"

Miss Barton thanked him with a smile and said, looking about at the ranks, "I believe I am the best-protected woman in the United States."

The soldiers near overheard and cried out, "That's so!

that's so!" And the cheer they gave was echoed by line after line until a mighty shout went up as for a victory.

The courtly old general looked about comprehendingly, and, bowing low, said as he galloped away, "I believe you are right, madam."

Clara Barton was present on sixteen battle-fields; she was eight months at the siege of Charleston, and served for a considerable period in the hospitals of Richmond.

When the war was ended and the survivors of the great armies were marching homeward, her heart was touched by the distress in many homes where sons and fathers and brothers were among those listed as "missing." In all, there were eighty thousand men of whom no definite report could be given to their friends. She was assisting President Lincoln in answering the hundreds of letters, imploring news, which poured in from all over the land when his tragic death left her alone with the task. Then, as no funds were available to finance a thorough investigation of every sort of record of States, hospitals, prisons, and battle-fields, she maintained out of her own means a bureau to keep up the search.

Four years were spent in this great labor, during which time Miss Barton made many public addresses, the proceeds of which were devoted to the cause. One evening in the winter of 1868, while in the midst of a lecture, her voice suddenly left her. This was the beginning of a complete nervous breakdown.

When able to travel she went to Geneva, Switzerland, in the hope of winning back her health and strength. Soon after her arrival she was visited by the president and members of the "International Committee for the Relief of the Wounded in War," who came to learn why the United States had refused to sign the Treaty of Geneva, providing for the relief of sick and wounded soldiers. Of all the civilized nations, our great republic alone held aloof.

Miss Barton at once set herself to learn all she could about the International Red Cross, and during the Franco-Prussian

War she had abundant opportunity to see and experience its practical working on the battle-field.

At the outbreak of the war in 1870 she was urged to go as a leader, taking the same part that she had borne in the Civil War.

"I had not strength to trust for that," said Clara Barton, "and declined with thanks, promising to follow in my own time and way; and I did follow within a week. As I journeyed on," she continued, "I saw the work of these Red Cross societies in the field accomplishing in four months under their systematic organization what we failed to accomplish in four years without it — no mistakes, no needless suffering, no waste, no confusion, but order, plenty, cleanliness, and comfort wherever the Red Cross made its way. As I saw all this and worked in it, I said to myself, 'If I live to return to my country, I will try to make my people understand the Red Cross and that treaty.'"

Months of service in caring for the wounded and the victims of siege and famine were followed by a period of nervous exhaustion from which she but slowly crept back to her former health. At last she was able to return to America to devote herself to bringing her country into line with the Red Cross movement. She found that traditionary prejudice against "entangling alliances with other powers" worked against the great cause.

"Why should we make provision for the wounded?" it was said. "We shall never have another war; we have learned our lesson."

It came to Miss Barton then that the work of the Red Cross should be extended to disasters, such as fires, floods, earthquakes, and epidemics — "great public calamities which require, like war, prompt and well-organized help."

Years of work at length bore fruit. After the Geneva Treaty received the signature of President Arthur on March 1, 1882, it was promptly ratified by the Senate, and the American National Red Cross came into being with Clara Barton

as its first president. Through her influence, too, the International Congress of Berne adopted the "American Amendment," which dealt with the extension of the Red Cross to relief measures in great calamities occurring in times of peace.

The story of her life from this time on is a story of the work of the Red Cross during such disasters as the Mississippi River floods, the Texas famine, the Charleston earthquake, the Johnstown flood, the Russian famine, and the Spanish-American War. The prompt, efficient methods used in the relief of the flood sufferers along the Mississippi may serve to illustrate her work.

Supply centres were established, and a steamer chartered to ply back and forth carrying help and hope to the distracted human creatures who stood "wringing their hands on a frozen, fireless shore — with every coal-pit filled with water." For three weeks she patrolled the river, distributing food, clothing, and fuel, caring for the sick, and providing the people with many thousands of dollars' worth of building material, seeds, and farm implements, thus making it possible for them to help themselves and find a cure for their distress.

"Our Lady of the Red Cross" lived past her ninetieth birthday, but her life is measured by deeds, not days. She proved the truth of the words: "We gain in so far as we give. If we would find our life, we must be willing to lose it."

— *Abridged.*

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. "We gain in so far as we give." What does Miss Barton mean? Can you give examples illustrating her idea?
2. Write a paragraph describing the character of Clara Barton. Include the points you noted when reading the selection.
3. In what ways did Miss Barton's education at home fit her for her work during the Civil War? Tell how her experience as a teacher proved helpful.
4. Why had the United States refused to sign the Treaty of Geneva?
5. Tell what interests you most about Miss Barton.
6. How can one become a member of the Red Cross? What does the Red Cross do in your community?

7. *Volunteer work.* Prepare a report on one of these topics:
   a. The work of the Christian Sanitary Commission during the Civil War.
   b. How Clara Barton persuaded the United States to ratify the Treaty of Geneva.
   c. The American Red Cross during the World War.
   d. What the Red Cross did after the Japanese earthquake.

For material see C. H. Barton's *Story of the Red Cross;* W. E. Barton's *Life of Clara Barton;* or back volumes of *The Red Cross Magazine.*

5. TEACHING SANITATION TO THE WORLD

WILLIAM ATHERTON DU PUY

The science of preventing disease has made greater progress in the first quarter of the twentieth century than in the preceding three hundred years. In this advance a leading part has been played by the men in the Medical Corps of the United States Army. The following reading is the story of their victory over two dread diseases. Glance through the selection and see how quickly you can find what these two diseases were. As soon as you find them, close your book and prepare to tell how you found them so quickly. When all have found them, read the selection through silently.

It all began when three army doctors began to make plans in a barracks for American soldiers in Cuba in the year 1900. The Spanish-American War had forced American soldiers into the tropics. There they had contracted tropical diseases of which our surgeons knew little. But soldiers were sick and the men responsible for their health refused to accept such a condition as final. To be sure, the great nations of the world possessing colonies in the tropics had done so. The United States refused to play a similar rôle. The federal authorities had directed these three men to find the secrets of yellow fever and the methods of stamping it out.

The story of Doctors Walter Reed, James Carroll, and Jesse W. Lazear has been told many times. All other theories of yellow fever having proved false, they were to determine

the truth of the theory that the disease was carried by mosquitoes. There was yellow fever in the barracks. Mosquitoes under observation were to bite the patients and then bite well men. The result would prove or disprove the theory.

There was, of course, great danger to the persons submitting to these experiments. The doctors decided that before calling for volunteers they should subject themselves to the ordeal. In this way it happened that Doctor Carroll was the first individual developing yellow fever from the bite of a captive mosquito which had been allowed to bite a patient. He was stricken and successfully ran the gantlet to recovery.

Doctor Lazear sat in the yellow fever ward during the illness of Doctor Carroll. A mosquito alighted upon his hand and Lazear allowed it to drink its fill of his blood. As he watched, the little insect wrote his death warrant, for he came down with a severe attack and died in terrible agony. So were the first two bits of evidence obtained.

Doctors Reed and Carroll built two lumber shacks and pitched a row of army tents on a Cuban hillside that they might carry on further experiments free from outside influences. The station they named Camp Lazear. From the troops they asked for volunteers for the mosquito experiments. All the troopers knew of the fate of Doctor Lazear and the dangers of death that lay in the work. Yet there was no dearth of men ready for the possible sacrifice. John R. Kissinger and John J. Moran, two healthy youngsters from Ohio, were selected as subjects. They were told of the financial reward that awaited them and refused it. They faced death for humanity's sake.

Kissinger was bitten by mosquitoes and took the diesase but recovered. Moran's rôle was to sleep in the beds and clothing of men who had suffered yellow fever, who had died from it, and so to determine whether it could be transmitted in that way. He failed to contract the disease in twenty days spent in one of the shacks well supplied with such articles.

He later took it from the bite of a mosquito. Thus were the facts worked out.

This information threw the first light upon the proper methods of battling the disease. The quarantine authorities had depended upon fumigating clothing and effects which were thus shown incapable of transmitting the disease. Since 1793, when yellow fever raged in Philadelphia, there had been 100,000 recorded deaths from it in this country, and all the seaport cities had suffered. The outbreak of 1879 was said to have caused a financial loss of $100,000,000. All tropical America was constantly at the mercy of the disease and knew no way of fighting it. Into a situation of this sort came the discovery of Reed, Carroll, and Lazear.

Havana had always been the chief point of danger for the United States. In that city there had not been a year or a month for a century and a half that yellow fever had not been known to be present. During all that time there had been an average of a death every day from the disease.

At that time Colonel W. C. Gorgas, who later became sanitary officer for the Panama Canal and who earned the reputation of being the world's greatest sanitarian, was the health officer for Cuba under the American occupation.

Colonel Gorgas confesses that, while he had witnessed the experiments of Reed and Carroll and was convinced that the mosquito carried the disease, he was by no means convinced that this was the only method of transmission. He had already been in Havana for three years, and that city had been made a clean and wholesome community. This cleaning up, however, had failed to have any effect upon yellow fever. So, in 1901, he added to his other sanitary measures a campaign against mosquitoes, expecting thereby merely to reduce the disease.

The work began in January, the period of least danger from the disease. There were seven deaths that month. In February there were five. In March there was but one. Then came April, May, and June with no deaths. For the

three months that followed there were two deaths each. Then yellow fever passed. The months that succeeded showed no cases in the city.

No one was more surprised at the result than was Colonel Gorgas. There were no conditions in the methods of sanitation that were different from the three years previous except the mosquito campaign. Mosquitoes alone were thus shown responsible for the disease.

Had it not been for this demonstration it is doubtful if the United States would ever have undertaken the construction of the Panama Canal. But for this demonstration it would probably never have been possible to build it even if undertaken. But for the ability to control yellow fever the ships of the world would not dare use the canal after its completion. The Panama Canal is a direct outgrowth of this work of sanitation.

At Panama it was possible to show the results of sanitation more strikingly than they could ever have been set forth under any conditions that had ever existed. The eyes of the world were on Panama. Had the same sanitary principles been demonstrated in Philadelphia or Omaha they might almost have escaped notice. But the miracle was performed in the very spotlight of the world, and no tropical community may remain a pest hole to-day without calling down upon itself the condemnation of all men. Likewise no tropical American port can profit from the opportunities of commerce afforded by the Canal unless it makes itself sanitary, for ships from unhealthful ports are excluded.

Colonel Gorgas was sent to Panama for the great task. This was in 1904. The building of the Canal was then going through the painful ordeal of being directed by a commission of divided authority which was showing itself most ineffective in many ways, one of these being insufficient support to the sanitary officer. So it happened that yellow fever ran riot there during 1905 to such an extent that panic was abroad. There were only forty-seven deaths, but these were sufficient

to call into question the mosquito theory of yellow fever and the practicability of ever building the Canal.

Then came the military control of the Zone and added authority to the chief sanitary officer. Colonel Gorgas was given full sway, and through the period that followed spent an average of $400,000 a year for sanitation. Panama and Colon were given the same treatment that had been accorded to Havana.

Throughout the whole Zone vast quantities of mosquito-harboring brush and grass were cut, swampy lands were ditched and drained until there was the least possible amount of standing water. At the head of every little stream in the Zone was set a can of oil which dripped constantly. This stream carried the oil on its surface as a thin scum throughout its course. This means death to the larvæ of the mosquito, for it keeps the larvæ from coming to the surface for air. Wherever these streams could not be induced to distribute their own oil, men went with sprinkling-cans. Altogether 150,000 gallons of mosquito oil were used in the course of a year. In the end control was gained and kept through such a period of years as to make the proof absolute.

Of all this pioneer work in sanitation that with reference to yellow fever is generally considered of first importance. There is one other, however, that was begun before the yellow fever work but was not completed until ten years later, that may dispute in world importance the work with yellow jack.

This is typhoid fever, the dread disease, that affects all the people in all lands. Since war began, it has caused the death of more men in the ranks than have conflicts with the enemy or than has any other disease.

Yet as recently as the Spanish-American War typhoid fever was little understood. Like those other great advances in medical science, the control of typhoid dates from that conflict. One man in every five participating in the war suffered from typhoid. Six times as many men died of it as from Spanish bullets.

Three surgeons were sent into Florida to get to the heart of the cause of the spread of this disease and to point the way to prevention. Previously there had been the fairly well proved theory that the disease was distributed through contaminated water or milk.

This theory still stands, but these army doctors added one other fact to it which has been shown to be of vastly greater importance. They found that the house-fly is much more important as a distributer of the disease than is any other agency. This discovery showed the importance of disposal of refuse and of campaigns for the destruction of the house-fly, measures that went far toward keeping down the disease.

Ten years passed before the second step in the typhoid war was taken. In 1908 the War Department ordered Major Frederick F. Russell, of the medical corps, to go abroad and study the experiments that were being made in England and Germany in vaccination against typhoid. In Europe, Doctor Russell found that these governments, for a decade, had been working upon the problem of making their soldiers immune from typhoid. German regiments and British regiments had been vaccinated. The means had been the injection of typhoid germs that had previously been killed. There were indications of benefits so secured, but the theory had failed to be established.

Major Russell observed the methods of preparing the vaccine by the various experimenters, drew conclusions as to what was best in each idea and where each failed. He returned to America and produced a vaccine which he believed would prove effective. He used it on his laboratory staff, upon his associates in the service, upon members of their families, and upon whatever other persons would offer themselves. None of these ever had typhoid afterward.

Such successful experiments had gone on for three years when, in 1911, 20,000 troops were sent into camp on the Mexican border. Here were the conditions under which typhoid usually appeared. Here, also, was an opportunity

for an experiment on a large scale. It was proposed that vaccination be made compulsory with these troops, a condition that had never been applied in Europe. The wholesale vaccination was ordered.

At Galveston 4,500 men were vaccinated and not one case of typhoid appeared among them, despite its prevalence in the city near by. At San Antonio, where 13,000 troops were in camp for four months, there were but two cases of typhoid, and both these recovered, thus showing contrasts strongly with the camp at Jacksonville in 1898, where, among 10,000 men, there were 2,500 cases of typhoid and 248 deaths.

Thus was the value of typhoid vaccination established. It was proved over and over again in the years that followed, for the government vaccinated every soldier after 1911.

All these remarkable accomplishments came about chiefly through the efforts of the medical corps to keep healthy the men under its charge. The result that may be secured by humanity as a whole is incidental. If all the world should vaccinate itself against typhoid and rule this dread disease off the sphere, there would be a vast good come out of a work done for the military service.

The men who engage in these tasks always appreciate the possibilities, and the well-being of humanity through all the future is a spur sufficient to lead them to any sacrifice. Kissinger, the young soldier from Ohio who bared his arm to the bite of the yellow fever mosquito and refused pay for it, had the spirit — the willingness to go down into the valley of death — that is a part of this work. For it is given to few men to be the instrument for saving the lives of a million of their fellows, but a score of such men have lived in this generation and have stood willing to make the supreme sacrifice to that end.

— *Adapted.*

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Talk on these topics:
   a. Establishing health in Havana.
   b. Cleaning up Panama.
   c. The conquest of typhoid.

2. In what way is the spread of yellow fever and typhoid alike? In what way was the fight against these diseases similar?
3. What was the first evidence which indicated that the mosquito carried the yellow fever germ?
4. Explain the experiment with Kissinger and with Moran. Why were different methods tried with the two men?
5. How do you suppose the three army surgeons discovered that the house-fly carries the typhoid germ?
6. Why was a victory over yellow fever in the Canal Zone of greater importance than if the victory had been won in Hongkong or Honolulu? What paragraph contains the answer to this question?
7. Does the title fit the selection? Explain.
8. Suggestions for improving the health of your community:
   a. Organize a swat-the-fly campaign early in April and continue the fight during the spring and summer.
   b. Organize a clean-up campaign to collect cans, paper, and rubbish in backyards and alleys and to prevent the exposure of garbage.
9. *Volunteer work:*
   a. What was the death-rate from typhoid in your community last year? How does it compare with the rate in New York, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Chicago, and San Francisco? Why the difference? The figures for these and other cities can be found in a newspaper almanac, such as the *New York World Almanac* or the *Chicago Daily News Almanac.*
   b. Field trips. Visit your water supply department or your garbage disposal plant. Before you go, have the class prepare a list of questions for you to answer when you return.
   c. Volunteer reports:
      (1) The work of the League of Nations in promoting the health of the world.
      (2) The activities of the United States Health Service.
      (3) The work of the State Board of Health.

ADDITIONAL READINGS. — 1. "Cleaning Up a State," H. Oyen, in *World's Work*, 23: 510–521. 2. "A War Worth Waging," R. Barry, in *Century Magazine*, 64: 31–38. 3. "The House-Fly," N. A. Cobb, in *National Geographic Magazine*, 21: 371–380. 4. "The Disease-Carrying House-Fly," D. D. Jackson, in *American Review of Reviews*, 42: 44–48.

TALKS ON READING METHODS

Let the three pupils who first discovered that the conquest of yellow fever and typhoid is described in the selection, tell how they found this out. Did they read the first sentences of each paragraph, or the last sentences, or both? Or did they skim through entire paragraphs? Or did they use some other method? The way in which they looked through the article is important, because one should know how to look over an article in order to find quickly the particular information which one needs.

6. HEALTH CRUSADE PLEDGE

Good health costs trouble, but it is worth the trouble it costs. What trouble has your health cost you or others? The following pledge, which was prepared by the National Tuberculosis Association, suggests some of the things we should all be willing to do if we wish to keep strong and well. The pledge has been taken by more than three million boys and girls.

1. I will wash my hands before each meal to-day.
2. I will wash not only my face but my ears and neck, and I will clean my finger-nails to-day.
3. I will try to-day to keep fingers, pencils, and everything that might be unclean out of my mouth and nose.
4. I will drink a glass of water before each meal and before going to bed, and will drink no tea, coffee, or other injurious drinks to-day.
5. I will brush my teeth thoroughly in the morning and in the evening to-day.
6. I will take ten or more slow, deep breaths of fresh air to-day.
7. I will play outdoors or with windows open more than thirty minutes to-day.
8. I will try to sleep ten hours or more every night and keep my window open.
9. I will try to sit up and stand straight and to eat slowly.
10. I will try to-day to keep neat and cheerful constantly and to be helpful to others.
11. I will take a full bath at least once a week.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Write two or three additional rules which the health pledge might contain.
2. If an item such as "Stay up just as late at night as I can" had appeared in the pledge, it might have been called a *black* sheep. Why? Give one or two other black sheep.
3. Make up from your various black sheep a band of black sheep, placing it side by side with the band of white sheep.

SHEEP

White HEALTH PLEDGE	*Black* SICKNESS PLEDGE
1.	1.
2.	2.
3.	3.
4.	4.

The various items in the second list may serve as an outline for an essay or a story about ill-health. Each of the items may be thought of as a captain. Can you make for each captain a group of soldiers, each soldier being a sentence? Try it. Read your paragraph to the class.

4. What is the most important health rule in the pledge?

ADDITIONAL READINGS. — 1. "The Patent-Medicine Evil," W. H. Allen, *Civics and Health*, chap. 37. 2. "Wildwood Medicine," E. T. Seton, *Wild Animal Ways*. 3. "Running for Boys," S. Scoville, Jr., in *St. Nicholas*, 22 : 777–780.

CLASS-LIBRARY READINGS

SAFEGUARDING HEALTH

1. "My Health," *The Thoughts of Youth*, 27–38.
2. "Antiseptics and Antitoxins," *Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia*, 1 : 150–152.
3. "What to Do Till the Doctor Comes," *ibid.*, 3 : 1266–1270.
4. "How Science Conquered the Deadly Mosquito," *ibid.*, 4 : 1490–1491, 6 : 2334–2338.
5. "The Fly, a Deadly Enemy to Man," *ibid.*, 3 : 1312–1313.
6. "Your Health and How to Keep It," *ibid.*, 4 : 1713–1716.
7. "Workers Who Fight Our Battles Against Disease," *ibid.*, 4 : 1612–1615.
8. "Exercises to Keep You Strong and Healthy," *ibid.*, 7 : 2784–2785.
9. "What to Eat to Build Healthy Bodies," *ibid.*, 3 : 1320–1322; *Book of Knowledge*, 10 : 3045–3048, 3109–3113.

10. "Story of Baths and Bathing," *World Book*, 1 : 622.
11. "How to Keep Well," *ibid.*, 5 : 3410–3418.
12. "Story of the Mosquito," *ibid.*, 5 : 3965–3968.
13. "Florence Nightingale," *ibid.*, 6 : 4235–4236; *Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia*, 6 : 2509.
14. "Story of the Red Cross," *World Book*, 6 : 4951–4952; *Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia*, 7 : 2983–2986.
15. "The Lady with the Lamp," *Book of Knowledge*, 2 : 561–562
16. "Our Unseen Friends and Foes," *ibid.*, 3 : 903–907.
17. "The World's Great Doctors," *ibid.*, 13 : 4195–4204.
18. "A Great Life Saver" (Louis Pasteur), *More Than Conquerors*, 225–252.

GENERAL REVIEW

READING DIRECTIONS

1. What selections in this unit have titles which will suggest to a thoughtful student, before he reads the selections, something of what they contain? What does it mean to read with a question in one's mind? Why is it helpful to read in this way?
2. What selection was most difficult for you? What is the best way to read such a selection? What selection in the first three units has reading directions best fitted for the selection you found so difficult?
3. What selection was the easiest to read? Suggest the best way to read it. What selection in the first four units has reading directions best fitted for this easy selection?
4. (The teacher should read this over with the class.) In studying a selection it is usually helpful to stop now and then and take a mental review or backward look over what you have read. This helps you to keep in mind the author's thought and the way he develops it. This is the way to study "The Old-Time Physician" (p. 274): before taking up the part describing the work of the old-time doctor (p. 275), stop to think over the preceding explanation of the kind of education medical students received in those far-off days; then read the description of the work of the old-time physician (p. 275), and pause to think it over before going on to the next part (p. 276); in this manner read the entire selection.

   Find a selection in another book which should be read with occasional mental reviews or backward glances; locate the places at which the mental reviews can best be made and give reasons for taking the backward look at the particular points named.

QUESTIONS AND PROBLEMS

1. Which do you consider the greatest danger to mankind — disease, crime, or fire? Give reasons.
2. From the book which you choose in the Book List, p. 230, bring a selection which fits into one of the sections of this unit. Be able to tell what phase of the unit it illustrates.
3. Tell about any private societies or organizations in your community which exist chiefly to provide for public safety.
4. Questions for class discussion to be taken up after Project No. 2 has been reported to the class:
   a. In what ways are the services of the physician, the policeman, and the fireman alike?
   b. What is the most important service to the community of the physician, the policeman, and the fireman?

ROUNDING OUT THE MEANING OF PROVIDING SAFETY

1. Appoint three committees. Let each committee take as the title for its project one of the words: fire, law-breaking, disease. The chief causes and the chief remedies for the topic assigned to the committee should be arranged in parallel columns with the titles of the selections in which each cause or remedy is discussed or illustrated, as follows:

FIRE

CAUSES	SELECTIONS	REMEDIES	SELECTIONS
1.		1.	
2.		2.	
3.		3.	

   In their reports let the committees explain the causes and remedies and give their reasons for placing the various selections as they list them. Each member in a committee give a part of the report.
2. Appoint three committees. Let the first make a list of the services of the physician; the second, a list of the services of the policeman; and the third, a list of the services of the fireman. Opposite each service write the names of any selections which illustrate it. Arrange and give the report as described in No. 1.
3. Appoint three committees (or pupils may prefer to undertake this project alone). Let the first committee prepare a booklet on "Safeguarding Health"; the second, one on "Maintaining Law and Order"; and the third, one on "Providing Safety from Fire

and Flood." Have each booklet contain cartoons, newspaper clippings, magazine pictures, stories and essays (original or from old magazines), illustrating some part of the topic. The booklet should be arranged neatly and attractively with a title-page and a table of contents. Beneath each picture or clipping write the name of the newspaper or periodical from which the picture or clipping was taken, with a comment that will make clear to the reader why it was included. Show these booklets to your principal, use them in a school exhibit, and keep them in your school library for the use of later classes.

4. Let committees of the class visit the following places: water plant, fire station, police station, laboratory of the health department, garbage plant. Before the trips are taken, let each committee get from the class the questions on which information is wanted and on which it is to report.
5. Let each pupil make a fire-crusade pledge of the same sort as the health-crusade pledge on p. 302. From these pledges let a committee select the best rules and submit them for class adoption.
6. Prepare a program for Fire Prevention Day. What selections will serve for recitations? Will any do for dramatizing? What songs are suitable? What posters can you make to advertise the program?

QUESTIONS FOR DEBATE

Resolved, That the manufacture and sale of patent medicine should be forbidden by law.

Resolved, That all school children should be vaccinated for protection against typhoid.

TOPICS FOR REPORTS AND COMPOSITIONS

1. The United States Weather Bureau and protection from storms.
2. Why I like our family doctor.
3. Red-Cross work in our community.
4. Clean-up week in our town.
5. How the President of the United States is protected.
6. Famous fires in history (take one).
7. The risks of a policeman's life.
8. The Galveston or Dayton flood.
9. Heroic firemen in our community.
10. Relief work after the Japanese earthquake.

SEEKING NEW HOMES

IMMIGRANTS TO AMERICA—THE "MELTING POT."

SEEKING NEW HOMES

From every land our fathers came,
Across the heaving main,
From Britain's shores, from Erin's moors,
Italia's vine-clad plain,
From eastern climes, from Russian steppes,
From realms of sun and snow:
They gather here, to share our cheer,
The joys that freemen know.

— WILFRED H. MUNRO.

An oak tree rooted on a rock ledge has no way of bettering its condition. It cannot escape from the rage of a storm by hiding behind a neighboring cliff, nor can it take refuge from the blasts of winter by moving to a warmer climate. If it is hampered in its growth by lack of soil, it cannot supply its needs by bringing earth to its roots; it can only endure or perish.

But birds and beasts, unlike trees, can change their habitations at will. When chilly nights mark the coming of winter, the robins and the wild ducks can take wing for the southland. If the wolves find little to eat in the woods of the north, they can go to regions where prey is more plentiful.

Of all living creatures man possesses to the fullest degree this power of migration. He can go wherever he wishes and can make his home wherever his fancy dictates. The polar bear, accustomed to the cold of the Arctic, must live in a land of ice and snow, and the giraffe, accustomed to the heat of the tropics, dares not seek a lower temperature; even the birds, though they travel far with the change of seasons, are greatly limited in their movements as compared with man. He alone can journey to all lands, dwell in all climes, and compel all parts of the globe to minister to his wants.

At some time or other most people have used their power of movement to seek out new and better dwelling-places. There are few boys and girls who have not lived in a number of residences. For example, how many of you now live in the house where you were born? How many reside in the birthplace of your father or mother? Probably not more than one or two, if there are that many, occupy the dwelling in which one of his grandparents lived as a child. This movement from place to place, while it may occur too frequently, tends

to make life varied and to keep people from becoming narrow-minded.

In the past various tribes and peoples, dissatisfied with their old homes, have also migrated in search of better dwelling-places. Thousands of years ago Abraham, with his family, flocks, and herds, left the country of his birth to seek the promised land, a region — so it seemed to him — fairer and more beautiful than that of his boyhood. In later centuries Phœnicians and Greeks, stirred by desires for better homes, left their native habitations and dotted the shores of the Mediterranean with their settlements.

As time passed by, folk of English, Scotch, and Irish birth, persecuted and oppressed at home and lured by visions of freedom in a new world, braved the perils of the sea and endured hardship in the American wilderness so that they might bring up their children in a land of liberty. In more recent days people from all parts of Europe have broken ties of kinship and country and have journeyed sometimes half around the world — to Australia, to South Africa, to the islands of the sea — seeking new homes. The most sought of all regions has been America, land of opportunity. Hither have come the oppressed, the ambitious, the hopeful, of all races and nations.

The readings which follow describe this movement to America and the dangers and problems which it brings. Some selections describe the dreams of those who have been drawn hither from far-off lands. Some tell of the hardships of the long journey across the sea and picture the bewilderment of the newcomer at unfamiliar sights and customs. Some deal with the contributions the immigrants make as toilers in our mines and factories, and as physicians, writers, and artists. Finally, there are readings which picture the loyalty that native-born and foreign-born citizens alike owe to America.

SEEKING NEW HOMES

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CHOOSE A BOOK

1. Antin, Mary. *The Promised Land.* Houghton.
   The story of her experiences told by a little Jewish girl who came to America from Russia when she was eleven years old.

2. Beard, Annie E. S. *Our Foreign-Born Citizens.* Crowell.
   Short sketches of the lives of thirty-four naturalized American citizens, each of whom was a contributor to human welfare.

3. Bok, Edward. *The Americanization of Edward Bok.* Scribner.
   A story of the achievements of a Dutch lad who came to this country when he was only six years of age.

4. Cahan, Abraham. *The Rise of David Levinsky.* Harper.
   A novel which tells of the early difficulties and the later successes of a Jewish immigrant.

5. Cohen, Rose. *Out of the Shadow.* Doran.
   The experiences of a little girl who escaped from Russia and came to America. Her work in a sweat shop, her life in the Ghetto, and the manner in which she finally made her way "out of the shadow" are described.

6. Holt, Hamilton. *Life Stories of Undistinguished Americans as Told by Themselves.* James Pott & Co.
   Brief accounts of the experiences of ten or twelve ordinary immigrants of different nationalities.

7. Husband, Joseph. *Americans by Adoption.* Atlantic.
   Short biographies of nine great American citizens, each of whom was born in a foreign land: Stephen Girard, John Ericsson, Louis Agassiz, Carl Schurz, Theodore Thomas, Andrew Carnegie, James J. Hill, Augustus Saint-Gaudens, Jacob A. Riis.

8. Kelly, Myra. *Wards of Liberty; Little Aliens; Little Citizens.* McClure.
   These books contain short stories of immigrant children living in the Ghetto of New York City. They tell of the troubles and quarrels of these little aliens and portray their queer dialect of Yiddish and English.

9. McClure, Samuel S. *My Autobiography.* Stokes.
   The hard fight of an Irish immigrant boy to get an education, to succeed in the publishing business, and to win the girl he loved.

10. Miniter, Edith May. *Our Naputski Neighbors.* Holt.

A novel picturing with humor the experiences of the first immigrant family in West Holly, Massachusetts. The newcomers learn much from the Americans, and the latter discover that the Polish family has something to contribute to them.

11. Panunzio, Constantine M. *The Soul of an Immigrant.* Macmillan.

Narrative of an Italian boy who, after a series of strange experiences, became an American citizen. The book tells "how he was robbed and then dragged into a prison, how he was led into unlawful acts, how he freed himself from the grip of dishonest people, how he struggled to secure an education, to become naturalized, and to fit into American life."

12. Park, Robert E., and Miller, Herbert A. *Old World Traits Transplanted.* Harper.

Scores of anecdotes illustrating the hopes, ideals, disappointments, hardships, fears, homes, organizations, and communities of immigrants.

13. Ravage, M. E. *An American in the Making.* Harper.

The autobiography of a Roumanian boy who was attracted to this country by tales of the riches easily to be secured here. He tells of his difficulties and of his final successes.

14. Rihbany, Abraham M. *A Far Journey.* Houghton.

The autobiography of a penniless Syrian immigrant told in a plain, straightforward manner. An unusual description of the possibilities in America for a capable and ambitious youth.

15. Riis, Jacob A. *The Making of an American.* Macmillan.

The experiences of the author, a Danish immigrant lad, who lived and worked for years as a newspaper man in the slums of New York City.

16. Ross, Edward A. *The Old World in the New.* Century.

This book points out the dangers to this country of admitting immigrants with no experience in self-government, with little or no education, and with low standards of living.

17. Steiner, Edward A. *From Alien to Citizen.* Revell.

An account of the writer's boyhood home, his journey to America, his adventures in this country, and his naturalization, told with both humor and pathos. *On the Trail of the Immigrant*, by the same author, describes the hardships of immigrants in their long journey to America, and tells of their difficulties after they reach this country.

18. Zangwill, Israel. *The Melting-Pot.* Macmillan.

A drama which has for its chief characters immigrants from eastern Europe. The theme of the play is the problem of old-world hatreds and class distinctions amid the fresh atmosphere and new outlook in America.

A. *VISIONS AND PURPOSES OF NEWCOMERS TO AMERICA*

1. THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS

This poem was written by Mrs. Hemans, an English poet, in honor of the two hundredth anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims, one of the first bands of immigrants to America.

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rockbound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed.

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and water o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame.

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;

They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard and the sea:
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free!

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam:
And the rocking pines of the forest roared —
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band;
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth:
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod.
They have left unstained what there they found —
Freedom to worship God.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Let some one volunteer to tell the story of the Pilgrim Fathers. Include the following points: (1) causes for the Pilgrims leaving England for Holland; (2) causes for their leaving Holland for

America; (3) the voyage on the *Mayflower;* (4) the landing in New England; (5) the hardships of the first winter. See W. Bradford's *History of Plymouth Plantation*, especially chapters 4, 10, and 11; M. Dexter's *The Story of the Pilgrims;* or W. E. Griffis's *The Pilgrims in Their Three Homes.*

2. Why does the poet call the ground "holy" where first the Pilgrims trod?
3. Compare the motives which brought the Pilgrims to America with the motives which brought hither your own ancestors.
4. What do we owe to the Pilgrims? Look in an American History or in the books named above.
5. Have you ever heard this poem read in a sad and doleful voice? Why is this a poor way to read it? How should it be read? Why? Try reading it aloud as if it were a tale of defeat; then try reading it as a song of victory.
6. The following tribute, written by Wilfred H. Munro, is from the memorial erected in 1920 in honor of the passengers of the *Mayflower* who died in Plymouth before the end of the first year. Find the sentence in the inscription which expresses the same idea as the poem.

THIS MONUMENT MARKS THE FIRST BURYING GROUND
IN PLYMOUTH OF THE PASSENGERS OF THE MAYFLOWER.
HERE, UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS, THE FAST DWINDLING COMPANY
LAID THEIR DEAD, LEVELING THE EARTH ABOVE THEM LEST THE
INDIANS SHOULD LEARN HOW MANY WERE THE GRAVES.
READER! HISTORY RECORDS NO NOBLER VENTURE FOR FAITH
AND FREEDOM THAN THAT OF THIS PILGRIM BAND. IN WEARINESS
AND PAINFULNESS, IN WATCHINGS OFTEN, IN HUNGER AND COLD
THEY LAID THE FOUNDATIONS OF A STATE WHEREIN EVERY MAN,
THROUGH COUNTLESS AGES, SHOULD HAVE LIBERTY TO WORSHIP
GOD IN HIS OWN WAY. MAY THEIR EXAMPLE INSPIRE THEE TO DO
THY PART IN PERPETUATING AND SPREADING THE LOFTY IDEALS
OF OUR REPUBLIC THROUGHOUT THE WORLD!

2. I AM AN AMERICAN

ELIAS LIEBERMAN

In the left-hand column are the words of a lad whose forefathers had lived in America for almost three hundred years. In the column at the right are the words of a boy whose ancestors had suffered for centuries under Russian despotism and whose parents had very recently come to America. Both boys are Americans; each is expressing his

reasons for loyalty and service to this country. Read first the column at the left; next the column at the right; then compare the two, sentence by sentence.

I am an American.

My father belongs to the Sons of the Revolution;

My mother, to the Colonial Dames.

One of my ancestors pitched tea overboard in Boston Harbor;

Another stood his ground with Warren;

Another hungered with Washington at Valley Forge.

My forefathers were America in the making;
They spoke in her council halls;
They died on her battlefields;

They commanded her ships;

They cleared her forests.

Dawns reddened and paled.

Stanch hearts of mine beat fast at each new star

In the Nation's flag.

Keen eyes of mine foresaw her greater glory:

The sweep of her seas,

I am an American.

My father was an atom of dust,

My mother a straw in the wind, to his Serene Majesty.

One of my ancestors died in the mines of Siberia;

Another was crippled for life by twenty blows of the knout·

Another was killed for defending his home during the massacres.

The history of my ancestors is a trail of blood
To the palace-gate of the Great White Czar.

And then the dream came —

The dream of America.

In the light of the Liberty torch

The atom of dust became a man

And the straw in the wind became a woman

For the first time.

"See," said my father, pointing to the flag that fluttered near,

The plenty of her plains,

The man-hives in her billion-wired cities.

Every drop of blood in me holds a heritage of patriotism.

I am proud of my past.

I am an American.

"That flag of stars and stripes is yours;

"It is the emblem of the promised land;

"It means, my son, the hope of humanity.

"Live for it — die for it!"

Under the open sky of my new country I swore to do so;

And every drop of blood in me will keep that vow.

I am proud of my future.

I am an American.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Read the line in each column which best shows the chief reason for the pride of each boy.
2. Which boy in your opinion seems to have the greater love for America? Is the "past" or the "future" a better reason for devotion? Which of the two Americans has the greater cause for loyalty?
3. What does the poet think are the chief reasons for the coming of immigrants to America? Explain whether the motives of 1920 are different from those of 1620.
4. Explain these expressions: "stanch hearts of mine"; "every drop of blood in me holds a heritage of freedom."
5. Explain the historical references in the fourth, fifth, and sixth lines of the left-hand column. If necessary, find the answers in an American history or an encyclopedia.
6. What do the second, third, and fourth lines of the right-hand column mean?
7. Have any of your ancestors given you a heritage of service to America? Explain.

3. THE CITIZEN

JAMES FRANCIS DWYER

About a year after the beginning of the World War two thousand foreigners, who had recently been naturalized, were welcomed to American citizenship at a great gathering in Philadelphia. The times were critical: submarine warfare with all its cruelty had recently been begun; three days before, the passenger ship *Lusitania* had been sunk with a loss of one hundred twelve Americans; many people felt that the United States was on the verge of war, and that the loyalty of all Americans, both native-born and foreign-born, would soon be severely tested. Several thousand men and women listened intently to the chief address on this occasion, given by President Wilson. Stirred by the dramatic nature of the event, Mr. Dwyer, himself a naturalized American, wrote this story.

The President of the United States was speaking. His audience comprised two thousand foreign-born men who had just been admitted to citizenship. They listened intently, their faces aglow with the light of a new-born patriotism, upturned to the calm, intellectual face of the first citizen of the country they now claimed as their own.

Here and there among the newly made citizens were wives and children. The women were proud of their men. They looked at them from time to time, their faces showing pride and awe.

One little woman, sitting immediately in front of the President, held the hand of a big muscular man and stroked it softly. The big man was looking at the speaker with great blue eyes that were the eyes of a dreamer.

The President's words came clear and distinct:

"*You were drawn across the ocean by some beckoning finger of hope, by some belief, by some vision of a new kind of justice, by some expectation of a better kind of life. You dreamed dreams of this country, and I hope you brought the dreams with you. A man enriches the country to which he brings dreams, and you who have brought them have enriched America.*"

The big man made a curious choking noise and his wife

breathed a soft "Hush!" The giant was strangely affected.

The President continued:

"No doubt you have been disappointed in some of us, but remember this, if we have grown at all poor in the ideal, you brought some of it with you. A man does not go out to seek the thing that is not in him. A man does not hope for the thing that he does not believe in, and if some of us have forgotten what America believed in, you at any rate imported in your own hearts a renewal of the belief. Each of you, I am sure, brought a dream, a glorious, shining dream, a dream worth more than gold or silver, and that is the reason that I, for one, make you welcome."

The big man's eyes were fixed. His wife shook him gently, but he did not heed her. He was looking past the speaker's platform, through the big buildings behind it, looking out over leagues of space to a snow-swept village on an island in the Beresina, the swift-flowing tributary of the mighty Dnieper, an island that looked like a black bone stuck tight in the maw of the stream.

It was in the little village on the Beresina that the Dream came to Ivan Berloff.

The Dream came in the spring. All great dreams come in the spring, and the Spring Maiden who brought Big Ivan's Dream was more than ordinarily beautiful. She swept up the Beresina, trailing wondrous draperies of vivid green. Her feet touched the snow-hardened ground, and armies of little white and blue flowers sprang up in her footsteps.

The father of Big Ivan, who had fought under Prince Menshikov fifty-five years before, hobbled out to see the sunbeams eat up the snow that hid in the shady places.

"The little breezes are hot and sweet," he said, sniffing hungrily, with his face turned toward the south. "They have the spice odor that I sniffed on the winds that came to us when we soldiers lay in the trenches. Praise God for the warmth!"

And that day the Dream came to Big Ivan as he ploughed. Like his father, he sniffed the sweet-smelling breezes. He

reached down and plucked one of a bunch of white flowers that had sprung up over night. The Dream was born of the breezes and the sunshine and the spring flowers.

That evening Big Ivan spoke to his wife, Anna, a little woman, who had a sweet face and a wealth of fair hair.

"Wife, we are going away from here," he said.

"Where are we going, Ivan?" she asked.

"Where do you think, Anna?" he said, looking down at her as she stood by his side.

"To Bobruisk," she murmured.

"No."

"Farther?"

"Ay, a long way farther."

Fear sprang into her soft eyes. Bobruisk was eighty-nine versts away, yet Ivan said they were going farther.

"We — we are not going to Minsk?" she cried.

"Ay, and beyond Minsk!"

"Ivan, tell me!" she gasped. "Tell me where we are going!"

"We are going to America."

"*To America?*"

"Yes, to America!"

Big Ivan lifted up his voice when he cried out the words "To America," and then a sudden fear sprang upon him as those words dashed through the little window out into the darkness of the village street. Was he mad? America was eight thousand versts away! It was far across the ocean, a place where he knew no one.

Anna remained staring at her big husband for a few minutes, then she sat down quietly at his side. There was a strange look in his big blue eyes — the look of a man to whom has come a vision, the look which came into the eyes of those shepherds of Judea long, long ago.

"What is it, Ivan?" she murmured softly, patting his big hand. "Tell me."

And Big Ivan, slow of tongue, told of the Dream. To no

one else would he have told it. Anna understood. She had a way of patting his hands and saying soft things when his tongue could not find words to express his thoughts.

Ivan told how the Dream had come to him as he ploughed. He told her how it had sprung upon him, a dream born of the soft breezes, of the sunshine, of the sweet smell of the upturned sod, and of his own strength. "It wouldn't come to weak men," he said, baring an arm that showed great muscles rippling beneath the clear skin. "It is a dream that comes only to those who are strong and whose who want — who want something that they haven't got." Then in a lower voice he said, "What is it that we want, Anna?"

The little wife looked out into the darkness with fear-filled eyes. There were spies in that little village of the Beresina, and it was dangerous to say words that might be regarded as a reflection on the government. But she answered Ivan. She stopped and whispered one word into his ear, and he slapped his thigh with his big hand.

"Ay," he cried, "that is what we want! You and I and millions like us want it, and over there, Anna, over there we shall get it."

Anna stood up, took a small jar from a side shelf, dusted it carefully, and placed it upon the mantel. From a knotted cloth about her neck she took a ruble and dropped the coin into the jar. Big Ivan looked at her curiously.

"It is to make legs for your Dream," she explained. "It is many versts to America, and one rides on rubles."

"You are a good wife," he said. "I was afraid that you might laugh at me."

"It is a great dream," she murmured.

The Dream maddened Ivan during the days that followed. He wanted to be moving, but Anna had said that one rode on rubles, and rubles were hard to find.

In some mysterious way the village became aware of the secret. Donkov the tailor discovered it. Donkov lived in one half of the cottage occupied by Ivan and Anna, and he

had long ears. The tailor spread the news, and Poborino the smith and Yanansk the baker would jeer at Ivan as he passed.

"When are you going to America?" they would ask.

"Soon," Ivan would answer.

"Take us with you!" they would cry in chorus.

"It is no place for cowards," Ivan would answer. "It is a long way, and only brave men can make the journey."

"Are you brave?" the baker screamed one day as Ivan went by.

"I am brave enough to want liberty!" cried Ivan, angrily. "I am brave enough to want ——"

"Be careful! be careful!" interrupted the smith. "A long tongue has given many a man a train journey that he never expected."

That night Ivan and Anna counted the rubles in the earthenware pot. The giant looked down at his wife with a gloomy face, but she smiled and patted his hand.

"It is slow work," he said.

"We must be patient," she answered. "You have the Dream."

"Ay," he said, "I have the Dream."

Through the hot summertime the Dream grew within the brain of Big Ivan. At times he would stand, hoe in hand, and look toward the west, the wonderful west into which the sun slipped down each evening like a coin dropped from the fingers of the dying day.

Autumn came, and the fretful, whining winds that came down from the north chilled the Dream. The winds whispered of the coming of the Snow King, and the river grumbled as it listened. Autumn is a bad time for dreams.

Winter came, and the Dream weakened. It was only the earthenware pot that kept it alive, the pot into which the industrious Anna put every coin that could be spared.

"You are a good woman, Anna," Ivan would say again and again. "It was you who thought of saving the rubles."

"But it was you who dreamed," she would answer. "Wait for the spring, husband mine. Wait."

It was strange how the spring came to the Beresina that year. It swept up the river, escorted by a million little breezes, and housewives opened their windows and peered out with surprise upon their faces.

Big Ivan was fixing a fence in the meadow on the morning the Spring Maiden reached the village. His mind was upon his work, but suddenly he discovered that he was hot, and he took off his coat. He turned to hang the coat upon a bush; then he sniffed the air. He sniffed again, hurriedly, hungrily. It was wonderful air. It brought life to the Dream. It rose up within him, ten times more lusty than on the day it was born.

Big Ivan clutched his coat and ran to the little cottage. He burst through the door, startling Anna, who was busy with her housework.

"The Spring!" he cried. "*The Spring!*"

He took her arm and dragged her to the door. In silence they listened to the song of the river. Anna pointed to a green bud on a bush beside the door.

"It came this minute," she murmured.

"Yes," said Ivan; "the little fairies brought it there to show us that spring has come to stay."

Together they turned and walked to the mantel. Big Ivan took up the earthenware pot, carried it to the table, and spilled its contents upon the well-scrubbed boards. He counted while Anna stood beside him, her fingers clutching his coarse blouse. It was slow business, because Ivan's big blunt fingers were not used to such work, but it was over at last.

"It is enough," he said quietly. "We will go at once. If it was not enough we would have to go because the Dream is upon me, and I hate this place."

"As you say," murmured Anna. "The wife of the butcher will buy our chairs and our bed. I spoke to her yesterday."

Poborino the smith, Yanansk the baker, Donkov the tailor, and a score of others were out upon the village street on the morning that Big Ivan and Anna set out. They were inclined to jeer at Ivan, but something upon the face of the giant made them afraid. Hand in hand the big man and his wife walked down the street, Ivan balancing upon his head a heavy trunk that no other man in the village could have lifted.

At the end of the street a boy with bright eyes and yellow curls clutched the hand of Ivan and looked into his face.

"I know what is sending you," he cried.

"Ay, *you* know," said Ivan, looking into the eyes of the other.

"It came to me yesterday," murmured the lad. "I got it from the breezes. They are free; so are the birds and the little clouds and the river. I wish I could go."

"Keep your dream," said Ivan softly. "Nurse it, for it is the dream of a man."

Anna, who was crying softly, touched the blouse of the boy. "At the back of our cottage, near the bush that bears the red berries, a pot is buried," she said. "Dig it up and take it home with you, and when you have a kopeck drop it in. It is a good pot."

The stripling understood. He stooped and kissed the hand of Anna, and Big Ivan patted him upon the back. They were brother dreamers and they understood each other.

Boris Lugan has sung the song of the versts that eat up one's courage as well as the leather of one's shoes.

> "Versts! versts! Scores and scores of them!
> Versts! versts! A million or more of them!
> Dust! dust! And the devils who play in it
> Blinding us fools who forever must stay in it."

Big Ivan and Anna faced the long versts to Bobruisk, but they were not afraid of the dust devils. They had the Dream. America was a long, long journey but they had started, and

every verst they covered lessened the number that lay between them and the Promised Land.

"I am glad the boy spoke to us," said Anna.

"And I am glad," said Ivan. "Some day he will come and eat with us in America."

They came to Bobruisk. Holding hands, they walked into it late one afternoon. They were eighty-nine versts from the little village on the Beresina, but they were not afraid. The railway ran through Bobruisk, and that evening they stood and looked at the shining rails that went out in the moonlight like silver tongs reaching out for a low-hanging star.

And they came face to face with the Terror that evening, the Terror that had helped the spring breezes and the sunshine to plant the Dream in the brain of Big Ivan.

They were walking down a dark side street when they saw a score of men and women creep from the door of an unpainted building. The little group remained on the sidewalk for a minute as if uncertain about the way they should go, then came a cry of "Police!"

It was no false alarm. Mounted police charged down the dark thoroughfare swinging their swords at the scurrying men and women who raced for shelter. Big Ivan dragged Anna into a doorway, and toward their hiding-place ran a young boy, who, like themselves, had no connection with the group and who merely desired to get out of harm's way.

The boy was not quick enough to escape the charge. A trooper pursued him, overtook him before he reached the sidewalk, and knocked him down with the flat of his blade. His horse struck the boy with one of his hoofs as the lad stumbled and fell.

Big Ivan growled like an angry bear and sprang from his hiding-place. The trooper's horse had carried him onto the sidewalk, and Ivan seized the bridle and flung the animal on its haunches. The policeman leaned forward to strike at the giant, but Ivan gripped the left leg of the horseman and tore him from his saddle.

The horse galloped off, leaving its rider lying beside the moaning boy who was unlucky enough to be in a street where a score of students were holding a meeting.

Anna dragged Ivan back into the passageway. More police were charging down the street, and their position was dangerous.

"Ivan!" she cried, "Ivan! Remember the Dream! America, Ivan! *America!* Come this way! *Quick!*"

With strong hands she dragged him down the passage. They hurried toward the place where they had taken lodging. From far off came screams and hoarse orders, curses, and the sound of galloping hoofs. The Terror was abroad.

Big Ivan spoke softly as he entered the little room they had taken. "He had a face like the boy to whom you gave the lucky pot," he said. "Did you notice it in the moonlight when the trooper struck him down?"

"Yes," she answered, "I saw."

They left Bobruisk next morning. They rode away on a great puffing, snorting train that terrified Anna. The real journey had begun. They began to love the powerful engine. It was eating up the versts at a tremendous rate.

They came to Minsk, the biggest town they had ever seen. They looked out from the car windows at the miles of wooden buildings, at the big church, and the woollen mills.

On and on went the train, the wheels singing the song of the road. Fellow travelers asked them where they were going. "To America," Ivan would answer.

"To America?" they would cry. "May the little saints guide you. It is a long way, and you will be lonely."

"No, we shall not be lonely," Ivan would say.

"Ha! you are going with friends?"

"No, we have no friends, but we have something that keeps us from being lonely." And when Ivan would make that reply Anna would pat his hand and the questioner would wonder if it was a charm or a holy relic that the bright-eyed couple possessed.

They ran through Vilna, on through flat stretches of Courland to Libau, where they saw the sea. They sat and stared at it for a whole day, talking little but watching it with wide, wondering eyes.

The harbor master spoke to Ivan and Anna as they watched the restless waters.

"Where are you going, children?"

"To America," answered Ivan.

"A long way. Three ships bound for America went down last month."

"Ours will not sink," said Ivan.

"Why?"

"Because I know it will not."

The harbor master looked at the strange blue eyes of the giant and spoke softly. "You have the eyes of a man who sees things," he said. "There was a Norwegian sailor in the *White Queen* who had eyes like yours, and he could see death."

"I see life!" said Ivan, boldly. "A free life —— "

"Hush!" said the harbor master. "Do not speak so loud." He walked swiftly away, but he dropped a ruble into Anna's hand as he passed her by. "For luck," he murmured. "May the little saints look after you on the big waters."

They boarded the ship, and the Dream gave them a courage that surprised them. There were others going aboard, and Ivan and Anna felt that those others were also persons who possessed dreams. Anna saw the dreams in their eyes. There were Slavs, Poles, Letts, Jews, and Livonians, all bound for the land where dreams come true.

The emigrant ship was dragged from her pier by a grunting tug and went floundering down the Baltic Sea. Night came down, and the devils who, according to the fishermen, live in the bottom of the Baltic, got their shoulders under the stern of the ship and tried to stand her on her head. Anna lay sick in the stuffy women's quarters, and Ivan could not get near her. But he sent her messages. He told her not to mind the sea devils, to think of the Dream.

Ivan grew to full stature on that first night out from Libau. He was not afraid. Down amid the smells of the steerage he induced a thin-faced Livonian to play upon a mouth organ, and Big Ivan sang Paleer's "Song of Freedom" in a voice that drowned the creaking of the old vessel's timbers and made the seasick ones forget their sickness. They sat up in their berths and joined in the chorus, their eyes shining brightly in the half gloom:

"Freedom for serf and for slave,
Freedom for all men who crave
Their right to be free
And who hate to bend knee
But to Him who this right to them gave."

The emigrant ship pounded through the Cattegat, swung southward through the Skagerrack and the bleak North Sea. But the storm pursued her. The big waves snarled at her, and the captain and the chief officer consulted with each other. They decided to run into the Thames, and the harried steamer nosed her way in and anchored off Gravesend.

An examination was made, and the agents decided to transship the emigrants. They were taken to London and thence by train to Liverpool, and Ivan and Anna sat again side by side, holding hands and smiling at each other.

"You are not afraid?" Ivan would say to her each time she looked at him.

"It is a long way, but the Dream has given me courage," she said.

"To-day I spoke to a Lett whose brother works in New York City," said the giant. "Do you know how much money he earns each day?"

"How much?" she questioned.

"Three rubles, and he calls the policemen by their first names."

"You will earn five rubles, my Ivan," she murmured. "There is no one as strong as you."

Once again they were herded into a big ship that steamed away through the fog banks out into the Irish Sea.

The Atlantic was kind. Through sunny days Ivan and Anna sat up on deck and watched the horizon. They wanted to be among those who would get the first glimpse of the wonderland.

They saw it on a morning with sunshine and soft winds. Standing together in the bow, they looked at the smear upon the horizon, and their eyes filled with tears. They forgot the long road to Bobruisk, the rocking journey to Libau, the sea devils of the Baltic. Everything unpleasant was forgotten, because the Dream filled them with a great happiness.

The inspectors at Ellis Island were interested in Ivan. They walked around him and prodded his muscles, and he smiled down upon them good-naturedly.

"A fine animal," said one. "He's a new white hope! Ask him if he can fight?"

An interpreter put the question and Ivan nodded. "I have fought," he said.

"Ask him was it for purses or what," cried the inspector.

"For freedom," answered Ivan.

Ivan and Anna left the government ferryboat at the Battery. They started to walk uptown, Ivan carrying the big trunk that no other man could lift.

It was a wonderful morning. The city was bathed in warm sunshine, and the well-dressed men and women who crowded the sidewalks made the two immigrants think that it was a holiday. Ivan and Anna stared at each other in amazement.

"It is a feast day for certain," said Anna.

"They are dressed like princes and princesses," murmured Ivan. "There are no poor here, Anna. None."

Like two simple children they walked along the streets of the City of Wonder. What a contrast it was to the gray towns where the Terror waited to spring upon the people.

They lost their way, but they walked on, looking at the shop windows, the elevated trains, and the huge skyscrapers.

Hours afterward they found themselves in Fifth Avenue near Thirty-third Street, and there a miracle happened to them. It was a big miracle because it proved the Dream a truth, a great truth.

Ivan and Anna attempted to cross the avenue, but they became confused in the traffic. Anna screamed, and in response to her scream a traffic policeman, resplendent in a new uniform, rushed to her side. He took the arm of Anna and flung up a commanding hand. The charging autos halted. For five blocks north and south they jammed on the brakes when the interruption occurred, and Big Ivan gasped.

"Don't be flurried, little woman," said the cop. "Sure I can tame 'em by liftin' me hand."

Anna didn't understand what he said, but she knew it was something nice by the manner in which his Irish eyes smiled down upon her. And in front of the waiting automobiles he led her with the same care that he would give to a duchess, while Ivan, carrying the big trunk, followed them, wondering much. Ivan's mind went back to Bobruisk on the night the Terror was abroad.

The policeman led Anna to the sidewalk, patted Ivan upon the shoulder, and then with a sharp whistle unloosed the waiting stream of cars that had been held up so that two Russian immigrants could cross the avenue.

Big Ivan took the trunk from his head and put it on the ground. He reached out his arms and folded Anna in a great embrace. His eyes were wet.

"The Dream is true!" he cried. "Did you see, Anna? This is the land where a peasant is as good as a prince of the blood!"

The President was nearing the close of his address. Anna shook Ivan, and Ivan came out of the trance which the President's words had brought upon him. He sat up and listened intently:

"*We grew great by dreams. All big men are dreamers. They*

see things in the soft haze of a spring day or in the red fire of a long winter's evening. Some of us let those great dreams die, but others nourish and protect them, nurse them through bad days till they bring them to the sunshine and light which come always to those who sincerely hope that their dreams will come true."

The President finished. For a moment he stood looking down at the faces turned up to him, and Big Ivan thought that the President smiled at him. Ivan seized Anna's hand and held it tight.

"He knew of my Dream!" he cried. "He knew of it. Did you hear what he said about the dreams of a spring day?"

"Of course he knew," said Anna. "He is the wisest man in America, where there are many wise men. Ivan, you are a citizen now."

"And you are a citizen, Anna."

The band started to play the national anthem, and Ivan and Anna got to their feet. Standing side by side, holding hands, they joined in with the others who had found after long days of journeying the blessed land where dreams come true.

— *Abridged.*

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Glance through the story and give its three main parts. Give each part a title (see the titles in "A Pioneer Home in the Wilderness," p. 12).
2. Did Big Ivan's dream come true? Explain.
3. Is the coming of people like Big Ivan and Anna an advantage to America? To Russia? Explain.
4. What was Dwyer's purpose in writing this story? Compare it with Lieberman's purpose in writing "I Am an American," p. 317.
5. What word did Anna whisper in Big Ivan's ear (p. 323)? What makes you think so?
6. Why does the author have Ivan's dream come in the spring? What effect did the summer have upon his dream? The autumn? The winter? Read aloud the paragraphs in which you find the answers.

7. Explain what it means "to make legs for your dream." Can you tell of a dream for which you "made legs"?
8. Can you trace on a map the journey of Big Ivan and Anna? Why does the author choose Russia as the native land of his hero? Why does he choose a village in the interior rather than a seaport on the Baltic?
9. What details does the author use to show the strength of Big Ivan and of Anna? Why does he represent these immigrants as having different kinds of strength?
10. What was the "Terror"? Find the incident in New York City which serves as a contrast to the "Terror" in Russia.
11. Can you explain these expressions:
    a. "A new-born patriotism."
    b. "A man enriches the country to which he brings dreams."
    c. "A man does not go out to seek the thing that is not in him."
    d. "A long tongue has given many a man a journey that he never expected."
    e. "All big men are dreamers."
12. "No wonder this America of ours is big. We draw the brave ones from the old lands, the brave ones whose dreams are like the guiding sign that was given to the Israelites of old — a pillar of cloud by day, a pillar of fire by night."
    Explain this quotation. The passage in the Bible to which it refers is in *Exodus*, 13:21 22. Can you give examples of "pillars" in your own community or in American history?
13. *Volunteer project.* What experiences would Big Ivan probably face in America which might cause him to change his opinion of his new country? Show how this is brought out in Mary H. Vorse's "Aliens" in *The Outlook*, 125:24–26.
14. Can Americans whose families have lived in this country for many generations, like the first boy in "I Am an American" (p. 317), have dreams somewhat like Big Ivan's? Is it more or less difficult for them to have dreams? Explain.
15. Is "The Citizen" a good title for this story? Can you suggest a better?

Additional Readings. — 1. "Early Experiences in America," J. J. Davis, *The Iron Puddler*, 40–55. 2. "My Schoolmates Teach Me American," A. Priddy, *Through the Mill*, 49–65. 3. "The Coming of Our Ancestors to America," H. C. Hill, *Community Life and Civic Problems*, 145–152. 4. "The Alien," H. B. Fuller, in W. Talbot, *Americanization*, 103–106.

4. THE MELTING-POT

ISRAEL ZANGWILL

The Melting-Pot is a play which develops the idea in the following paragraph. Read the paragraph slowly and thoughtfully twice. Then study the sentences you do not understand. Is your difficulty caused by unfamiliar words? If so, and you cannot get their meaning from the rest of the sentence, look them up in the glossary. Test your understanding of the paragraph by trying to answer the questions below the extract.

The scene is a roof-garden of a settlement house, showing a beautiful, far-stretching panorama of New York City, with its irregular sky buildings on one side, and on the other the harbor, with its Statue of Liberty. The sun is sinking in a blaze of glory. The hero of the drama, David, a Jewish immigrant youth who had suffered cruel persecution in Russia, turns toward the west, and as he points to the great city and its harbor says in an impassioned voice:

"There she lies, the great Melting-Pot — listen! Can't you hear the roaring and the bubbling? There gapes her mouth — the harbor where a thousand mammoth feeders come from the ends of the world to pour in their human freight. Ah, what a stirring and a seething! Celt and Latin, Slav and Teuton, Greek and Syrian — black and yellow — Jew and Gentile. Yes, East and West, and North and South, the palm and the pine, the pole and the equator, the crescent and the cross — how the great Alchemist melts and fuses them with his purging flame! Here shall they all unite to build the Republic of Man and the Kingdom of God. Ah, what is the glory of Rome and Jerusalem, where all nations and races come to worship and look back, compared with the glory of America, where all races and nations come to labor and look forward!"

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. For what is a melting-pot used? In what sense is America a melting-pot? Give examples or illustrations which support your answers. In what ways is Zangwill's use of "melting-pot"

a good figure of speech? (Ask your teacher to explain the meaning of "figure of speech.") Point out any other figures of speech you find in this selection.

2. Which of the following phrases can you explain: "a thousand mammoth feeders," "the crescent and the cross," "the great Alchemist"?
3. Point out the words which should receive chief emphasis in the last sentence. Tell why you think so.
4. For what reasons is Zangwill glad that the United States is a melting-pot?
5. Give in a sentence the central thought in this selection.
6. For a vivid account of the impression Americans sometimes make on foreigners, read H. Münsterberg, *The Americans*, 229–254; or R. Brooks, *As Other See Us*.
7. *Volunteer projects:*
   a. Ask some one who was born in Europe to tell you about his journey to America. Report his story to the class.
   b. Look up the percentage of different nationalities that make up the present population of the United States. Report to the class the figures as you find them in *The Statesman's Year Book*, *The Chicago Daily News Almanac*, or in *The New York World Almanac and Encyclopedia*.

Test in Understanding and Oral Reading

Have three members of the class read this selection aloud. Which reader best brings out the thought as you understand it? How does he do it? (See pp. 176 and 317, No. 5.)

CLASS-LIBRARY READINGS

VISIONS AND PURPOSES OF NEWCOMERS TO AMERICA

1. "Coming to the Colonies," *Real Stories from Our History*, 3–19.
2. "Experiences in the New Land," *ibid.*, 10–16.
3. "When the West Was New," *ibid.*, 98–103.
4. "An English Immigrant's journey to Illinois Territory," *ibid.*, 110–115.
5. "Glimpses of Western Pioneer Life," *ibid.*, 116–120.
6. "Building Homes in the New Land," *Book of Knowledge*, 2: 513–525.
7. "A Band of Exiles on the Wild New England Shore," *Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia*, 7: 2841–2846.

B. EXPERIENCES OF NEW AMERICANS

1. EARLY EXPERIENCES IN AMERICA

EDWARD A. STEINER

As you read this selection, notice the main parts into which it falls. Be ready to tell about the part which interested you most, after you read this part a second time.

It seems so long ago that I might almost say, "Once upon a time," an Italian came to our town in Austria with a grind-organ, a monkey, and a parrot. The grind-organ and the monkey performed for rich and poor alike, but only the lucky owner of a certain number of *kreutzers* could arouse the parrot, which, with eyes shut, sat upon his perch while the organ played and the monkey performed. No doubt the parrot was trying to forget this wretched company, and was dreaming of the far-off paradise which once was his.

Now *kreutzers*, the small coin of our realm, were rather rare in the pockets of little boys. Inasmuch as the parrot was announced to be a celebrated fortune-teller, I wanted to test him; so I teased my dear mother just long enough to get the coveted number of coins.

With an air of great importance I pushed through the crowd which encircled the Italian; the eyes of the multitude

were upon me. At least I thought they were, although in reality they were fixed on the parrot; for there had been long dispute as to whether he was alive or not. His master took my money and struck the perch upon which the bird sat immovable, with eyes shut. Quizzically it cocked its head, looked at the promised reward in the hand of its trainer, then majestically descended, drew an envelope out of a row, which no doubt held the fate of all youths of my age, and dropped it upon the little table. Thus my fortune was told, and my fate sealed.

The crowd urged me to open it, but I ran home as fast as I could, reading as I ran. Even before the house was reached, I cried out breathlessly, "Mother, I am going to America, and I am going to marry a rich wife."

"I told you," said the dear mother, with a smile which concealed a tear, "you would waste your money. You will stay at home with your widowed mother and be her comfort in her old age."

Then she took me out into the garden under the big pear tree, and showed me the boundaries of our small estate: the poppy field, the cabbage patch, the prune trees — all the land from the *pottock*, the creek, to the edge of the dusty highway.

"This," she said, "will be yours, my son, and you will get a good, pious wife right here, rather than to go among the Indians and marry a wild woman."

In spite of the allurements offered, my imagination was fired by the parrot's prophecy, and that evening I sought out my teacher and asked him how to go to America.

"It is so far, my boy," said he, "that you will never reach there. It is one day by the omnibus, four days and nights by the railroad, and then across the *yam* — the great sea — for fourteen days.

"A ship," he continued, "does not go like the omnibus, but like a nutshell on the *pottock*, and you may at any moment be spilled over and eaten by the fish."

Long, long after this, my boyhood outgrown, a part of the parrot's prophecy was to be fulfilled.

In the part of the world where I lived there were, as everywhere, the rulers and the ruled, the oppressors and the oppressed: namely, the Magyars and the Slovaks. The latter have never been strong enough to gain national independence.[1] I sensed their wrongs in my childhood and felt them keenly as I grew into manhood, especially after I came in touch with the revolutionary literature of that period. I think that most boys pass through some heroic stage, where the thought of martyrdom seems like wine in their blood. I was at that age and was guilty of many a senseless act.

One day, when I was at home during vacation after a severe examination period, a copyist from the judge's office came to my mother and told her that for a certain sum he would reveal to her an official secret, which would save me from falling into the hands of the vengeful government. I am fairly sure I was liable to a reprimand or a slight punishment, and that the shrewd copyist played on the fears of a mother who loved her boy and feared the law.

Before I knew it I was on my way to America, the copyist promising to hold the secret till I should be safe across the border. Within three days of my leaving home I was on the big *yam*, the ship *did* act like a nutshell on the *pottock*, and I wished many a time that I had left the parrot dreaming on his perch instead of waking him to prophesy for me so awful a fate.

When I went down for the first time into the steerage, no one said a word of cheer, no one waved farewell. I left strangers standing on the receding wharf and I was among eleven hundred strangers. I was going to a land full of strangers, and when I reached my bunk in a dark, deep corner of the hold, something which felt like a cold, icy hand gripped my heart.

[1] The *Slovaks* gained independence as a result of the World War; their country is now called Czechoslovakia (chek'ō-slō-va'kĭ-a).

During the voyage there were strange, awful hours when the waves came thundering over the deck and the wind played among the rigging, when the ship twisted and groaned in agony and we thought every moment was our last. After the storm there came calm and sunny days when gulls circled the ship and rested upon the quiet deep, and a tiny shore bird, driven by the wind, sought shelter on the deck. In the distance sails glided into view and disappeared; a long line of smoke betrayed the presence of many boats whose routes were to meet at the great port. The pilot came on board and we passed the Fire Ship, which guards the channel. Then the hours grew heavy and the morrow loomed with its uncertainty.

Day dawned, with an azure sky, and in the far distance that which looked like a cloud grew clear and remained immovable — land! Then the rapture of it struggled with the care and burden and rose triumphantly over them.

America! We were in the magic, holy land — America! I have seen this rapture and felt it. I should like the entrance into the United States to be a poem to all who come and not the horrible tragedy into which it often resolves itself when the first ecstasy is over. All the way across the sea I would make of every ship a school, with such fair comforts as men are entitled to for their money.

I have suffered much here, I have gone the whole scale of hunger, sorrow, and despair; yet I say it again and again, "Holy America! Holy America!" And I want all men to be able to say it, as they said it with me under the lee of the land where free men live.

In those days, when I first landed in the United States, medical examination was not so thorough as now, and I do not believe there were more than half a dozen inspectors who searched into the secrets of my pocketbook and other deeper mysteries. I know that it was all over very soon and that I stood on the threshold of the United States, the bitter taste

of banana peeling upon my lips and around me a surging mass of evil-looking gentry, each one anxious to get hold of me and carry me bodily, if need be, to the lodging-house which he represented. A dozen voices shouted at me, "Hey, landsman!" By the law of chance, I fell into the hands of a landsman, who led me triumphantly to a lodging-house.

It was the dinner hour, and for the first time I put my feet under an American table. I was hungry, and whatever I paid for the meal — I think it was fifty cents — it was worth the money; not because I ate enough food, but because I learned an important lesson.

The dinner was served in a second-class American boarding-house. Everything came on at once and disappeared at once, while I meekly awaited my turn.

A German barber, who had a shop next door, said to me after we left the table:

"Young man, in this country you must remember that God helps those who help themselves."

After dinner I went up and down Broadway looking for something to do. I did not venture far, for I knew no English and had but little money. On returning to the boarding-house and paying for my supper and a night's lodging in advance, I did not have a single cent left. The next morning I woke in the great city without money and without friends.

That day I had nothing to eat. I knew I was in a free country, but the only thing which was free, and that made no little impression upon me, was ice water. I helped myself to it, not so much to quench my thirst, as in the vain hope that I would disarrange my digestive apparatus and thus stop its call for food; but the more water I drank the hungrier I grew.

When evening came and the stores were being closed, I remembered that my mother had given me the address of a distant relative who many years before had gone to New York. The place was not hard to find, but as it was over eighty blocks away and I had to walk the entire distance, I was more dead than alive when I reached the place. Upon

making myself known I was very cordially received, and I remember most vividly how delicious were the foods which were served me and how I went to sleep in my chair while trying to answer all the questions about the people left behind. Thus closed my first full day in the United States.

I have since frequently walked over that same route, and I always recall the entire strangeness of it; the loneliness, the hunger, the weariness, and at last night under the roof of unknown relatives who shared their home with me. The things I remember best, however, are that ice water was free in the United States, that there were no soldiers in the streets, that policemen were scarce, that bananas might be relished by Americans but that to a civilized European they were tough on the outside and mushy within; but above all else — that this is a country in which "God helps those who help themselves."

— *Adapted.*

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Point out the main parts of this narrative. Tell the story of the part which was most interesting to you.
2. Give the reason for Steiner's coming to America. Why does he call this country "Holy America"?
3. Describe Steiner's first hours in New York City. What experience made the deepest impression upon him?
4. *Volunteer work:*
   a. Find out from some immigrant the reasons which brought him to America and the early experience which impressed him most.
   b. Find a selection similar to this in M. E. Ravage's *An American in the Making*, A. M. Rihbany's *A Far Journey*, J. A. Riis's *The Making of An American*, or some other book by an immigrant, which the librarian may suggest to you, or which you may select from the book list on pp. 313-314.

Additional Readings. — 1. "The Roosian: the Story of a New Citizen," M. Ashmun, in *Craftsman*, 30: 470–474. 2. "Brothers," A. Yezierska, in *Harper's Magazine*, 142: 512–524. 3. "How I Found America," A. Yezierska, *Hungry Hearts*, 250–298.

2. FINDING WORK IN AMERICA

CONSTANTINE M. PANUNZIO

This is the story of an Italian boy, who at the age of thirteen became a sailor, left his native land, and after strange adventures became by his own choice an American citizen.

"It recounts the struggles of an average immigrant. It is not the life story of a Jacob Riis, an Andrew Carnegie, or an Edward Bok that is told here, but that of an immigrant lad who has been neither too successful nor too unsuccessful. The stories of great and successful immigrants have led some Americans to say: 'See what great people immigrants are! We need more of them'; while others, equally as superficially, have said: 'If these immigrants have been able to make such a mark for themselves in our world, *all* immigrants could do the same if they wanted to.' Both of these statements are beautiful, but what they imply is not true."

See how many minutes it takes you to read this story.

Late in the evening, when the noise of the street traffic was subsiding, and the silence of the night was slowly creeping over Boston, I took my sea chest, my sailor bag, and all I had, and set foot on American soil. I was in America. Of immigration laws I had no knowledge; of the English language I knew not a word; of friends I had none in Boston or elsewhere in America to whom I might turn for counsel or help. I had exactly fifty cents remaining out of a dollar which the captain had finally seen fit to give me. But as I was soon to earn money and return to Italy, I felt no concern.

A Charlestown barber took me in his home that first night with the distinct understanding that I could stay only one night. So the next morning bright and early, leaving all my belongings with the barber, I started out in search of a job. I roamed about the streets, not knowing where or to whom to turn. That day and the next four days I had one loaf of bread each day for food, and at night, not having money with which to purchase shelter, I stayed on the recreation pier.

One night, very weary and lonely, I lay upon a bench and soon dozed off into a light sleep. The next thing I knew I

cried out in bitter pain and fright. A policeman had stolen up to me quietly and with his club had dealt me a heavy blow upon the soles of my feet. He drove me away, and I cried my first American cry. What became of me that night I cannot say.

The next few days I roamed aimlessly about the streets. On the fifth day, by mere chance, I ran across a French sailor on the recreation pier. We immediately became friends. His name was Louis. Just to look at Louis made one smile. He was over six feet tall, lank, queer-shaped, freckle-faced, and with small eyes and a crooked nose. Louis could not speak Italian; he had a smattering of what he called "Italien," but I could not see it his way.

Not far from the recreation pier on which we met is located the Italian colony of "North End," Boston. To this Louis and I made our way, and to an Italian boarding-house. How we happened to find it and to get in I do not now recall. It was a "three-room apartment," and the landlady informed us that she was already "full," but since we had no place to go, she would take us in.

Added to the crowd that was already gathered there, our coming made fourteen people. At night the floor of the kitchen and the dining-table were turned into beds. Louis and I were put to sleep in one of the beds with two other men, two facing north and two south. As I had slept all my life in a bed or bunk by myself this quadrupling did not appeal to me. But we could not complain. We had been taken in on trust, and the filth, the smells, and the crowding together were part of the trust.

We began to inquire about jobs and were promptly informed that there was plenty of work at "pick and shovel." We were also given to understand by our fellow-boarders that "pick and shovel" was practically the only work available to Italians. Now these were the first two English words I had heard and they possessed great charm. Moreover, if I was to earn money to return home and this was the only work

available for Italians, they were weighty words for me; I must master them as soon and as well as possible and then set out to find their hidden meaning.

I practised for a day or two until I could say "peek" and "shuvle" to perfection. Then I asked a fellow-boarder to take me to see what the work was like. He led me to some excavation work that was going on, and there I saw with my own eyes what the "peek" and "shuvle" were about. My heart sank within me, for I had thought it some form of office work; but since this was the only work available for Italians, and since I must have money to return home, I would take it up. After all, it was only a means to an end, and would last but a few days.

So we went out to hunt our first job in America. For several mornings Louis and I went to North Square, where there were generally a large number of men loitering in groups discussing all kinds of subjects, particularly the labor market. One morning we were standing in front of one of the institutions which in America are permitted to bear the name of "immigrant banks," when we saw a fat man coming toward us.

"Buon giorno, padrone," said one of the men. "Padrone?" said I to myself. Now the word "padrone" in Italy is applied to a proprietor, generally a respectable man, at least one whose dress and appearance distinguish him as a man of means. This man not only showed no signs of good breeding in his face, but he was unshaven and dirty and his clothes were shabby. I could not quite understand how he could be called "padrone." However, I said nothing, because I wanted to be polite when I was in American society!

The "padrone" came up to our group and began to wax eloquent about the advantages of a certain job. I remember very clearly the points which he emphasized: "It is not very far, only twelve miles from Boston. For a few cents you can come back any time you wish, to see your relatives and friends. The company has a 'shantee' in which you can

sleep, and a 'storo' where you can buy your 'grosserie' all very cheap. 'Buona paga' (good pay)," he continued, "$1.25 a day, and you only have to pay me fifty cents a week for having gotten you this 'gooda jobba.' I do it only to help you and because you are my countrymen. If you come back here at six o'clock to-night with your bundles, I myself will take you out."

The generosity of this man impressed Louis and me profoundly; we looked at each other and said, "Wonderful!" We decided we would go; so at the appointed hour we returned to the very spot. About twenty men finally gathered and we took a train to some suburban place, the name of which I have never been able to learn. On reaching our destination we were taken to the "shantee," where we were introduced to two long open bunks filled with straw. These were to be our beds. The "storo" of which we had been told was at one end of the shanty.

The next morning we were taken out to work. It was a sultry autumn day. The "peek" seemed to grow heavier at every stroke and the "shuvle" wider and larger in its capacity to hold the gravel. The second day was no better than the first, and the third was worse than the second. The work was heavy and monotonous. The "padrone" whose magnanimity had so stirred us was little better than a brute.

We began to do some simple figuring and discovered that when we had paid for our groceries at the "storo," for the privilege of sleeping in the shanty, and the fifty cents to the "padrone" for having employed us, we would have nothing left but sore arms and backs. So on the afternoon of the third day Louis and I decided to drop the "peek and shuvle" — forever. We left, without receiving a cent of pay.

Going across the country on foot we came to a small manufacturing village. We decided to try our luck at the factory, which proved to be a woollen mill, and found employment. Our work was sorting old rags and carrying them in wheelbarrows into a hot oven, in which the air was almost suffo-

cating. Every time a person went in the oven he was forced to run out as quickly as possible, for the heat was unbearable.

Unfortunately for us, the crew was composed almost entirely of Russians, who hated us from the first day, and called us "dagoes." I had never heard the word before. I asked Louis if he knew its meaning, but he did not. In going in and out of the oven the Russians would crowd against us and make it hard for us to pass. One morning as I was coming out, four of the men hedged me in. I thought I would suffocate. I finally succeeded in pushing out, my hand having been cut in the rush of the wheelbarrows.

The superintendent of the factory had seen the whole incident. He was a very kindly man. From his light complexion I think he was a Swede. He came to my rescue, reprimanded the Russians, and led me to his office, where he bandaged my hand. Then he called Louis and explained the situation to us. The Russians looked upon us as intruders and were determined not to work side by side with "the foreigners," but to drive them out of the factory. Therefore, much as he regretted it, he was obliged to ask us to leave, since there were only two of us, as against the large number of Russians who made up his unskilled crew.

We had to hunt another job. We returned to Boston still penniless and to the good graces of the "padrona" of the filthy boarding-house. Louis now spent a penny for an Italian newspaper and looked over the "want ads." He saw what seemed to be a good prospect for a job and we decided to apply for it.

We called upon the "honorable" agency and were told that we would be given work. "It is out in the country, in the woods of Maine. Wages $30 per month, board and room. Good, healthy job." It sounded too good to let go, so we accepted the offer.

We reported at seven o'clock according to instructions. A crowd of men jammed the office, the stairway, and loitered on the sidewalk — a whole regiment, all properly equipped

with their personal belongings. We were led to North Station and huddled together three deep in one car. We travelled all that night and the next day, with nothing to eat except the little food each man had brought with him. At two o'clock the next afternoon we reached our destination.

We followed the "boss" to a small steamer about thirty-five feet long. Ordinarily it would not have carried over fifty people, but it took practically all of us. In spite of my sea-loving instincts, my heart sank within me. But as we were promised food as soon as we had crossed the lake, Louis and I pushed our way in, dragging my chest and bag behind.

It was dark by the time we reached the upper end of one of the Twin Lakes. We landed in the heart of a solitary forest. As soon as we were on "terra foresta" we smelled food, and then and there I had my first taste of pork and beans, molasses cookies, and coffee and "cream."

The next morning we began our work. I was given an axe and a whetstone. As I was a seaman and had never wielded such weapons before, at first I did not know what to do with them. But imitating others, I tried my hand at it, but soon found my axe handleless. I seemed to have the knack of hitting the tree once and only once in the same place. No one dared work near me for fear of losing his life.

The boss, who was a Scandinavian, was very patient and kind, and seeing my lack of skill at chopping trees, put me to work dragging small logs into the paths for the men who were building bridges. But I was as untrained in the art of being a mule as I was unskilled in wielding an axe. At last I was placed at "fetching" water for the lumbermen.

We were nine days in building bridges and opening roads before we reached the location of our permanent camp. In the meantime, I had begun to have strong convictions that Louis and I had better end this existence. So we held a conference, and on the evening of the ninth day packed up our belongings and left. Of course, we drew no pay.

Some time later we separated. That day my feelings

were far from joyous. Here I was, alone, the only real companion I had in America forever gone. I was far from Boston and farther than ever from my dream of returning home. By evening I reached the depot at Stacyville, and sitting down upon the station platform, I put my face in my hands and began to live again in my memory all the years of my wanderings. An inexpressible longing seized me to return to my people across the sea.

I arose, gritting my teeth. Walking up to the station master, I told my story, and offering him the seventy-five cents which I had, I asked him to sell me a ticket to the nearest place where I could find even one Italian. I longed just to talk to some one in my own tongue. But he shook his head; the nearest place was so far away that seventy-five cents was not enough to take me there.

Just then a man drove up with a load of potatoes. The station master explained my troubles to him and asked him if he did not want a young man to work for him. Then and there George Annis, for that was his name, offered me work on his farm at $15 a month, with board, room, and washing. It seemed very good to me. In two or three months I would earn enough for my return passage to Italy. So I helped him unload his potatoes and drove back with him to his farm.

I was much pleased at the outset to learn that George Annis was an *American*. Thus far I had come into personal contact with an Italian barber; Louis, a Frenchman; my "padrone," an Italian; the factory superintendent, a Swede; and my boss at the lumber camp, a Scandinavian. All the while I had wondered what an American employer was like. So I was pleased to have Annis as my "boss."

The first event of importance which occurred in my life in this American home was the changing of my name. My new name fairly smelled of Americanism. For a period of some three months I was known as "Mr. Beefsteak." When I discovered its meaning, I naturally objected to passing for

Italian tenderloin. Then George gave me a second name, Frank Nardi, which stayed with me until I entered school and was able to assume my own name again.

At once I set myself to the task of learning English. My motive for this was twofold: first I realized that a knowledge of English was necessary to my work; and second, I wanted to learn English so that on my return home in a few months I might become an interpreter like an old blind man I had seen in Italy years before. I applied myself to this task as best I could by listening to the speech of others, and in five months had gained a sufficient knowledge of English to provoke the remark that I was a "liar" when I said I had been in this country but a few months.

But I started to tell the story of my first lessons in English. Soon after my arrival at the Annis farm I was put at the task of picking up potatoes. We had two sets of barrels; I was told to put the large potatoes into one barrel, and the small ones, together with those partly decayed, into another. In my eagerness to learn English, I asked John Brown, a fellow worker, "What call these?" pointing to the large potatoes. "Those are good, good potatoes," was his answer. As the most obvious quality was the size, rather than the goodness, of these potatoes, "good" naturally meant "large" to me. "And what those?" I inquired, pointing to the small and decayed potatoes. "Those are rotten," said Brown. In contrast with "large," "rotten" then meant "small" to me.

The days passed and I felt happy in the thought of having learned two very essential words, "large" and "small." One day I saw a beautiful young colt going by. I called Gracie, the housekeeper's little girl, and asked her, "What call that?" "Colt," she said. Putting the two things together, I said, "That is a rotten colt." She laughed and I could not understand why. As no one enlightened me, I kept on using the two words "good" and "rotten" in the sense I understood them. Whenever I saw a small house, I would say: "That

is a rotten house," or a small man, "That is a rotten man." And people laughed at my English!

I worked on George Annis's farm until late fall, and in the winter I went into the woods with him and worked as "cookie" or assistant cook, and in a lumbering camp of his own. In the early spring we returned to the farm. The time had at last come when I was ready to return to Italy. I had worked for six months; at $15 a month that meant $90. I had received only five dollars in cash, and that would leave $85 coming to me, which would certainly be sufficient to buy me a third-class passage and leave something with which to purchase a few gifts to take back with me. In the meantime I had been in correspondence with an Italian bank in Boston and had made arrangements for them to reserve for "Frank Nardi" a third-class passage for the middle of April.

About the first of the month I went to Annis and asked him to pay me. He said that he would do so in a few days. The middle of the month was approaching and the time for my departure was near, so again I went to him. It was then that the truth came out. He laughed at me and, with a sneer upon his lips which I remember to this very day, handed me a five-dollar bill and said that was all he could pay me.

I cannot well describe the feeling which came over me. It was as if the very earth had crumbled away under my feet; I was bitterly angry; I hated the man and I hated America with all the strength of my young soul. And as I reflect upon the incident and the feelings which surged through my being on that day, I understand why "foreigners" are so often suspicious, and why they so often have cause to feel anything but admiration or love for America.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Glance over this story again and make a list of the seven most important episodes. Then compare your list with that given below. How many did you have right? Your score depends on whether you had the right idea; not on whether your wording is the same as that given below.

2. On which of these episodes can you give a good floor-talk?
   1. Panunzio's Experience with the Police.
   2. The Italian Boarding-House.
   3. The First Job — "Pick and Shovel."
   4. The Second Job — "The Woolen Mill."
   5. The Third Job — "The Lumber Camp."
   6. The Fourth Job — "George Annis and the Farm."
   7. Panunzio and the Learning of English.
3. This story contains 3232 words. How long did it take you to read it? What is your reading rate per minute? Compare your rate as found after reading "Home Folks and Neighbor People," pp. 46–51.

3. THE HARDSHIPS OF A GREENHORN

MICHAEL PUPIN

When fifteen years of age, Michael Pupin, a Serbian lad, lured by stories of Franklin and Lincoln, made his way to America in the crowded steerage of an immigrant ship. He mastered our language, worked his way through college, was graduated with honors at Columbia University, became a university professor, and invented the device which makes it possible to telephone long distances. Read rapidly the story of his early difficulties in our country, and try to see the main parts of the narrative.

My first night under the Stars and Stripes was spent in Castle Garden. It was a glorious night, I thought; no howling of the gales, no crashing of the waves, and no tumbling motion of the world beneath my feet, such as I had experienced on the immigrant ship. The feeling of being on *terra firma* sank deep into my consciousness and I slept the sound sleep of a healthy youth, although my bed was a bare floor.

The early morning saw me at my breakfast, enjoying a huge bowl of hot coffee and a big chunk of bread with some butter, supplied by the Castle Garden authorities at Uncle Sam's expense. Then I started out, eager to catch a glimpse of great New York, feeling, in the words of the psalmist, "as a strong man ready to run a race." An old lady sat near the gate of Castle Garden offering cakes and candies for sale. A piece of prune pie caught my eye, and no true Serb can resist

the allurements of prunes. It is a national sweetmeat. I bought it, paying five cents for it, the only money I had, and then I made a bee-line across Battery Park, at the same time eating my pie.

My first bargain in America proved a failure. The prune pie was a deception; it was a prune pie filled with prune pits, and I thought of the words of my fellow passenger on the immigrant ship who said that "no matter who you are, or what you know, or what you have, you will be a greenhorn when you land in America." The prune-pie transaction whispered into my ear, "Michael, you are a greenhorn; this is the first experience in your life as a greenhorn. Cheer up! Get ready to serve your apprenticeship as a greenhorn before you can establish your claim to any recognition," repeating the words of my fellow passenger who had served his apprenticeship in America. No prophet ever uttered a truer word.

The old Stevens Hotel, a white building with green window-shutters, stood at the corner of Broadway and Bowling Green. When I reached this spot and saw the busy beehive called Broadway, with thousands of telegraph-wires stretching across it like a cobweb between huge buildings, I was overawed and wondered what it all meant. Neither Budapest, nor Prague, nor Hamburg looked anything like it.

My puzzled and panicky expression and the red fez on my head must have attracted considerable attention, because suddenly I saw myself surrounded by a small crowd of boys of all sizes, jeering and laughing and pointing at my fez. They were newsboys and bootblacks, who appeared to be anxious to have some fun at my expense. I was embarrassed and much provoked, but controlled my temper.

Presently one of the bigger fellows walked up to me and knocked the fez off my head. I punched him on the nose and then we clinched. My wrestling experiences on the pasturelands of Idvor came to my rescue. The bully was down in a jiffy, and his chums gave a loud cheer of ringing laughter. I thought it was a signal for general attack, but they did not

touch me or interfere in any way. They acted like impartial spectators, anxious to see that the best man won.

Suddenly I felt a powerful hand pulling me up by the collar, and when I looked up I saw a big official with a club in his hand and a fierce expression in his eye. He looked decided unfriendly, but after listening to the appeals of the newsboys and bootblacks who witnessed the fight he softened and handed me my fez. The boys who a little while before had jeered me, evidently appealed in my behalf when the policeman interfered. They had actually become my friends.

When I walked away toward Castle Garden with my red fez proudly cocked up on my head the boys cheered. I thought to myself that the unpleasant incident was worth my while, because it taught me that I was in a country where even among the street urchins there was a strong sentiment in favor of fair play even to a Serbian greenhorn. America was different from Austria-Hungary. I never forgot the lesson and never had a single reason to change my opinion.

A gentleman who witnessed the fight joined me on my return trip to Castle Garden, and when we reached the employment bureau he offered me a job. When I learned that one of my daily duties would be to milk a cow, I refused. According to Serb traditions, milking a cow is decidedly a feminine job. Another gentleman, a Swiss foreman on a Delaware farm, offered me another job, which was to drive a team of mules and help in the work of hauling things to the field preparatory for spring planting. I accepted gladly, feeling confident that I knew all about driving animals, although I had never even seen a mule. We left for Philadelphia that forenoon and caught there the early afternoon boat for Delaware City, where we arrived late in the afternoon.

As we passed through Philadelphia I asked the Swiss foreman whether that was the place where a hundred years ago Benjamin Franklin flew his kite, and he answered that he had never heard of the gentleman, and that I must have meant William Penn. "No," said I, "because I never heard

of this gentleman." "You have still to learn a thing or two about American history," said the Swiss foreman with a superior air. "Yes, indeed," I said, "and I intend to do it as soon as I have learned a thing or two about the English language"; and I wondered whether the Swiss foreman who had never heard of Benjamin Franklin and his kite had really learned a thing or two in American history, although he had lived some fifteen years in the United States.

There were a number of farmers on the Delaware boat, every one of them wearing a long goatee but no mustache; such was the fashion at that time. Each man had the brim of his slouch hat turned down, covering his eyes completely. As they conversed they looked like wooden images; they made no gestures and I could not catch the expression of their hidden eyes; without these powerful aids to the understanding of the spoken word I could not make out a single syllable in their speech. I wondered whether I should ever succeed in learning a thing or two in this most peculiar tongue.

I thought of the peasants at the neighborhood gatherings in Idvor and of their winged words, each of which found its way straight into my soul. How different and how superior those peasants of Idvor appeared to me when I compared them with the farmers on that Delaware boat! "Impossible," said I, "that a Serb peasant should be so much superior to the American peasant!" Something wrong with my judgment, thought I, and I charged it to my being a greenhorn and unable to size up an American farmer.

At the boat-landing a farm-wagon was awaiting us, and we reached the farm at supper-time. The farm-buildings were fully a mile outside of the town and standing all by themselves. There was no village and there were no neighbors. The place looked to me like a camp. The farm-hands were all young fellows but considerably older than myself, and when the foreman introduced me to them, by my Christian name, I found that most of them spoke German with a Swiss accent. One of them asked me how long I had been in the country,

and when I told him that I was about twenty-four hours in the country, he smiled and said that he thought so, evidently on account of the signs of greenhorn which he saw all over me.

My first impression of an American farm was dismal. In the room, however, where supper was served, everything was neat and lovely, and the supper looked to me like a holiday feast. I became more reconciled to the American farm. The farm-hands ate much and spoke little, and when they finished they left the dining-room without ceremony. I was left alone and moved my chair close to a warm stove and waited for somebody to tell me what to do next.

Presently two women came in and proceeded to clear the supper-table; they spoke English and seemed to pay no attention to me. They probably thought that I was homesick and avoided disturbing me. Presently I saw a young girl, somewhat younger than myself. She pretended to be helping the women, but I soon discovered that she had another mission. Her appearance reminded me of a young vila, a Serbian fairy, who in the old Serbian ballads plays a most wonderful part. No hero ever perished through misfortune who had the good fortune to win the friendship of a vila. Supernatural both in intelligence and in physical skill, a vila could always find a way out of every difficulty.

I felt certain that if there ever was a vila this young girl was one. Her clear blue eyes, her finely chiselled features, and her graceful movements made a strange impression upon me. I imagined that she could hear the faintest sound, that she could see in the darkest night, and that, like a real vila, she could feel not only the faintest breezes but even the thoughts of people near her. She certainly felt my thoughts. Pointing to a table in a corner of the dining-room, she directed my attention to writing-paper and ink, placed there for the convenience of farm-hands. I understood her meaning, although I did not understand her words. I spent the evening writing a letter to my mother. This was my wish, and the vila must have read it in my face.

One of the farm-hands, a Swiss, came in after a while in order to remind me that it was bedtime and to inform me that early in the morning he would wake me up and take me to the barn, where my job would be assigned to me. He kept his word, and with lantern in hand he took me long before sunrise to the barn and introduced me to two mules which he put in my charge. I cleaned them and fed them while he watched and directed; after breakfast he showed me how to harness and hitch them up.

I took my turn in the line of teams hauling manure to the fields. He warned me not to apply myself too zealously to the work of loading and unloading, until I became gradually broken in, otherwise I should be laid up stiff as a rod. The next day I was laid up, stiffer than a rod. He was much provoked and called me the worst "greenhorn" that he had ever seen. But, thanks to the skilled and tender care of the ladies on the farm, I was at my job again two days later.

One of my mules gave me much trouble, and the more he worried me the more amusement he seemed to furnish to the other farm-hands, rough immigrants of foreign birth. He did not bite, nor did he kick, as some of the mules did, but he protested violently against my putting the bridle on his head. The other farm-hands had no advice to offer; they seemed to enjoy my perplexity.

I soon discovered that the troublesome mule could not stand anybody touching his ears. That was his ticklish spot. I finally got around it by never taking his bridle off on working-days, but only removing the bit, so that he could eat. On Sunday mornings, however, when I had all the time I wanted, I took his bridle off, cleaned it and put it on, and did not remove it again for another week.

The foreman and the superintendent discovered my trick and approved of it, and so the farm-hands lost the amusement which they had had at my expense every morning at the harnessing hour. I noticed that they were impressed by my success and did not address me by the name of greenhorn quite

so often. They were also surprised to hear me make successful attempts to speak English. Nothing counts so much in the immigrant's bid for promotion to a grade above that of greenhorn as the knowledge of the English language. In these efforts I received most unexpected assistance, and for that I was much indebted to my red fez.

On every trip from the barnyard to the fields, my mules and I passed by the superintendent's quarters, and there behind the wall of neatly piled-up cord-wood I observed every now and then the golden curls of my American vila. She cautiously watched there just like a Serbian vila at the edge of a forest. My red fez perched up on a high seat behind the mules obviously attracted and amused her. Whenever I caught her eye I saluted in regular Balkan fashion, and it was a salute such as she had never seen before in the State of Delaware. Her curiosity seemed to grow from day to day and so did mine.

One evening I sat alone near the warm stove in the dining-room and she came in and said: "Good evening!" I answered by repeating her greeting, but pronounced it badly. She corrected me, and when I repeated her greeting the second time, I did much better and she applauded my effort. Then she proceeded to teach me English words for everything in the dining-room, and before that first lesson was over I knew some twenty English words and pronounced them to her satisfaction. The next day I repeated these words aloud over and over again during my trips to the fields until I thought even the mules knew them by heart. At the second lesson the following evening I scored a high mark from my teacher and added twenty more words to my English vocabulary.

As time went on, my vocabulary increased at a rapid rate, and my young teacher was most enthusiastic. She called me "smart," and I never forgot the word. One evening she brought in her mother, who two weeks before that time took care of me when I was laid up from overzealous loading. At that time she could not make me understand a single word

she said. This time, however, I had no difficulty, and she was greatly surprised and pleased. My first examination in English was a complete success.

At the end of the first month on the Delaware farm my confidence in the use of the English language had grown strong. During the second month I grew bold enough to join in lengthy conversations. The superintendent's wife invited me often to spend the evening with the family. My tales of Idvor, Panchevo, Budapest, Prague, Hamburg, and the immigrant ship interested them much, they said. My pronunciation and grammar amused them even more than they were willing to show. They were too polite to indulge in unrestrained laughter over my Serbian idioms.

During these conversations the vila sat still and seemed to be all attention. She was all eyes and ears, and I knew that she was making mental notes of every mistake in my grammar and pronunciation. At the next lesson she would correct every one of these mistakes, and then watched at the next family gathering to see whether I would repeat them. But I did not; my highest ambition was to show myself worthy of the title "smart" which she had given me.

One evening I was telling the superintendent's family how I refused the first offer of a job at Castle Garden, because I did not care to accept the daily duty of milking a cow, which, according to my Serbian notions, was a purely feminine job. I admitted that Serbian and American notions were entirely different in this particular respect, because although over a hundred cows were milked daily on the farm, I never saw a woman in any one of the many barns, nor in the huge creamery.

I also confessed that both the vila and her mother would be entirely out of place not only in the cow-barns but even in the clean creamery, adding that if the vila had been obliged to attend to the cows and to the creamery, she would not have found the time to teach me English, and, therefore, I preferred the American custom. Vila's mother was highly pleased with this remark and said: "Michael, my boy, you

are beginning to understand American ways, and the sooner you drop your Serbian notions the sooner you will become an American."

She also told me that the vast majority of teachers in American primary schools were women. This information astonished and pleased me, because I knew that my mother was a better teacher than my schoolmaster, an old man with a funny nasal twang. Her suggestion, however, that I should drop my Serbian notions and become an American as soon as possible disturbed me. But I said nothing; I was a greenhorn only and did not desire to express an opinion which might clash with hers. I thought it strange, however, that she took it for granted that I wished to become an American.

The next day was Sunday, and I walked to a church which was in Delaware City. The singing of hymns did not impress me much, and the sermon impressed me even less. Delaware City was much bigger than my native Idvor, and yet the religious service in Idvor was more elaborate. There was no choral singing in the church of Delaware City, and there were no ceremonies with a lot of burning candles and the sweet perfume of burning incense and there was no ringing of harmonious church-bells. I was disappointed, and wondered why Vila's mother expected me to drop my Serbian notions and embrace America's ways, which, as far as public worship was concerned, appeared to me less attractive than the Serbian ways.

Vila's family met me in front of the church and asked me to ride home with them. A farm-hand riding in a fine carriage with his employer struck me as extraordinary; I wished to be excused, but they insisted. No rich peasant in Idvor would have done that. In this respect Delaware farmers with their American ways appealed to me more. Another surprise was in store for me: Vila's mother insisted that I share their Sunday dinner, just as I had shared the divine service. I saw in it an effort on her part to show an appreciation of my religious habit and to encourage it.

During the dinner I described the Sundays of Idvor, dwelling particularly upon the custom among the Serbian boys and girls of dancing on the village green in front of the church on Sunday afternoons. Vila approved of the custom enthusiastically, but her mother thought that a walk through the peach-orchards, which were then in full bloom, was at least as good. Vila and I walked together that Sunday afternoon. My attendance at church gained for me this favor also.

He who has never seen the Delaware peach-orchards of those days in full bloom, does not know the heavenly beauty of this little earth. Vila asked me whether I had ever seen anything more beautiful in Idvor, and I said no, but added that nothing is as lovely and as sweet as one's native village. When I told her that some day I expected to return to it, she looked surprised and said:

"Then you do not intend to become an American?"

"No," said I; and after some hesitation I added: "I ran away from the military frontier because the rulers of the land wanted to transform me into a Hungarian; I ran away from Prague because I objected to Austrian Teutonism; I shall run away from Delaware City also if, as your good mother suggested, I am expected to drop my Serbian notions and become an American. My mother, my native village, my Serbian orthodox faith, my Serbian language and the people who speak it, are my Serbian notions, and one might as well expect me to give up the breath of my life as to give up my Serbian notions."

"You misunderstood my mother, Michael," said the vila; "she referred only to your notions about woman's work, and you know that European women are expected to do the hard work for which men only are strong enough."

"Very true," said I; "the strongest and ablest men in Europe spend the best part of their lives on battle-fields or training for the battle-fields; this is particularly true of the Serbian people. This forces our Serbian women to do some of the hard work which men should do." This gave me an

opportunity to say a few things in favor of the influence of the Serbian women. I also told her that I would not be a witness to that heavenly scene on the banks of the Delaware that Sunday afternoon if it had not been for my mother, who urged me to go into the world and learn new things, which I could not learn in my native peasant village.

Young Vila was much impressed by my Serbian tales. In turn she asked me whether I had ever heard of Martha Washington, the wife of George Washington, the national hero of America. I confessed complete ignorance. Pointing to the golden ripples of sun-kissed Delaware River, she said that it did not always look as bright and peaceful, and then described its appearance when in the middle of winter its surface is covered with broken ice, which, tossed by the waves of the angry river, makes a passage across it next to impossible. But in January, 1777, George Washington, the commander of the retreating American armies, crossed it, and on the other side of the river, near Trenton, surprised the victorious British armies and defeated them, turning American defeat into American victory. "Washington," she said, "was ready to sacrifice his life while crossing the ice-fields of the angry Delaware in order to strike a timely blow for the safety of his country."

From that day on the name of the Delaware River inspired me always with thoughts of deep veneration. Vila showed me that America, like Serbia, was also a land of heroes.

The rest of that glorious Sunday afternoon was spent in Vila's answering my numerous questions concerning George Washington and the war of the American Revolution. It was the most inspiring afternoon which I had ever experienced in America, and I felt that, after all, there might be many things in America which are just as great as those famous deeds of which the Serbian sings in the national ballads of Serbia. Vila succeeded in welding the first link between my Serbian traditions and the traditions of America. I apologized to her for misunderstanding her mother's suggestion that I become an American as soon as possible, and confessed that I was

much less anxious than I thought I was a few moments ago to run away from the shores of the historic Delaware.

After Vila discovered my interest in American history, she continued her English lessons to me by telling me stories of early American history, which I repeated to her. Jamestown and Virginia figured big in these tales. When I first heard of the *Mayflower*, a year or so later, and its landing at Plymouth Rock, I wondered why Vila never mentioned that great historical event. She never mentioned Lincoln. America north of the Delaware River was very little in her mind, and she named even Philadelphia only on account of the Liberty Bell and the Declaration of Independence.

One evening Vila's mother asked me about my mother and her hopes for my future. I gave her a glowing account of my mother, and finished by saying that she did not expect me to become an American farmer, and that I came to America to learn what I could not learn in a peasant country like that of my native village. She was much touched, and then in simple and solemn language she revealed to me a new truth which I never forgot and which I found confirmed by all my experiences in this great land, the truth, namely, that this is a country of opportunities which are open equally to all; that each individual must seek these opportunities and must be prepared to make good use of them when he finds them. She commended me warmly for making good use of all the opportunities which I found on the farm, and advised me strongly to go in search of new opportunities. Vila agreed with her, and I prepared to leave the hospitable shores of Delaware.

I made my return trip to Philadelphia on the same boat which had brought me to Delaware City. Things looked different from what they did on my first trip. The farmers of Delaware, my fellow passengers on the boat, did not look like wooden images, and I understood their language, and its meaning found a sympathetic response in me. Every time I caught sight of my carpetbag with the good things which Vila's mother had put in it, I felt that I was still near the

vila and her honey-hearted mother. They were my American mother and sister. One of my fellow-passengers pointed out Trenton to me and assured me that the boat was passing over the spot where Washington had crossed the Delaware. My appearance attracted no attention, neither on the boat nor at Philadelphia after we landed. My hat and clothes were American, but my heavy top-boots, so useful on the farm, were somewhat too heavy for the warm June days in Philadelphia.

The Swiss foreman directed me to an acquaintance of his who had a small hotel in Philadelphia. He was very eager to have me take all my meals at the hotel, but my total capital of ten dollars made me cautious; besides, my days from early morning till late at night were spent in the heart of the city. No human being ever saw so much of Philadelphia during a stay of five days as I did, hunting for a job, searching new opportunities, as Vila's mother expressed it.

But I searched in vain. I gained new information about William Penn and Benjamin Franklin and saw many buildings the history of which is attached to these two great names, and I wondered why Benjamin Franklin ever deserted Boston to search new opportunities in a place like Philadelphia. But he did and succeeded. I was sure that neither he nor any other human being could walk more nor pursue a job more diligently than I did, but then he was an American boy and he had a trade, and I was a Serbian greenhorn who did not know anything in particular, except to drive a pair of mules. Besides, thought I, Philadelphia might have lost its wealth of opportunities since Franklin's days.

Such was my consolation while resting on a bench in Fairmount Park, near the grounds which were being prepared for the Centennial Exposition of 1876. I was lunching on a chunk of bread and thinking what would happen when my last three dollars disappeared. A husky farmer approached me and, addressing me in English, asked whether I wanted a job. "I do," said I; "I have been looking for one nearly a week, and I can't hunt much longer, because I see that my

weary farm-boots are showing many signs of distress in their long daily struggles against these hot Philadelphia pavements."

A day later found me in southern Maryland. I was engaged to drive a pair of mules, dragging cultivators through corn and tobacco fields. As far as skill and physical exertion were concerned, the job was easy. But the climate was deadly, and social life was even more so. The only interesting people whom I found there were those buried in the old cemetery, some two hundred years prior to that time, when South St. Mary was an important place. The only diversion I found was to read the legends on the tombstones in the old cemetery near the village church. The flourishing corn and tobacco fields suggested prosperity, but the only people who stirred and showed any activity were darkies, whose language I could not understand.

I felt that as far as human speech was concerned, I was in a valley of silence, although the air was full of sounds from all kinds of insects and water-animals. Mosquitoes, gnats, and flies, and the oppressive heat of the sun made work in the fields unbearable. Many a time while driving the mules through the broiling atmosphere of the tobacco-fields I thought of the icy blasts of the North Atlantic which I had experienced on the immigrant ship less than three months before that time, and I prayed that one of those icy breaths of the polar regions might wander astray and reach the flatlands of Chesapeake Bay. My prayer was not heard, and I was happy to be still alive at the end of the month; then I took my wages of fifteen dollars and made a bee-line for the North. I hoped that in New York I might be able to catch some of the cold North Atlantic breezes and, after cooling off, pick up one of the many opportunities in the metropolis.

As winter approached, jobs grew alarmingly scarce, and my money was rapidly approaching the zero level. My hall-room was cheerless and cold, worse even than my little attic in Prague. Neither the room nor its neighborhood attracted me in daytime; I preferred to walk along the endless avenues.

This exercise kept me warm and gave me a chance to make frequent inquiries for a job at painters' and paper-hangers' shops.

When the prospects for work of this kind appeared hopeless, I struck a new idea. Instead of walking more or less aimlessly, in order to keep myself warm and familiarize myself with the ways of the great city, I followed coal-carts, and when they dropped the coal on the sidewalk I rang the bell and offered my services to transfer the coal from sidewalk to cellar.

I often got the job, which sometimes was a stepping-stone to other less humble and more profitable employment. After placing the coal in the cellar and getting my pay, I would often suggest to the owner that his cellar and basement needed painting badly; most cellars and basements do. On being informed that I was a painter out of work, the owner often yielded. The idea of a young and ambitious painter being compelled to carry coal from sidewalk to cellar at fifty cents a ton made a strong plea, stronger than any eloquence could make. The scheme worked well; it did not lead to wealth, but my room-rent was always paid on time, and I never starved.

—*Abridged.*

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Go through the story a second time and make a list of headings similar to those on pages 12 to 21. Then compare lists and, after discussion, agree on titles for the different parts.
2. Tell in relay the story of Pupin's experiences, using as subjects for the floor-talks the titles agreed upon in answering the first question.
3. What does Pupin mean by "greenhorn"? When does an immigrant cease to be a greenhorn? How can you know?
4. Name the experiences in America which made the deepest impression on Pupin.
5. Did Pupin wish to become an American? Explain.
6. Name ways in which Pupin's experiences were like Edward Steiner's and Constantine Panunzio's. In what ways were his experiences different?

7. Which of the three narratives did you find most interesting? Which contained the most new information? Which would make the best motion-picture? Give reasons for each of your answers.
8. Which of the three men, Steiner, Panunzio, or Pupin, seems to have shown the most good sense? the most courage? the strongest resolve to learn? the keenest sense of humor? Mention facts which support your answers.
9. *Volunteer work:*
   a. Read the rest of Pupin's story in *From Immigrant to Inventor*. Does Vila appear again? How did Pupin earn his way through college? Tell the class about his experiences in European universities.
   b. Read the rest of Steiner's story in *From Alien to Citizen*. How did he learn English? How did he secure an education? Did he marry "a rich American wife"?

CLASS-LIBRARY READINGS

EXPERIENCES OF NEW AMERICANS

1. "A Swiss Boy and His Wanderings" (Louis Agassiz), *More Than Conquerors*, 149–170.
2. "The Magic Touch," (Augustus Saint-Gaudens), *ibid.*, 347–374.
3. "A New American," *Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia*, 4: 1739–1740.
4. "The Americanism of Washington," *The Van Dyke Book*, 142–165.
5. "The American Miracle," Mary Antin, in *Atlantic Prose and Poetry*, 145–152.

C. WHAT THE NEWCOMERS BRING TO AMERICA

1. THE SONG OF THE FOREIGN-BORN

ROBERT EMMET CARROLL

We came and you bade us welcome,
  You gave of your golden store,
When oppressed in the land of our fathers
  We thronged through your wide-flung door,
The Celt from the isle of sorrow,
  The Teuton and Frank as one
We followed the gleam of a hopeful dream
  To the Land of the Setting Sun.

They lie, who would brand us ungrateful,
  And false to a nation's trust,
That stooped like a loving mother
  And lifted us out of the dust.
Please God, you will never need it,
  But if cause there should ever be,
Our blades like flame will defend your name
  And our cherished liberty.

We will gather like clouds of the tempest
  At the threat of a mailed hand,
And the tread of our marching millions
  Shall thunder across the land.

The flash of our righteous lightning
Shall illuminate the world,
Where flying free our foes will see
The Stars and Stripes unfurled.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Give in a sentence the central thought in this poem.
2. Tell about new Americans who have shown gratitude for what they receive in America. What instances seem to show ingratitude?
3. What experiences of Constantine Panunzio and Edward Steiner might have caused them to have very different feelings from those expressed in this poem?
4. Give reasons for placing this poem in "What the Newcomers Bring to America." Are there reasons against placing it here?

2. THE IMMIGRANT CONTRIBUTION

FREDERIC J. HASKIN

This author tells what a newcomer might say if he were to speak for all recent immigrants. Make a list of stories and poems in this unit of which you are reminded as you read this selection. In each case note the line which reminds you of the story or poem and be able to tell, if possible, why it made you think of that particular selection.

I am the immigrant.
Since the dawn of creation my restless feet have beaten new paths across the earth.
My uneasy bark has tossed on all seas.
My wanderlust was born of the craving for more liberty and a better wage for the sweat of my face.
I looked towards the United States with eyes kindled by the fire of ambition and heart quickened with new-born hope.
I approached its gates with great expectation.
I entered in with fine hope.

I have shouldered my burden as the American man-of-all-work.

I contribute more than one-third of the labor in the slaughtering and meat-packing industries.
I do more than one-third of the bituminous coal mining.
I do nearly half of all the work in the woollen mills.
I contribute nearly one-third of the labor in the cotton mills.
I make nearly half of all the clothing.
I manufacture more than one-fourth of the shoes.
I build more than one-fourth of the furniture.
I make nearly one-third of the felt hats.
I turn out nearly half of all the leather.
I raise one-fourth of the poultry.
I refine nearly half of the sugar.

And yet, I am the great American problem.
When I pour out my blood on your altar of labor, and lay down my life as a sacrifice to your god of toil, men make no more comment than at the fall of a sparrow.
But my brawn is woven into the warp and woof of the fabric of your national being.
My children shall be your children and your land shall be my land because my sweat and my blood will cement the foundations of the America of To-morrow.
If I can be fused into the body politic, the melting-pot will have stood the supreme test.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. When is a person a "man-of-all-work"? In what respect is an immigrant a "man-of-all-work"?
2. Explain the second and the third lines of this selection.
3. Name immigrants of whom the fourth line is true.
4. In what ways is the immigrant "the great American problem"? What problem of immigration is referred to in the last line?
5. *Volunteer work.* Find and tell the class what proportion of the population in your community is classed by the census as "foreign"; also find the chief industries in which these people are employed and the kind of work they usually do. The librarian can help you secure this information.

3. THE ALIEN

DANIEL HENDERSON

In this poem Mr. Henderson gives a conversation such as might take place between an American and a newcomer to the United States. The American speaks in the first stanza, the newcomer in the second. This poem should be read in the same way as "The Melting-Pot" (p. 334).

Alien, speak!
What do you seek
Reign of law or revolution?
Torch and knife,
Lust and strife —
Are these your plan of evolution?
Are you "scum"?
Do you come
Curses at our ideals flinging?
Tell what lies
In your smoldering eyes;
Alien, what are you bringing?

Nay, I mask
No devil's task!
Ask your Pilgrim blood what drew me!
Ask your sire
How Freedom's fire
Flamed from him — and beckoned to me!
Chained in tongue?
Custom strung?
Prey to wild-mouthed agitation?
Then give schools
And hopes and tools
For my emancipation!
Russ, Swede, Pole?
Nay, a soul!
Will you succor or forsake me?

Clay am I
Beneath your sky;
Come, what will you make me?

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Explain the first question in the poem. How does it differ from the second question? What is the most important question in the first stanza? In the second stanza?
2. Do any of the preceding readings help you answer the questions asked in this poem? Explain.
3. Explain these lines:
   a. "Ask your Pilgrim blood what drew me."
   b. "Chained in tongue."
   c. "Prey to wild-mouthed agitation."
   d. "Clay am I
   Beneath your sky."
4. Are there schools for immigrants in your community? Should schools be provided for them? Why? If schools are provided, should they be paid for by the local, the State, or the national government? Give reasons.
5. Should this poem be read aloud slowly or rapidly? Loudly or softly? Or should there be changes in these respects? Have some of the pupils in the class read the poem aloud as they think it ought to be read. Talk over the differences in their reading.
6. *Volunteer problem.* What danger to our country is shown in E. M. Larson's story, "Knud, Son of Knud," in *The Outlook*, 117: 22–25?
7. *Volunteer enterprise.* A spelling match. Two committees draw up two lists of one hundred twenty-five words each from selections in "Seeking New Homes." Choose only words which boys and girls of your grade might use in their own written work. Your teacher may reduce the lists to one hundred words each, and have a spelling match, allowing the chairmen of the committees to choose sides.

ADDITIONAL READINGS. — 1. "The Foreign-Born American Citizen," in W. Talbot's *Americanization*, 81–88. 2. "The American," G. Phillips, in *Century Magazine*, 57: 93–99. 3. "Americanism," T. Roosevelt, *Fear God and Take Your Own Part*, 55–57, 104–109, 361–363.

D. WHAT AMERICA SHOULD MEAN TO TRUE CITIZENS

1. AMERICANUS SUM[1]

EDWARD A. STEINER

A preceding selection told of the coming of Doctor Steiner to America and described his first experiences here. Several years later he became a naturalized American. He is widely known to-day as a lecturer and an author. In this story, he tells what he thinks is the noblest American art. Read rapidly, and as soon as you find his answer, raise your hand.

"I wonder why Mrs. Salciccioli is so nervous this morning," I said to my wife. "She acts like a hen on a hot griddle."

Now I have never seen a hen on a hot griddle except when properly prepared for the ordeal, and then the hen did not behave at all as our landlady was behaving. She wiped the dust from my desk six times in succession, from the topmost pigeonholes down to the claws of its ill-shaped legs. I endured this until she began the seventh attack, and then, with an oft-repeated "Bene, bene,"[2] I gently pushed her from the room.

I had just succeeded in putting Mrs. Salciccioli out of my

[1] *Americanus sum:* I am an American.
[2] *Bene, bene:* Good, good, meaning here "enough, enough."

mind and was trying hard to make up my lost twenty minutes when, after a nervous knock on the door, the cause of my trouble again entered the room. This time she was accompanied by Mr. Salciccioli, who never by any chance permitted me to forget that he was a Roman of an ancient family, while I was only a barbarian from beyond the seas. How contemptuously he shrugged his shoulders when he deigned to talk to me about "the dollar country," as he called it.

"No sculpture, no music, no painting, except that which you bring from Italy. Look at the poor Italian! No coal, no water-power, no silver, no gold; but he takes a block of marble from Carrara and carves a god out of it."

There was no use arguing with a man who believed that our American flowers have no fragrance, our birds no song, and our children no talent except for making money.

However, he was never too proud to accept the handsome sum of American money we paid for our lodgings, or the tips frequently bestowed. Never did I hear him say more than the courtly grazia[1]; while to my cordial greetings, he replied with an abbreviated "giorno,"[2] minus the flourishes to which one becomes accustomed in Italy.

On this particular morning Mr. Salciccioli carried a newspaper, which by its bulk betrayed its overseas origin. His wife held a letter which she pressed into my reluctant hand.

"Pardon, signor, it is a letter from our son, our Rocco, our eldest, who has been in America seven years. It is the biggest letter he has ever sent."

"Will you not look at the newspaper?" asked the husband. "A grand American newspaper! It is wonderful! Glorious!"

To hear Mr. Salciccioli speak in such appreciative and enthusiastic terms of anything American was so unheard of an occurrence that I hastily told him to show me the paper. Eagerly, while Mrs. Salciccioli hovered around, he spread out before us twenty-odd sheets of newspaper. Page after page

[1] *Grazia:* "Thanks."

[2] *Giorno:* "Day," for "good day."

of wasted forest and whatever stuff printer's ink is made from; then his thin, long finger pointed to a picture.

"This is our dear Rocco," he said proudly, "our eldest, and his picture is in the American paper."

"I wonder what he has been cured of," murmured my wife, and I did not tell the proud Roman that in America one might have his picture in the paper for various reasons.

It was well that I did not so humiliate my haughty landlord, for I saw in large headlines, over columns of closely printed matter, the reason for Rocco's picture being there, and it fully justified the father's pride.

"New citizens banqueted." Thus the headlines ran. "Brilliant speeches made. Cordial welcome to the naturalized," and so down the column as follows:

The Leading Men of the City were Hosts at a Banquet and Newly Made Americans Listened to Kindly, Cordial Speeches

One hundred and sixty men who once were subjects of kings and queens and czars and emperors sat down to a great dinner table in R—— the evening of July 4th, subjects no longer, but citizens of the United States. With them sat down judges and clergymen and educators — the most widely known and influential men of the city. These men were the hosts; and the ex-subjects of a half dozen rulers, many of whom could speak English only brokenly, diggers of ditches whose hands were hard from outdoor toil, were the guests. The city was bidding its new citizens welcome.

It was an effort to make this assemblage of new-made Americans feel that they really were Americans, that the old residents of R—— were glad that the new ones had come, and that they were eager to help them in every way. The guests, Germans, Italians, Greeks, men of Holland, Englishmen, Irishmen, Russians, and Poles, went away feeling that they were no longer "strangers in a strange land" but fellow-citizens of their hosts, and that those hosts had a real interest in their welfare.

Doctor R——, president of the university, told the new citizens that the stability of the American government depended upon a reverence for law and a recognition of the fact that liberty under the law is the only true liberty.

"The signers of the Declaration of Independence," he said, "were all immigrants or the sons of immigrants, but they were all united in the purpose of seeking liberty in this new land. The America of to-morrow will not be the land of the free and the home of the brave unless we keep it great and triumphant by liberty under the law."

The most brilliant addresses were made by the immigrants themselves, who with emotion told what America meant to them.

Then came that part of the story told in Rocco's letter to his parents, which his mother had brought for me to see. I gladly read it.

My Adorable and Much-Loved Parents:

I am sending you by this post fifty lire[1], which is a little more than I sent last month. The ten extra lire are "my treat." That is what the Americans say, when they are very happy and want to give somebody something, because they are happy. My happiness is a high and lofty one. I am too happy even for writing. My pen jumps all over the paper.

I am still working in the big shop, as I wrote you. The shop is big and nice and clean, and I have a good foreman. The only thing I do not like is that he never calls me by my right name. He says it would break his jaw to pronounce it. Americans want everything quick and easy; so they call me Rock. The name of our honorable family they do not even attempt to write or pronounce. They say that it would twist their tongues out of joint.

In the night school where I have been going, they were teaching about how to be a good citizen, so I asked my foreman how to become a citizen of the United States.

He went with me to the court, where I was asked if I had my first papers, which I was glad to say I could answer by saying yes. Then the judge asked me many questions and when I answered he said: "Very good," which means "molto bene."

He asked me to swear allegiance to my new country, which I did; but it made no great impression upon me, as it was done so simply. The Americans do not believe in ceremonials as we do.

[1] *Lira:* An Italian coin formerly worth about 20 cents.

I went away with my papers in my pocket, and then I forgot all about it.

Last month one day I received a beautiful invitation to a banquet at the finest hotel in the city. It was printed in the colors of this free country: red, white, and blue. I showed it to the foreman and he said I ought to go.

It was on the 4th of July. That is the day the Americans celebrate as the great national holy day. Always before, the shop closed on that day and we had nothing to do except shoot firecrackers, of which the Americans are very fond. Many of them get hurt on that day, and kill themselves in memory of the time when they killed the Englishmen.

This time I did not buy any of the firecrackers, but a new suit of clothes and a white shirt and a collar and a beautiful cravat. I went to the hotel, the same one where I used to scrub the floors and wash the windows when I first came here.

The man who used to call me Dago, an ugly name they give the Italians here, took my hat and gave me a piece of pasteboard. I was taken in the elevator that the guests ride in, to a beautiful room, all decorated with flags. I had a seat at the chief table by the side of the consul of our country.

The dinner was the finest I have ever eaten. I think not even the highest nobles in Rome eat finer food than we did; but better than the eating was the music, and then, best of all, the speeches.

The Judge of the Supreme Court of the State was the master of ceremonies. The president of the university made a speech, and so did the padre,[1] who they say is a good man.

Then the master of ceremonies asked me to make a speech!

Beloved and much-honored parents, I felt as if that whole room was going around and around. There I stood, your son, before those noble men and women, and did speak. I would have given anything in the world if you, my beloved parents, had been there to have seen my triumph. They clapped their hands and shouted bravo! at everything I said.

I told them that I was a Roman, that my father's ancestors were once citizens of old Rome; I told them how through ignorance and heavy taxation my forefathers lost everything, even their citizenship, and how thankful I am that now in America,

[1] *Padre:* Priest.

though I am working at a rough job, citizenship has been restored to me in a more powerful, richer, and better country.

I told them how I wished my beloved and revered parents were here to see the triumph of their son. I also said that as my ancestors fought for Rome and then for Italy, so I want to fight, like our great Garibaldi.[1]

I told them that my honored father belonged to the Young Italy,[2] that he knew the great Mazzini, our statesman, scholar, and philosopher.

I told them that he fought against the Austrians and later against the Swiss guards; that he was wounded on the 17th of September (I am not sure about that date, much honored and respected father, but the Americans are ignorant of our history and it doesn't matter).

At last I could not hear myself talk, for the Americans clapped their hands all the time.

Then, my beloved and much-honored parents, came the great event of the evening. All rose to their feet and together we vowed for the good of the city in which we live.

This is what we all vowed:

"We will never bring disgrace to this our city by any act of dishonesty or cowardice, nor ever desert our comrades; we will fight for the ideals and sacred things of the city, both alone and with many; we will revere and obey the city's laws, and do our best to create a like respect and reverence in those above us who are prone to annul them and set them at naught; we will strive unceasingly to quicken the public's sense of civic duty; that thus, in all these ways, we may leave this city not only not less but greater, better, and more beautiful than it was handed on to us."

When the vow was all done, we sang together the American national hymn.

After I got home to my lodgings I could not sleep, but I went to my trunk and took out my citizenship papers. I spread them out upon my bed, and I knelt down before them and kissed them a hundred times, and I said, over and over again: "Americanus sum — Americanus sum."

[1] *Garibaldi:* An Italian patriot and soldier.

[2] *Young Italy:* An Italian society formed to free Italy from Austrian oppression.

Now, my beloved and adored parents, I send you the paper which tells about it and has my picture, that you only see that I report correctly to you.

My picture is not very well done. I think I look much better in life. In the big picture which is also in the paper, where all are taken together, I look like a ghost; for it was taken with a big flash of light, and I was frightened very much.

Now, my beloved and much-esteemed parents——

Here the father asked me to read no farther — but his wife urged me to go on.

I hope you are not worrying any more over your son, and that you feel you have cause to be proud of him.

I like the work and am honored by the foreman. I do not gamble any more, and some of these days when everything is forgotten in Rome I shall come home to see you——"

I returned the letter unfinished to Mrs. Salciccioli, for her husband was growing more and more uneasy.

Taking the newspaper and the letter, he disappeared with scant courtesy, leaving his excited wife to follow at her leisure. She was eager to tell about her Rocco, and we were not unwilling to hear.

Rocco was born into genteel poverty, the oldest of many. The father was proud and harsh, and the boy was on the streets more than in school or at home. He fell in with evil-minded people and before his twelfth year was arrested for picking pockets.

He went from bad to worse, until he was drafted into the army; there, chafing under the restraint, he deserted and went to America.

The father became morose and silent, and forbade the boy's name to be mentioned in the family.

When letters finally came from Rocco he never read them. Even when the letters brought enclosures of ten lire, twenty, thirty, and as much as fifty lire a month the father refused to believe in the boy.

"Not until last night, signor, when the newspaper came would he speak our boy's name. Now he is happy and proud. And I, signora," turning to my wife. "You will know how I feel when your boys grow up. Ah! the blessed Virgin only knows how I have prayed."

"Honored signor, will you do me one great favor? When you return to that wonderful America of yours will you go to its ruler and carry to his honorable highness the gratitude of an Italian mother for what that noble country has done for her son?"

It had taken Mrs. Salciccioli a long time to tell her story; so the morning was over and the luncheon hour near, when at last with many apologies, she bowed herself out.

I felt repaid for my lost morning, however, when, a few moments later as we were going out into the glory of an Italian noon, Mr. Salciccioli stopped me at the foot of the long cold staircase.

"Signor — I beg your pardon. I have said to you often that your country has no pictures, no music — that it cannot make gods out of Carrara marble. That is all true, I still believe — but" — and he said it with evident reluctance — "it has made a man out of my son Rocco, and that is true Art — the grandest, the noblest art."

BEST-ANSWER READING TEST

Below you will find a number of suggestions for completing sentences. Which suggestion correctly completes each sentence?

1. Mr. Salciccioli scorned America because he thought:
   a. it was a poverty-stricken land.
   b. it had no sculpture, music, or painting.
   c. it had severe winters and hot summers.

2. Rocco was proud of his father because:
   a. his father was a member of the Italian nobility.
   b. his father owned a large estate in Italy.
   c. his father had been a soldier and had fought for Italian liberty.

3. Rocco went to America because:
   a. he wished to escape military service.

b. he had a quarrel with his mother.
c. he wished to make his fortune.

4. At the naturalization celebration Rocco liked best:
   a. the dinner.
   b. the speeches.
   c. the music.

5. Mr. Salciccioli came to admire America because:
   a. his son received high wages here.
   b. the United States published great newspapers.
   c. America had made a man out of Rocco.

2. OUR OWN DEAR LAND

A SONG FOR AMERICA'S CHILDREN, YOUNG AND OLD

WILFRED H. MUNRO

Tune "Materna"

Our own dear land, America!
  Our song we'll raise to thee!
Thy verdant hills whence sparkling rills
  Leap forth exultantly:
Thy mountains towering to the skies
  Amid Alaskan snow,
Thy meads along the Rio Grande
  Where waving palm-trees grow.

From many lands our fathers came
  Across the heaving main,
From Britain's shores, Green Erin's moors,
  Italia's vine-clad plain:
From bays where-out the Norsemen sailed
  Before Columbus saw,
By faith, beyond the western wave
  The strand of India.

From smiling dales in sunny France,
  From hills along the Rhine,

Where castles still stand sentinel
As in the olden time:
From Eastern climes, from Russian steppes,
From realms of sun and snow,
They gathered here to share thy cheer,
The joys that free men know.

To share the pride that free men feel,
Rewards that free men see,
And seeing guard with jealous care
Their far-sought Liberty.
Whate'er their race, whate'er their tongue,
Howe'er their story ran,
Their children we will ever be
All, all, American.

3. DANGERS AND PRIVILEGES IN AMERICA

EDWARD BOK

Edward Bok came from Holland to the United States with his parents when he was six years old. His early life was spent in poverty and hardship. By good habits, hard work, and persistent study at home — he left school to go to work when he was only eleven — he rose rapidly from one position to another until he became the editor of the leading magazine of its kind in the world. In this selection Bok describes the impressions which America has made upon him. Read it silently, trying to keep in mind the chief divisions in his thought and the way in which he develops each.

When I came to the United States as a lad of six, the most needful lesson for me, as a boy, was the necessity for thrift. I had been taught in my home across the sea that thrift was one of the fundamentals in a successful life. My family had come from a land (the Netherlands) noted for its thrift; but we had been in the United States only a few days before the realization came home strongly to my father and mother that they had brought their children to a land of waste.

Where the Dutchman saved, the American wasted. There was waste, and the most prodigal waste, on every hand. In every street-car and on every ferry-boat the floors and seats were littered with newspapers that had been read and thrown away or left behind. If I went to a grocery store to buy a peck of potatoes and a potato rolled off the heaping measure, the groceryman, instead of picking it up, kicked it into the gutter for the wheels of his wagon to run over. The butcher's waste filled my mother's soul with dismay. If I bought a scuttle of coal at the corner grocery, the coal that missed the scuttle, instead of being shovelled up and put back into the bin, was swept into the street. My young eyes quickly saw this; in the evening I gathered up the coal thus swept away, and during the course of a week I collected a scuttleful.

The first time my mother saw a garbage pail of a family almost as poor as our own, with the wife and husband constantly complaining that they could not get along, she could scarcely believe her eyes. A half pan of hominy of the preceding day's breakfast lay in the pail next to a third of a loaf of bread. In later years, when I saw, daily, a scow loaded with the garbage of Brooklyn householders being towed through New York harbor out to sea, it was an easy calculation that what was thrown away in a week's time from Brooklyn homes would feed the poor of the Netherlands.

At school, I quickly learned that to "save money" was to be "stingy"; as a young man, I soon found that Americans disliked the word "economy," and on every hand as plenty grew spending grew. There was nothing in American life to teach me thrift or economy, everything to teach me to spend and to waste.

I saw men who had earned good salaries in their prime, reach old age as dependents. I saw families on every hand either living quite up to their means or beyond them; rarely within them. The more a man earned, the more he — or his wife — spent. I saw fathers and mothers and their children dressed beyond their incomes. The proportion of families

who ran into debt was far greater than those who saved. When a panic came, the families "pulled in"; when it was over, they "let out." The end of one year found them precisely where they were at the close of the previous year, unless they were deeper in debt.

It was in this atmosphere of waste that I was to practise thrift — a fundamental in life! And it is into this atmosphere that the foreign-born comes now, with every inducement to spend and no encouragement to save. For as it was in the days of my boyhood, so it is to-day — only worse.

Is it any wonder, then, that in this, one of the essentials in life and in all success, America fell short with me, as it is continuing to fall short with every foreign-born person who comes to its shores?

As a Dutch boy, one of the important truths taught me was that whatever was worth doing was worth doing well: that next to honesty came thoroughness as a factor in success. It was not enough that anything should be done: it was not done at all if it was not done well. I came to America to be taught exactly the opposite. The two Americanisms, "That's good enough" and "That will do," were early taught me, together with the maxim of quantity rather than quality.

As I grew into young manhood and went into business, I found that the emphasis was most always placed on how much work one could do in a day, rather than upon how well the work was done. It made no difference in what direction I went, the result was the same: the cry was always for quantity, quantity! And into this atmosphere of disregard for quality I brought my ideas of Dutch thoroughness and my conviction that doing well whatever I did was to count as a main principle in life.

During my years of editorship, save in one or two instances, I was never able to assign to an American writer work which called for painstaking research. In every instance, the work came back to me either incorrect in statement or otherwise lacking in careful preparation.

One of the most successful departments I ever conducted in *The Ladies' Home Journal* called for infinite reading and patient digging, with the actual results sometimes almost negligible. I made a study of my associates by turning the department over to one after another, and always with the same result: absolute lack of a capacity for patient research. As one of my editors, typically American, said to me: "It isn't worth all the trouble you put into it." Yet no single department ever repaid the searcher more for his pains. Save for assistance from a single person, I had to do the work myself for all the years that the department continued.

We all have our pet notions as to the particular evil which is "the curse of America," but I always think that Theodore Roosevelt came closest to the real curse when he classed it as a lack of thoroughness.

Here again, in one of the most important matters in life, America fell short with me; and, what is more important, she is falling short with every foreigner who comes to her shores.

As a Dutch boy I was taught a wholesome respect for law and for authority. The fact was impressed upon me that laws of themselves were of no value unless the people for whom they were made respected them and obeyed them in spirit more even than in letter. I came to America to feel, on every hand, that exactly the opposite was true. Laws were passed, but were not enforced; the will to enforce them was lacking in the people. There was little respect for the law; there was scarcely any for those appointed to enforce it.

The nearest that a boy gets to the law is through the policeman. In the Netherlands a boy is taught that a policeman is for the protection of life and property; that he is the friend of every boy and man who behaves himself. The Dutch boy and the policeman are, naturally, friendly in their relations. I came to America to be told that a policeman is a boy's enemy; that he is eager to make an arrest if he can find the slightest reason for doing so. A policeman, I was informed,

was a being to hold in fear, not in respect. He was to be avoided, not to be made friends with.

So long as one was not caught, it did not matter. I heard mothers tell their little children that if they did not behave, the policeman would put them into a bag and carry them off, or cut their ears off. Of course, the policeman became to them an object of terror; the law he represented a cruel thing that stood for punishment. Not a note of respect did I ever hear for the law in my boyhood days. A law was something to be broken, to be evaded, to call down upon others as a source of punishment, but never to be regarded in the light of a safeguard.

And as I grew into manhood, the newspapers rang on every side with disrespect for those in authority. Under the liberty of the press, which was considered as license by the press, no man was too high to escape editorial abuse, if his politics did not happen to suit the management, or if his action ran contrary to what the proprietors believed it should be. It was not criticism of his acts, it was personal attack upon the official; whether supervisor, mayor, governor, or president. It is a very unfortunate impression that this American lack of respect for those in authority makes upon the foreign-born.

At the most vital part of my life, when I was to become an American citizen and exercise the right of suffrage, America fell short. It reached out not even the suggestion of a hand.

When the Presidential Conventions had been held in the year I reached twenty-one, and I knew I could vote, I tried to find out whether, being foreign-born, I was entitled to the ballot. No one could tell me; and not until I had visited six different city departments, being referred from one to another, was it explained that, through my father's naturalization, I became, as his son, an American citizen. I decided to read the platforms of the Republican and Democratic parties, but I could not secure copies anywhere, although a week had passed since they had been adopted in convention.

I was told the newspapers had printed them. It occurred

to me there must be many others besides myself who were anxious to secure the platforms of the two parties in some more convenient form. With the eye of necessity ever upon a chance to earn an honest penny, I went to a newspaper office, cut out from its files the two platforms, had them printed in a small pocket edition, sold one edition to the American News Company and another to the News Company controlling the Elevated Railroad book stands in New York City, where they sold at ten cents each. So great was the demand which I had only partially guessed that within three weeks I had sold such huge editions of the little books that I had cleared over a thousand dollars.

But it seemed to me strange tnat it should depend on a foreign-born American to supply an eager public with what should have been supplied through the agency of the political parties or through some educational source.

I now tried to find out what a vote actually meant. It must be recalled that I was only twenty-one years old, with little education, and with no civic agency offering me the information I was seeking. I went to the headquarters of each of the political parties and put my query. I was regarded with puzzled looks.

"What does it mean to vote?" I asked one chairman. "Why, on election day you go up to the ballot-box and put your ballot in, and that's all there is to it."

But I knew very well that that was not all there was to it, and was determined to find out the meaning of the franchise. I went to the Brooklyn Library, and was frankly told by the librarian that he did not know of a book that would tell me what I wanted to know. This was in 1884.

As the campaign increased in intensity, I found myself a desired person in the eyes of the local campaign managers, but not one of them could tell me the significance and meaning of the privilege I was for the first time to exercise.

Finally, I spent an evening with Seth Low, and, of course, got the desired information.

But fancy the quest I had been compelled to make to acquire the simple information that should have been placed in my hands. And how many foreign-born would take equal pains to ascertain what I was determined to find out?

Surely America fell short here at the moment most sacred to me: that of my first vote!

Is it any easier to-day for the foreign citizen to acquire this information when he approaches his first vote? I wonder! Not that I do not believe there are agencies for this purpose. You know there are, and so do I. But how about the foreign-born? Does he know? Is it not perhaps like the owner of the bulldog who assured the friend calling on him that it never attacked friends of the family? "Yes," said the friend, "that's all right. You know and I know that I am a friend of the family; but does the dog know?"

To the American, part and parcel of his country, these particulars in which his country falls short with the foreign-born are, perhaps, not so evident; they may even seem not so very important. But to the foreign-born they seem distinct lacks; they look large; they form handicaps which, in many cases, are never overcome.

Whatever shortcomings I may have found during my fifty-year period of Americanization, I owe to her the most priceless gift that any nation can offer, and that is opportunity.

As the world stands to-day, no nation offers opportunity in the degree that America does to the foreign-born. Russia may, in the future, as I like to believe she will, prove a second United States of America in this respect. She has the same limitless area; her people the same possibilities. But as things are to-day, the United States offers, as does no other nation, a limitless opportunity: here a man can go as far as his abilities will carry him.

He can go where he will; no traditions hamper him; no limitations are set except those within himself. The larger the area he chooses in which to work, the larger the vision he has, the more eager the people are to give support to his

undertakings if they are convinced that he has their welfare as his goal. There is no public confidence equal to that of the American public, once it is obtained.

What is not generally understood of the American people is their wonderful idealism. The impression exists in European countries — perhaps less generally since the war — that America is given over to a worship of the dollar. While between nations as between individuals, comparisons are valueless, it may not be amiss to say, from personal knowledge, that the Dutch worship the gulden infinitely more than the Americans the dollar.

I do not claim that the American is always conscious of this idealism; often he is not. But let a great moral question arise, and the result always shows how close to the surface is his idealism. The only approach, in fact, to the American character is, as Sir James Bryce has so well said, through its idealism.

It is this quality which gives the truest inspiration to the foreign-born in his endeavor to serve the people of his adopted country. He is mentally slow, indeed, who does not find that America will make good with him if he makes good with her.

But he must play fair. It is the straight game that the true American plays, and he insists that you shall play it too. Evidence there is, of course, to the contrary in American life, but never is this true in the long run. Sooner or later the public discovers trickery.

There is no limit to the foreign-born who comes to America endowed with honest endeavor, ceaseless industry, and the ability to carry through. In any honest endeavor, the way is wide open to the will to succeed. Every path beckons, every talent is called forth, and every efficient effort finds its due reward. In no land is the way so clear and so free.

— *Abridged.*

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. What instances of waste have you noticed in your school? In your neighborhood? In your community?

2. Is it any more important for the foreign-born than for the native-born to form habits of thrift? Explain. What is thrift? What is waste?
3. What factors does Bok think are necessary for success? Explain each of these and show why it is or is not necessary for success.
4. What does Bok say Roosevelt considered the chief curse of America? Mention examples of this evil which you have noticed.
5. Why should we respect law and authority? What is the meaning of the word "respect" as used here? Give examples.
6. What does it mean to vote? What agencies are there in your community to teach the foreign-born the meaning of voting? Inquire at home, or at the public library.
7. What is naturalization? What are the advantages of naturalization? How may a foreigner become naturalized? (See H. C. Hill, *Community Life and Civic Problems*, 156–158.)
8. Does Bok believe Americans are "dollar chasers"? Explain.
9. What does Bok mean by American idealism? Can you give any illustrations of such idealism?
10. Explain Bok's statement, "There is no limit to the foreign-born who comes to America endowed with honest endeavor, ceaseless industry, and the ability to carry through." Mention examples from your reading or observation which seem to you to prove that his statement is true.
11. Complete the following outline of this selection:

I. How America fails with the immigrant.
   a. She teaches him wastefulness.
   b.
   c.
   d.

II. How America succeeds with the immigrant.
   a. She offers him wide opportunities.
   b.
   c.

12. Topics for paragraph compositions or two-minute talks:
   a. An instance of wastefulness in my home.
   b. When I began to be thrifty.
   c. The time I was not thorough.
   d. One reason I like the policeman in our neighborhood.
   e. One thing the vote means to my father (or mother).
   f. What America did for one foreigner I know.

4. CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN MILES LEWIS PECK AND CARL SCHURZ

Carl Schurz, when only nineteen, took part in a revolt against the tyrannical rulers of Germany. A few months later, after rescuing a friend from prison, he sought safety in America. Here he mastered the English language and became a naturalized citizen. Upon the outbreak of the Civil War he entered the army and rose to a position of high rank. After the war he served as a member of the United States Senate and as Secretary of the Interior. He also took a prominent part in politics. It was during a political campaign the following correspondence took place:

BRISTOL SAVINGS BANK
BRISTOL, CONNECTICUT.
HOWARD A. WARNER, PRESIDENT
MILES LEWIS PECK

CARL SCHURZ, ESQ.

Dear Sir: Your printed letter is at hand. Conditions here seem very unsatisfactory to you. I wonder you do not return to your native land. That I think is the best way for those who do not take the view of the rulers of this country — the voters.

Yours respectfully,

MILES LEWIS PECK.

MILES LEWIS PECK, ESQ.

Dear Sir: I thank you for your communication. I have received similar letters in the course of almost every political campaign, but they were uniformly anonymous. Yours is the first which the author was kind enough to sign with his name. This deserves recognition, and entitles it to an answer.

Your demand that I should leave the country on account of political disagreement with Mr. Miles Lewis Peck is unkind. I have lived in this country over fifty-two years, and as, to judge from your letter, you are still young, it may be that I was one of those voters of whom you speak as the "rulers of this country," before you were born.

I have become attached to it. During that half-century I

have also tried to serve it, in peace and war, not to your satisfaction, perhaps, but as best I could. And now to be turned out of it because I do not agree politically with Mr. Miles Lewis Peck, of Bristol, Connecticut, is little short of cruel.

But the rule you lay down is also unreasonable. In justice you will have to apply it, as well as to me, to all other persons in the same condition. You will then, supposing you happen to be in the majority, send all of those who differ from you politically out of the country, the foreign-born to their native lands, and the native-born to the homes of their ancestors. But it is probable, I may say certain, that the remaining majority would then, according to your rule, send the new minority out of the country. Now you will see that this operation many times repeated might at last leave Mr. Miles Lewis Peck, of Bristol, Connecticut, on the ground, lonesome and forlorn, in desolate self-appreciation.

But it may also happen to you to find yourself accidentally in the minority of voters, and then, according to your rule, you would also be sent out of our beloved country, to the home of your forefathers. This, no doubt, would be distasteful to you, and I assure you you would have my sincere sympathy. It would show you, however, how unstatesmanlike your theory is.

Let us agree, then, that it is best, after all, for us to respect one another's right, as good Americans, to differ politically, and that this country is large enough to hold both Mr. Miles Lewis Peck, of Bristol, Connecticut, and his humble fellow-citizen,

CARL SCHURZ.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Give Peck's reasons for thinking that Schurz should leave the United States.
2. Why did Schurz think Peck's suggestion unreasonable? Would Peck's plan, if carried out, result as Schurz declares? Explain.
3. In your opinion what was Schurz's real purpose in this letter?
4. Explain the idea of American liberty which Schurz had in mind as expressed in this letter.

5. *Volunteer work.* Here are several topics for oral reports, material for which can be found in Schurz's *Reminiscences.*

a. The rescue of Kinkel.
b. Why Carl Schurz came to America.
c. Early experiences of Schurz in America.
d. How Schurz helped elect Lincoln.
e. Schurz on the battle-field.
f. Schurz as a member of the President's cabinet.

5. THE LAND WHERE HATE SHOULD DIE

DENIS A. MCCARTHY

This is the land where hate should die —
No feuds of faith, no spleen of race,
No darkly brooding fear should try
Beneath our flag to find a place.
Lo! every people here has sent
Its sons to answer freedom's call;
Their lifeblood is the strong cement
That builds and binds the nation's wall.

This is the land where hate should die —
Though dear to me my faith and shrine,
I serve my country well when I
Respect the creeds that are not mine.
He little loves the land who'd cast
Upon his neighbor's word a doubt,
Or cite the wrongs of ages past
From present rights to bar him out.

This is the land where hate should die —
This is the land where strife should cease,
Where foul, suspicious fear should fly
Before the light of love and peace.
Then let us purge from poisoned thought
That service to the state we give,
And so be worthy as we ought
Of this great land in which we live!

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Does our country run a greater danger from race prejudice than other countries? Explain why hate should die in America.
2. Explain the following: "feuds of faith"; "spleen of race"; "poisoned thought."
3. Give examples from this unit or from American history which show that foreigners have come here "to answer freedom's call."
4. How do you serve your country when you respect religious beliefs or creeds which differ from your own? Mention ways by which you can show your respect for the creeds of other people.
5. Mention ways by which boys and girls can make themselves worthy of their country.
6. Name other selections of which this poem reminds you.
7. Explain how the central thought in this poem is illustrated in the paragraph from *The Melting-Pot* (p. 335).

GENERAL REVIEW

READING DIRECTIONS

Test on Reading Skill: Classify or group the selections in this unit under these divisions:

1. Selections which need to be studied.
2. Selections which should be read rapidly from beginning to end.
3. Selections which should be read rapidly in some parts and slowly in others.

When there are disagreements, let the differences of opinion be discussed and decided in class.

QUESTIONS AND PROBLEMS

1. In what selections does the phrase "The Promised Land" occur? This phrase has its origin in the Bible. Can you find the place? How is the name suitable for America?
2. Look in the dictionary for the meaning of the word "immigrant." How does it differ from the word "emigrant"? Can you name any "emigrants" or "immigrants" mentioned in the Bible? Can you give examples of immigrants into Italy? England? South America? Australia? Canada? If so, can you name contributions they made to their adopted country?
3. Why were immigrants needed more in America fifty or a hundred years ago than at present? See H. C. Hill, *Community Life and Civic Problems*, 152–154.

4. What is meant by Americanization? What is your community doing to Americanize immigrants? Do native Americans sometimes need to be Americanized? Explain.
5. Give reasons why most immigrants now settle in large cities.
6. We have been called a "people of many tongues." What does this mean? How would the teaching of English to all immigrants promote the welfare of our country?

ROUNDING OUT THE MEANING OF "SEEKING NEW HOMES"

Have committees work out and report on the following projects:

1. Make a list of motives which have drawn immigrants to America. After each motive write the titles of the selections in which the motive is illustrated. Which motive appears most frequently? Which seems to have been the strongest? Let the members of the committee work alone; then meet and decide on the report. Be prepared to give reasons for your conclusions, each member being responsible for one part of the report.
2. Experiences of Newcomers to America. — Mark five columns on a sheet of paper, giving them the following titles: Finding Work, Mastering English, Learning Customs, Suffering Mistreatment, Receiving Kindness. Beneath the headings write the name of the selection in which the title of the column is illustrated. The same selection may appear in more than one column. Let each member of the committee first prepare his own sheet; then meet with the other members, discuss differences of opinion, and agree on a report.

In reporting to the class let each member of the committee take one column and explain the way in which the selections in his column illustrate the title. Arrange the sheet like this:

EXPERIENCES OF NEWCOMERS TO AMERICA

FINDING WORK	MASTERING ENGLISH	LEARNING CUSTOMS	SUFFERING MISTREATMENT	RECEIVING KINDNESS

3. Make a list of problems which the coming of immigrants has caused or increased in America. Arrange your sheet in the manner shown above, having as the column titles different problems of immigration. Let the committee work and report as suggested in No. 2. Be prepared to suggest solutions for these problems and to name selections in which solutions are proposed. Write the word "Solutions" in each column immediately beneath the titles of the selections illustrating the problems; then write beneath the word "Solutions" the titles of selections in which solutions are suggested.
4. Let each pupil vote on the selections in this unit, arranging his ballot as shown below and writing the titles of the selections in the proper columns. The same selection may appear in more than one column.

POEMS			
Liked best.	Made me think most.	Made me most sympathetic with immigrants.	Most worth memorizing.

STORIES, NARRATIVES, ESSAYS					
Liked best.	Disliked most.	Most amusing.	Most informing.	Caused most interesting discussion.	Best fitted for a motion picture.

The results are to be reported to the class and a general discussion of the reasons for the differences of opinion may then take place.

5. Make a list of contributions which immigrants have made to America. Prepare the report in the way described above, putting the titles of selections in which contributions are named

or suggested in the proper columns and giving the report as described in No. 2.

6. Dramatize the naturalization of a foreigner. See G. A. McPheters, G. J. A. Cleaveland, and S. W. Jones, *Citizenship Dramatized* (Holt), 136–166.
7. Make a report to the class showing:
   a. the selections in "Seeking New Homes" which might have been placed in "Making Homes."
   b. the selections in "Making Homes" which might have been placed in "Seeking New Homes."
   c. Explain why the selections which might have been in either the first or fifth units are placed as they are.

QUESTIONS FOR DEBATE

Resolved, That the best interests of our country require the exclusion of all unskilled foreign workers.

Resolved, That the length of residence for naturalization should be increased to ten years.

Resolved, That all immigrants should be required to learn to speak English within five years after landing in America, under penalty of being sent back to the country from which they came.

TOPICS FOR REPORTS OR COMPOSITIONS

1. Why my ancestors came to America.
2. Why I think ——— America's greatest immigrant.
3. What immigrants have done for our community.
4. Queer customs in my grandfather's native land.
5. Family heirlooms brought across the sea.
6. The most interesting immigrant I ever knew.
7. Americanization work in our neighborhood.
8. My experience in teaching English to a foreigner.
9. What our school can do to help immigrants.
10. What I learned from a foreigner.
11. How to help immigrants to love America.
12. Why it pays to be naturalized.
13. One problem arising from immigrants in our community.
14. One gift of immigrants to our community.

MAKING THE BEST OF ONE'S SELF

WHEN THE TOIL OF THE DAY WAS OVER, HE WOULD GAZE AT IT FOR HOURS.

MAKING THE BEST OF ONE'S SELF

I do the very best I know how, the very best I can, and I mean to keep on doing so to the end.

—Abraham Lincoln.

"We can always count on him. He has a cool head, a strong hand, and a true heart." In these words Lord Salisbury, at one time Prime Minister of Great Britain, spoke about a distinguished servant of his country. Calm courage in the midst of difficulty, firm strength in time of stress, and steady purpose to do one's best whatever the outcome — these are the qualities which make for the highest personal success.

We often think that to win riches, honor, or fame is to gain success; and it is true that people who render great services to their fellow men do sometimes receive such rewards. But the highest attainment in life is greater than any such returns. When a physician saves life by his skill, when a mother guards her child against danger, we judge their success first by what they do, and second by what they are. In home life, in school life, in business and professional life, we make the best of ourselves to the degree that we round out to the fullest extent our powers of head, of hand, and of heart.

This is the standard of making the best of ourselves, organizing our powers to do well our work in the world, which the readings of this chapter set forth. Though the marks of success that the world recognizes are without, the highest personal success lies within. Real success lies in our readiness and ability to meet bravely the problems of life.

MAKING THE BEST OF ONE'S SELF

A. The Highest Success

		PAGE
1. A Handful of Clay	*Henry van Dyke*	406
2. The Builders	*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*	409
3. The Great Stone Face	*Nathaniel Hawthorne*	411
4. For A' That and A' That	*Robert Burns*	428

B. The Materials with Which We Build

1. The Heritage	*James Russell Lowell*	431
2. If	*Rudyard Kipling*	434
3. The Foolish Fir-Tree	*Henry van Dyke*	436
4. The Three Wishes	*Hamilton G. Williamson and Tony Sarg*	439

C. Carrying Hard Tasks Through

1. Opportunity	*Edwin Markham*	451
2. Opportunity	*Berton Braley*	452
3. Opportunity	*John James Ingalls*	452
4. Opportunity	*Walter Malone*	453
5. Opportunity	*Edward Rowland Sill*	453
6. A Message to Garcia	*Elbert Hubbard*	454
7. Promoted	*John Oxenham*	459
8. Find a Way	*John G. Saxe*	460
9. The Best	*Nelson Robbins*	462

D. Personal Growth

1. The American Boy	*Theodore Roosevelt*	464
2. Polonius' Advice	*William Shakespeare*	471
3. Conduct	*Thomas Jefferson* *Benjamin Franklin* *George Washington*	472
4. Gradatim	*Josiah Gilbert Holland*	478
5. The Chambered Nautilus	*Oliver Wendell Holmes*	479

CHOOSE A BOOK

1. Aldrich, Thomas B., *Story of a Bad Boy.* Houghton.
   Not such a bad boy, either.

2. Atkinson, Eleanor, *Johnnie Appleseed.* Harper.
   The story of a man who distributed apple-seeds all over the West that the people might have the joy of orchards.

3. Bennett, John, *Master Skylark.* Century.
   The adventures of a boy who had a wonderful voice, with a company of strolling players in Shakespeare's time.

4. Blackmore, Richard Doddridge, *Lorna Doone.*
   The story of a boy and girl who defied class prejudice. The robber Doones are overcome by "great John Ridd."

5. Brooks, Eldridge S., *True Story of Benjamin Franklin.* Lothrop.
   How the candle maker's son peddled ballads. His troubles as a boy editor and other incidents of his life.

6. Brooks, Eldridge S., *Historic Americans.* Crowell.
   Stories of success attained by well-known Americans from Franklin to Lincoln.

7. Connor, Ralph, *The Man from Glengarry.* Revell.
   The rise of a young man who had been deprived of advantages in his boyhood.

8. Dickens, Charles, *David Copperfield.*
   The early hardships of the hero and his later success and happiness; contains many queer, humorous, and lovable characters.

9. Drysdall, William, *Helps for Ambitious Boys; Helps for Ambitious Girls.* Crowell.
   Twin books of suggestions about life-work for boys and for girls.

10. Faris, John Thompson, *Winning Their Way.* Stokes.
    Stories of inventors, explorers, statesmen, and what led to their success and usefulness.

11. French, Harry W., *The Lance of Kanana.* Lothrop.
    How the courage and service of a Bedouin boy rescued his country.

12. Gerwig, George William, *Washington, the Young Leader.* Scribner.
    The story of George Washington for boys and girls of to-day.

13. Hagedorn, Hermann, *Boys' Life of Roosevelt.* Harper.
Many anecdotes of "fighting for the right"; how the famous American overcame obstacles.

14. Jordan, David Starr, *The Strength of Being Clean.* Beacon.
Talks about happiness, earned and unearned.

15. Keller, Helen, *The Story of My Life.* Doubleday.
Blind and deaf since early childhood, Miss Keller tells how she learned to read and write and how she gained a college education.

16. Kipling, Rudyard, *Captains Courageous.* Doubleday.
How a good-for-nothing was changed into a manly fellow by overcoming hardships.

17. Lanier, Sidney, *Mabinogion: Knightly Legends of Wales.* Scribner.
A book of magic and mystery, fierce encounters, and daring exploits. Also *The Boys' King Arthur.*

18. Ollivant, Alfred, *Bob, Son of Battle.* Doubleday.
Stories of brave shepherd dogs, of which the last and greatest was Bob.

19. Parkman, Mary R., *Heroes of To-day.* Century.
Stories of John Muir, John Burroughs, Jacob Riis, George W. Goethals, and Herbert Hoover.

20. Parkman, Mary R., *Heroines of Service.* Century.
Stories of Mary Lyon, Clara Barton, Frances Willard, Anna Shaw, Madame Curie, Jane Addams, and other great women.

21. Pyle, Howard, *Men of Iron.* Harper.
The story of a boy, page, squire, and knight who saved his father's honor.

22. Rice, Alice Hegan, *Lovey Mary.* Century.
The story of an orphan girl who finds real friends in the Cabbage Patch.

23. Roosevelt, Theodore, and Lodge, Henry Cabot, *Hero Tales from American History.* Century.
Stories about George Washington, Daniel Boone, the battle of Trenton, the storming of Stony Point.

24. Tarkington, Booth, *The Conquest of Canaan.* Harper.
The triumph of an Indiana boy who in spite of a bad start succeeds in winning the respect of his home town.

A. THE HIGHEST SUCCESS

1. A HANDFUL OF CLAY

HENRY VAN DYKE

Ask yourself: If Henry van Dyke is not writing about clay, of what is he writing?

There was a handful of clay in the bank of a river. It was only common clay, coarse and heavy; but it had high thoughts of its own value, and wonderful dreams of the great place which it was to fill in the world when the time came for its virtues to be discovered.

Overhead, in the spring sunshine, the trees whispered together of the glory which descended upon them when the delicate blossoms and leaves began to expand, and the forest glowed with fair, clear colors, as if the dust of thousands of rubies and emeralds were hanging in soft clouds above the earth.

The flowers, surprised with the joy of beauty, bent their heads to one another, as the wind caressed them, and said: "Sisters, how lovely you have become! You make the day bright."

The river, glad of new strength and rejoicing in the unison of all its waters, murmured to the shores in music, telling of its release from icy fetters, its swift flight from the snow-clad mountains, and the mighty work to which it was hurrying —

the wheels of many mills to be turned, and great ships to be floated to the sea.

Waiting blindly in its bed, the clay comforted itself with lofty hopes. "My time will come," it said. "I was not made to be hidden forever. Glory and beauty and honor are coming to me in due season."

One day the clay felt itself taken from the place where it had waited so long. A flat blade of iron passed beneath it, lifted it, and tossed it into a cart with other lumps of clay, and it was carried far away, as it seemed, over a rough and stony road. But it was not afraid, nor discouraged, for it said to itself: "This is necessary. The path to glory is always rugged. Now I am on my way to play a great part in the world."

But the hard journey was nothing compared with the hardships and distress that came after. The clay was put into a trough and mixed and beaten and stirred and trampled. This treatment was almost unbearable. But there was comfort in the thought that something very fine and noble was certainly coming out of all this trouble. The clay felt sure that, if it could only wait long enough, a wonderful reward was in store.

Then the clay was put upon a swiftly turning wheel, and whirled around until it seemed as if it must fly into a thousand pieces. A strange power pressed and moulded it, as it revolved, and through all the dizziness and pain it felt that it was taking a new form.

Then an unknown hand put it into an oven, and fires were kindled about it — fierce and penetrating — hotter than all the heats of summer that had ever brooded upon the bank of the river. But through all, the clay held itself together and endured its trials, in the confidence of a great future. "Surely," it thought, "I am intended for something very splendid, since such pains are taken with me. Perhaps I am fashioned for the ornament of a temple, or a precious vase for the table of a king."

At last the baking was finished. The clay was taken from

the furnace and set down upon a board, in the cool air, under the blue sky. The trials were passed. The reward was at hand.

Close beside the board there was a pool of water, not very deep, nor very clear, but calm enough to reflect, with impartial truth, every image that fell upon it. There, for the first time, as it was lifted from the board, the clay saw its new shape, the reward of all its patience and pain, the fulfilling of its hopes, a common flower-pot, straight and stiff, red and ugly. And then it felt that it was not destined for a king's house, nor for a palace of art, because it was made without glory or beauty or honor; and it murmured against the unknown maker, saying: "Why hast thou made me thus?"

More days it passed in sullen discontent. Then it was filled with earth, and something — it knew not what — but something rough and brown and dead-looking, was thrust into the middle of the earth and covered over. The clay rebelled at this new disgrace. "This is the worst of all that has happened to me, to be filled with dirt and rubbish. Surely I am a failure."

But presently it was set in a greenhouse, where the sunlight fell warm upon it, and water was sprinkled over it, and day by day as it waited a change began to take place. Something was stirring within it — a new hope. Still it was ignorant, and knew not what the new hope meant.

One day the clay was lifted again from its place, and carried into a great church. Its dream was coming true after all. It had a fine part to play in the world. Glorious music flowed over it. It was surrounded with flowers. Still it could not understand. So it whispered to another vessel of clay, like itself, close beside it: "Why have they set me here? Why do all the people look toward us?" And the other vessel answered: "Do you not know? You are carrying a royal sceptre of lilies. Their petals are white as snow, and the heart of them is like pure gold. The people look this way because the flower is the most wonderful in the world. And the root of it is in your heart."

Then the clay was content, and silently thanked its maker, because, though an earthen vessel, it held so great a treasure.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Show how the services of the clay resemble the services of the trees, the flowers, and the river?
2. Find and read aloud the paragraph which might refer to the school life of boys and girls? What part might refer to getting started in a business or a profession?
3. Read aloud the part that refers to the sorrows and sufferings of life.
4. After all its trials the clay became only a common flower-pot. What does this suggest about the humble duties of life?
5. Did the clay itself become great? Explain.
6. How does "A Handful of Clay" carry out the meaning of the Introduction, p. 402?

READING DIRECTIONS

Turn to the Table of Contents on p. 403. Notice the four main divisions of the unit; they are all parts of the main unit topic. Remember that every one of the selections is in its place because its central idea or purpose fits in with the meaning of the divisions A, B, C, D. Now turn to p. xiii, and see the six units into which the whole book is divided. In reading a book, as in taking a journey, it is always well to know where you are, and what the next station is.

2. THE BUILDERS

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

All are architects of fate,
  Working in these walls of time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
  Some with ornaments or rhyme.

Nothing useless is, or low;
  Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show
  Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise,
Time, is with materials filled;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these;
Leave no yawning gaps between;
Think not, because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.

In the elder days of art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part;
For the gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen;
Make the house where gods may dwell,
Beautiful, entire, and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete,
Standing in these walls of Time,
Broken stairways, where the feet
Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base;
And ascending and secure
Shall to-morrow fill its place.

Thus alone can we attain
To those turrets, where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain,
And one boundless reach of sky.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Name the materials with which Longfellow says we build. With what materials does Longfellow build the poem?
2. What parts of a building may seem to be "an idle show"? Are there any parts of your school life which might seem to be an "idle show"? Apply the meaning of the second stanza.
3. How can our "to-days" and "yesterdays" be building-blocks?
4. How might one leave a "yawning gap" in his school life?
5. Explain the grammatical construction of "broken stairways" in the seventh stanza.
6. Of what "turrets" does the last line speak?
7. Select three stanzas in the poem that you like best.
8. What is the purpose of this poem? What is its relation to "Making the Best of One's Self"?
9. *Topics for oral or written work:*
   a. "Each thing in its place is best."
   b. A building-block from my science work.
   c. An "unseen" but necessary part in a building made of "concrete."
   d. How a foundation for a large building is laid.

Volunteer work. Find and read aloud to the class one of the following poems: Robert Browning, "Hervé Riel"; Felicia Hemans, "Casabianca"; Alice Cary, "Nobility"; Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, "The Psalm of Life"; Joaquin Miller, "Columbus"; Robert W. Service, "Carry On"; Ralph Waldo Emerson, "A Fable"; William E. Henley, "Invictus"; Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, "The Legend Beautiful"; Alfred Tennyson, "The Lady of Shalott"; William Cullen Bryant, "To a Waterfowl."

3. THE GREAT STONE FACE

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Read the story silently to get a bird's-eye view of it. Whenever you are reading "just for the story," you ought to proceed much more rapidly than when you are studying a textbook. Some boys and girls read so rapidly that they skip over many good parts; others read so slowly that they waste valuable time. Allow yourselves about fifteen minutes for the first silent reading of this story. If you finish before that time, you have probably read too rapidly; if you exceed that time, you have probably read too slowly.

I

One afternoon when the sun was going down, a mother and her little boy sat at the door of their cottage, talking about the Great Stone Face. They had but to lift their eyes, and there it was plainly to be seen, though miles away, with the sunshine brightening all its features.

The Great Stone Face was a work of Nature in her mood of majestic playfulness, formed on the perpendicular side of a mountain by some immense rocks, which had been thrown together in such a position as precisely to resemble the features of the human countenance. There was the broad arch of the forehead, a hundred feet in height; the nose, with its long bridge; and the vast lips, which, if they could have spoken, would have rolled their thunder accents from one end of the valley to the other.

It was a happy lot for children to grow up to manhood or womanhood with the Great Stone Face before their eyes, for all the features were noble, and the expression was at once grand and sweet, as if it were the glow of a vast, warm heart, that embraced all mankind in its affections.

As we began with saying, a mother and her little boy sat at their cottage door, gazing at the Great Stone Face, and talking about it. The child's name was Ernest. "Mother," said he, while the titanic visage smiled on him, "I wish that it could speak, for it looks so very kindly that its voice must be pleasant. If I were to see a man with such a face I should love him dearly."

"If an old prophecy should come to pass," answered his mother, "we may see a man, sometime or other, with exactly such a face as that."

"What prophecy do you mean, dear mother?" eagerly inquired Ernest. "Pray tell me all about it!"

So his mother told him a story that her own mother had told to her, when she herself was younger than little Ernest; a story, not of things that were past, but of what was yet to

come. The story said that at some future day a child should be born hereabouts who was destined to become the greatest and noblest man of his time, and whose countenance, in manhood, should bear a resemblance to the Great Stone Face.

"O mother, dear mother!" cried Ernest, clapping his hands above his head, "I do hope that I shall live to see him!" His mother was an affectionate and thoughtful woman, and felt that it was wisest not to discourage the hopes of her little boy. She only said to him, "Perhaps you may."

And Ernest never forgot the story that his mother told him. It was always in his mind whenever he looked upon the Great Stone Face. He spent his childhood in the log cottage where he was born, and was dutiful to his mother, and helpful to her in many things, assisting her much with his little hands, and more with his loving heart. In this manner, from a happy yet thoughtful child, he grew to be a mild, quiet, modest boy, sun-browned with labor in the fields, but with more intelligence in his face than is seen in many lads who have been taught at famous schools. Yet Ernest had had no teacher, save only that the Great Stone Face became one to him. When the toil of the day was over, he would gaze at it for hours, until he began to imagine that those vast features recognized him, and gave him a smile of kindness and encouragement in response to his own look of veneration.

II

About this time there went a rumor throughout the valley that the great man, foretold from ages long ago, who was to bear a resemblance to the Great Stone Face, had appeared at last. It seems that, many years before, a young man had left the valley and settled at a distant seaport, where, after getting together a little money, he had set up as a shopkeeper. His name — but I could never learn whether it was his real one, or a nickname that had grown out of his habits and success in life — was Gathergold.

It might be said of him, as of Midas in the fable, that whatever he touched with his finger immediately glistened and grew yellow, and was changed at once into coin. And when Mr. Gathergold had become so rich that it would have taken him a hundred years only to count his wealth, he bethought himself of his native valley, and resolved to go back thither and end his days where he was born. With this purpose in view, he sent a skilful architect to build him such a palace as should be fit for a man of his vast wealth to live in.

As I have said above, it had already been rumored in the valley that Mr. Gathergold had turned out to be the person so long and vainly looked for, and that his visage was the perfect and undeniable likeness of the Great Stone Face. People were the more ready to believe that this must needs be the fact when they beheld the splendid edifice that rose, as if by enchantment, on the site of his father's old weather-beaten farmhouse. It had a richly ornamented portico, supported by tall pillars, beneath which was a lofty door, studded with silver knobs, and made of a many-colored wood that had been brought from beyond the sea. The windows, from the floor to the ceiling of each stately apartment, were each composed of but one enormous pane of glass. Hardly anybody had been permitted to see the interior of this palace; but it was reported to be far more gorgeous than the outside, insomuch that whatever was iron or brass in other houses was silver or gold in this; and Mr. Gathergold's bedchamber, especially, made such a glittering appearance that no ordinary man would have been able to close his eyes there. But, on the other hand, Mr. Gathergold was now so accustomed to wealth that perhaps he could not have closed his eyes unless the gleam of it was certain to find its way beneath his eyelids.

In due time the mansion was finished; next came the upholsterers, with magnificent furniture; then a whole troop of black and white servants, the harbingers of Mr. Gathergold, who, in his own majestic person, was expected to arrive at sunset. Our friend Ernest, meanwhile, had been deeply stirred

by the idea that the great man, the noble man, the man of prophecy, after so many ages of delay, was at length to appear in his native valley. He knew, boy as he was, that there were a thousand ways in which Mr. Gathergold, with his vast wealth, might transform himself into an angel of good deeds, and assume a control over human affairs as wide and benignant as the smile of the Great Stone Face. Full of faith and hope, Ernest doubted not that what the people said was true, and that now he was to behold the living likeness of those wondrous features on the mountainside. While the boy was still gazing up the valley, and fancying, as he always did, that the Great Stone Face returned his gaze and looked kindly at him, the rumbling of wheels was heard, approaching swiftly along the winding road.

"Here he comes!" cried a group of people who were assembled to witness the arrival. "Here comes the great Mr. Gathergold!"

A carriage, drawn by four horses, dashed round the turn of the road. Within it, thrust partly out of the window, appeared the face of a little old man with a skin as yellow as gold. He had a low forehead, small sharp eyes, puckered about with innumerable wrinkles, and very thin lips, which he made still thinner by pressing them forcibly together.

"The very image of the Great Stone Face!" shouted the people. "Sure enough, the old prophecy is true; and the great man has come at last!"

And, what greatly troubled Ernest, they seemed actually to believe that here was the likeness which they spoke of. By the roadside there chanced to be an old beggar woman and two little beggar children, stragglers from some far-off region, who, as the carriage rolled onward, held out their hands and lifted up their doleful voices, most piteously beseeching charity. A yellow claw — the very same that had clawed together so much wealth — poked itself out of the coach window and dropped some copper coins upon the ground; so that, though the great man's name seems to have

been Gathergold, he might just as suitably have been nicknamed Scattercopper. Still, nevertheless, with an earnest shout, and evidently with as much good faith as ever, the people bellowed:

"He is the very image of the Great Stone Face!"

But Ernest turned sadly from the wrinkled shrewdness of that visage and gazed up the valley, where, amid a gathering mist, gilded by the last sunbeams, he could still distinguish those glorious features which had impressed themselves into his soul. Their aspect cheered him. What did the benign lips seem to say?

"He will come! Fear not, Ernest; the man will come!"

III

The years went on, and Ernest ceased to be a boy. He had grown to be a young man now. He attracted little notice from the other inhabitants of the valley, for they saw nothing remarkable in his way of life, save that, when the labor of the day was over, he still loved to go apart, and gaze and meditate upon the Great Stone Face. According to their idea of the matter, however, it was a pardonable folly, for Ernest was industrious, kind, and neighborly, and neglected no duty for the sake of this idle habit. They knew not that the Great Stone Face had become a teacher to him and that the sentiment which was expressed in it would enlarge the young man's heart and fill it with wider and deeper sympathies than other hearts. They knew not that thence would come a better wisdom than could be learned from books and a better life than could be moulded on the example of other human lives. Neither did Ernest know that the thoughts and affections which came to him so naturally, in the fields and at the fireside, were of a higher tone than those which all men shared with him.

By this time poor Mr. Gathergold was dead and buried; and the oddest part of the matter was that his wealth, which

was the body and spirit of his existence, had disappeared before his death, leaving nothing of him but a living skeleton, covered over with a wrinkled, yellow skin. Since the melting away of his gold, it had been very generally allowed that there was no such striking resemblance, after all, betwixt the ignoble features of the ruined merchant and that majestic face upon the mountainside. So the people ceased to honor him during his lifetime, and quietly forgot him after his death.

It so happened that a native-born son of the valley, many years before, had enlisted as a soldier, and, after a great deal of hard fighting, had now become an illustrious commander. Whatever he may be called in history, he was known in camps and on the battle-field under the nickname of Old Blood-and-Thunder. This war-worn veteran had lately signified a purpose of returning to his native valley, hoping to find repose where he remembered to have left it. His old neighbors and their grown-up children were resolved to welcome the renowned warrior with a salute of cannon and a public dinner; and all the more enthusiastically because it was believed that at last the likeness of the Great Stone Face had actually appeared. A friend of Old Blood-and-Thunder, travelling through the valley, was said to have been struck with the resemblance. Moreover, the schoolmates and early acquaintances of the general were ready to testify, on oath, that, to the best of their recollection, the general had been exceedingly like the majestic image, even when a boy, only that the idea had never occurred to them at that period. Great, therefore, was the excitement throughout the valley; and many people, who had never once thought of glancing at the Great Stone Face for years before, now spent their time in gazing at it, for the sake of knowing exactly how General Blood-and-Thunder looked.

On the day of the great festival, Ernest and all the other people of the valley left their work and proceeded to the spot where the banquet was prepared. As he approached, the loud voice of the Reverend Doctor Battleblast was heard, be-

seeching a blessing on the good things set before them and on the distinguished friend of peace in whose honor they were assembled. The tables were arranged in a cleared space of the woods, shut in by the surrounding trees, except where a vista opened eastward and afforded a distant view of the Great Stone Face. Our friend Ernest raised himself on his tiptoes, in hopes to get a glimpse of the celebrated guest; but there was a mighty crowd about the tables eager to hear the toasts and speeches, and to catch any word that might fall from the general in reply. So Ernest, being of a modest character, was thrust quite into the background, where he could see no more of Old Blood-and-Thunder's face than if it had been still blazing on the battle-field. To console himself he turned toward the Great Stone Face, which, like a faithful and long-remembered friend, looked back and smiled upon him through the forest. Meantime, however, he could overhear the remarks of various individuals who were comparing the features of the hero with the face on the distant mountain-side.

"'Tis the same face, to a hair!" cried one man, cutting a caper for joy.

"Wonderfully like, that's a fact!" responded another.

"Like! Why, I call it Old Blood-and-Thunder himself, in a monstrous looking-glass!" cried a third. "And why not? He's the greatest man of this or any other age, beyond a doubt."

"The general! The general!" was now the cry. "Hush! Silence! Old Blood-and-Thunder's going to make a speech."

Even so; for, the cloth being removed, the general's health had been drunk amid shouts of applause, and he now stood upon his feet to thank the company. Ernest saw him. There he was, over the shoulders of the crowd. And there, too, visible in the same glance, appeared the Great Stone Face! And was there, indeed, such a resemblance as the crowd had testified? Alas, Ernest could not recognize it! He beheld a war-worn and weather-beaten countenance, full of energy and

expressive of an iron will; but the gentle wisdom, the deep, broad, tender sympathies were altogether wanting in Old Blood-and-Thunder's visage.

"This is not the man of prophecy," sighed Ernest to himself, as he made his way out of the throng. "And must the world wait longer yet?"

The mists had gathered about the distant mountainside, and there were seen the grand and awful features of the Great Stone Face, awful but kindly, as if a mighty angel were sitting among the hills and enrobing himself in a cloud vesture of gold and purple. As he looked, Ernest could hardly believe but that a smile beamed over the whole visage, with a radiance still brightening, although without motion of the lips. As it always did, the aspect of his marvellous friend made Ernest as hopeful as if he had never hoped in vain.

"Fear not, Ernest," said his heart, even as if the Great Face were whispering to him — "fear not, Ernest."

IV

More years sped swiftly and tranquilly away. Ernest still dwelt in his native valley, and was now a man of middle age. By slow degrees he had become known among the people. Now, as heretofore, he labored for his bread and was the same simple-hearted man that he had always been. But he had thought and felt so much, he had given so many of the best hours of his life to unworldly hopes for some great good to mankind, that it seemed as though he had been talking with the angels and had learned a portion of their wisdom unawares. It was visible in the calm beneficence of his daily life, the quiet stream of which had made a wide, green margin all along its course. Not a day passed by that the world was not the better because this man, humble as he was, had lived. He never stepped aside from his own path, yet would always reach a blessing to his neighbor. Almost involuntarily, too, he had become a preacher. The pure and high simplicity of

his thought, which took shape in the good deeds that dropped silently from his hand, flowed also forth in speech. He uttered truths that moulded the lives of those who heard him. His hearers, it may be, never suspected that Ernest, their own neighbor and familiar friend, was more than an ordinary man; least of all did Ernest himself suspect it; but thoughts came out of his mouth that no other human lips had sopken.

Now, again, there were reports that the likeness of the Great Stone Face had appeared upon the broad shoulders of a certain eminent statesman. He, like Mr. Gathergold and Old Blood-and-Thunder, was a native of the valley, but had left it in his early days and had taken up the trades of law and politics. Instead of the rich man's wealth and the warrior's sword he had but a tongue, and it was mightier than both together. So wonderfully eloquent was he that, whatever he might choose to say, his hearer had no choice but to believe him; wrong looked like right and right like wrong. His voice, indeed, was a magic instrument: sometimes it rumbled like the thunder; sometimes it warbled like the sweetest music. In good truth, he was a wondrous man; and when his tongue had acquired him all other imaginable success, it finally persuaded his countrymen to select him for the presidency. Before this time — indeed, as soon as he began to grow celebrated — his admirers had found out the resemblance between him and the Great Stone Face; and so much were they struck by it that throughout the country this distinguished gentleman was known by the name of Old Stony Phiz.

While his friends were doing their best to make him President, Old Stony Phiz, as he was called, set out on a visit to the valley where he was born. Of course he had no other object than to shake hands with his fellow citizens and neither thought nor cared about any effect which his progress through the country might have upon the election. Magnificent preparations were made to receive the illustrious statesman; a cavalcade of horsemen set forth to meet him at the

boundary-line of the State, and all the people left their business and gathered along the wayside to see him pass. Among these was Ernest. Though more than once disappointed, as we have seen, he had such a hopeful and confiding nature that he was always ready to believe in whatever seemed beautiful and good. He kept his heart continually open, and thus was sure to catch the blessing from on high, when it should come. So now again, as buoyantly as ever, he went forth to behold the likeness of the Great Stone Face.

The cavalcade came prancing along the road, with a great clattering of hoofs and a mighty cloud of dust. It really was a very brilliant spectacle, especially as there were numerous banners flaunting over the procession on some of which were gorgeous portraits of the illustrious statesman and the Great Stone Face, smiling familiarly at one another, like two brothers. If the pictures were to be trusted, the resemblance, it must be confessed, was marvellous.

While the people were throwing up their hats and shouting with such enthusiasm that the heart of Ernest kindled up, he likewise threw up his hat and shouted as loudly as the loudest: "Huzza for the great man! Huzza for Old Stony Phiz!" But as yet he had not seen him.

"Here he is now!" cried those who stood near Ernest. "There! There! Look at Old Stony Phiz and then at the Old Man of the Mountain, and see if they are not as like as two twin brothers!"

In the midst of all this gallant array came an open carriage, drawn by four white horses; and in the carriage, with his massive head uncovered, sat the illustrious statesman, Old Stony Phiz himself.

"Confess it," said one of Ernest's neighbors to him; "the Great Stone Face has met its match at last!"

Now, it must be owned that, at his first glimpse of the countenance which was bowing and smiling from the carriage, Ernest did fancy that there was a resemblance between it and the old familiar face upon the mountainside. But the

grand expression of a divine sympathy that illuminated the mountain visage might here be sought in vain. Something had been originally left out, or had departed.

Still Ernest's neighbor was thrusting his elbow into his side, and pressing him for an answer.

"Confess! Confess! Is not he the very picture of your Old Man of the Mountain?"

"No!" said Ernest bluntly, "I see little or no likeness."

"Then so much the worse for the Great Stone Face!" answered his neighbor. And again he set up a shout for Old Stony Phiz.

But Ernest turned away, sad and almost despondent; for this was the saddest of his disappointments, to behold a man who might have fulfilled the prophecy, and had not willed to do so. Meantime the cavalcade, the banners, the music, and the carriages swept past him, with the shouting crowd in the rear, leaving the dust to settle down, and the Great Stone Face to be revealed again, with the grandeur that it had worn for untold centuries.

"Lo, here I am, Ernest!" the benign lips seemed to say. "I have waited longer than thou, and am not yet weary. Fear not; the man will come."

V

The years hurried onward, and now they began to bring white hairs and scatter them over the head of Ernest; they made wrinkles across his forehead and furrows in his cheeks. He was an aged man. But not in vain had he grown old; more than the white hairs on his head were the wise thoughts in his mind. And Ernest had ceased to be obscure. Unsought for, undesired, had come the fame which so many seek, and made him known in the great world, beyond the limits of the valley in which he had dwelt so quietly. College professors, and even the active men of cities, came from far to see and converse with Ernest; for the report had gone

abroad that this simple farmer had ideas unlike those of other men, and a tranquil majesty as if he had been talking with the angels as his daily friends. Ernest received these visitors with the gentle sincerity that had marked him from boyhood, and spoke freely with them of whatever came uppermost, or lay deepest in his heart or their own. While they talked together, his face would kindle and shine upon them, as with a mild evening light. When his guests took leave and went their way, and passing up the valley, paused to look at the Great Stone Face, they imagined that they had seen its likeness in a human countenance, but could not remember where.

While Ernest had been growing up and growing old, a bountiful Providence had granted a new poet to this earth. He, likewise, was a native of the valley, but had spent the greater part of his life at a distance from that romantic region, pouring out his sweet music amid the bustle and din of cities. Often, however, did the mountains which had been familiar to him in his childhood lift their snowy peaks into the clear atmosphere of his poetry. Neither was the Great Stone Face forgotten, for he had celebrated it in a poem which was grand enough to have been uttered by its own majestic lips.

The songs of this poet found their way to Ernest. He read them after his customary toil, seated on the bench before his cottage door, where for such a length of time he had filled his repose with thought, by gazing at the Great Stone Face. And now as he read stanzas that caused the soul to thrill within him, he lifted his eyes to the vast countenance beaming on him so benignantly.

"O majestic friend," he murmured, addressing the Great Stone Face, "is not this man worthy to resemble thee?"

The Face seemed to smile, but answered not a word.

Now it happened that the poet, though he dwelt so far away, had not only heard of Ernest, but had meditated much upon his character, until he deemed nothing so desirable as to meet this man whose untaught wisdom walked hand in hand

with the noble simplicity of his life. One summer morning, therefore, he took passage by the railroad, and, in the decline of the afternoon, alighted from the cars at no great distance from Ernest's cottage.

Approaching Ernest's door, he there found the good old man, holding a volume in his hand, which he read, and then, with a finger between the leaves, looked lovingly at the Great Stone Face.

"Good evening," said the poet. "Can you give a traveller a night's lodging?"

"Willingly," answered Ernest. And then he added, smiling: "Methinks I never saw the Great Stone Face look so hospitably at a stranger."

The poet sat down on the bench beside him, and he and Ernest talked together. Often had the poet conversed with the wittiest and the wisest, but never before with a man like Ernest, whose thoughts and feelings gushed up with such a natural freedom, and who made great truths so familiar by his simple utterance of them. Angels, as had been so often said, seemed to have wrought with him at his labor in the fields; angels seemed to have sat with him by the fireside. So thought the poet. And Ernest, on the other hand, was moved by the living images which the poet flung out of his mind, and which peopled all the air about the cottage door with shapes of beauty.

As Ernest listened to the poet, he imagined that the Great Stone Face was bending forward to listen too. He gazed earnestly into the poet's glowing eyes.

"Who are you, my strangely gifted guest?" he said.

The poet laid his finger on the volume that Ernest had been reading.

"You have read these poems," said he. "You know me, then — for I wrote them."

Again, and still more earnestly than before, Ernest examined the poet's features; then turned toward the Great Stone Face; then back to his guest. But his countenance fell; he shook his head, and sighed.

"Wherefore are you sad?" inquired the poet.

"Because," replied Ernest, "all through life I have awaited the fulfilment of a prophecy; and when I read these poems, I hoped that it might be fulfilled in you."

"You hoped," answered the poet, faintly smiling, "to find in me the likeness of the Great Stone Face. And you are disappointed, as formerly with Mr. Gathergold, and Old Blood-and-Thunder, and Old Stony Phiz. Yes, Ernest, it is my doom. You must add my name to the illustrious three, and record another failure of your hopes. For — in shame and sadness do I speak it, Ernest — I am not worthy."

"And why?" asked Ernest. He pointed to the volume. "Are not those thoughts divine?"

"You can hear in them the far-off echo of a heavenly song," replied the poet. "But my life, dear Ernest, has not corresponded with my thought. I have had grand dreams, but they have been only dreams, because I have lived — and that, too, by my own choice — among poor and mean realities. Sometimes even — shall I dare to say it? — I lack faith in the grandeur, the beauty, and the goodness which my own works are said to have made more evident in nature and in human life. Why, then, pure seeker of the good and true, shouldst thou hope to find me in yonder image of the divine?"

The poet spoke sadly, and his eyes were dim with tears. So, likewise, were those of Ernest.

VI

At the hour of sunset, as had long been his frequent custom, Ernest was to speak to an assemblage of the neighboring inhabitants in the open air. He and the poet, arm in arm, still talking together as they went along, proceeded to the spot. At a small elevation above the ground, set in a rich framework of verdure, there appeared a niche, spacious enough to admit a human figure. Into this natural pulpit Ernest ascended and threw a look of familiar kindness around upon

his audience. They stood, or sat, or reclined upon the grass, as seemed good to each, with the departing sunshine falling over them. In another direction was seen the Great Stone Face, with the same cheer, combined with the same solemnity, in its benignant aspect.

Ernest began to speak, giving to the people of what was in his heart and mind. His words had power, because they accorded with his thoughts; and his thoughts had reality and depth, because they harmonized with the life which he had always lived. The poet, as he listened, felt that the being and character of Ernest were a nobler strain of poetry than he had ever written. His eyes glistening with tears, he gazed reverently at the venerable man, and said within himself that never was there an aspect so worthy of a prophet and a sage as that mild, sweet, thoughtful countenance with the glory of white hair diffused about it. At a distance, but distinctly to be seen, high up in the golden light of the setting sun, appeared the Great Stone Face, with hoary mists around it, like the white hairs around the brow of Ernest. Its look of grand beneficence seemed to embrace the world.

At that moment, in sympathy with a thought which he was about to utter, the face of Ernest assumed a grandeur of expression, so full of benevolence, that the poet, by an irresistible impulse, threw his arms aloft, and shouted:

"Behold! Behold! Ernest is himself the likeness of the Great Stone Face!"

Then all the people looked and saw that what the deep-sighted poet said was true. The prophecy was fulfilled. But Ernest, having finished what he had to say, took the poet's arm, and walked slowly homeward, still hoping that some wiser and better man than himself would by and by appear, bearing a resemblance to the GREAT STONE FACE.

—*Adapted.*

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. To test the thoroughness of your reading, see if you can write correct answers to these questions:
   a. What is the story about?
   b. What does Hawthorne want you to learn about life?
   c. What was the prophecy?
   d. Why did each of the men except Ernest fail?
   e. What was the fulfilment of the prophecy?

2. For careful reading. Divide the class into groups numbered I to VI. Let each group examine the list of questions given below corresponding to their group number, and to the section of the story similarly numbered. Keep your questions before you, and read your section slowly and thoughtfully. In so doing you will be *studying* as contrasted with your first silent *reading*. (Discuss with your teacher the difference between *study* and *reading*.)

I

THE PROPHECY; ERNEST'S CHILDHOOD

1. What was the Great Stone Face?
2. Who was looking upon it?
3. What was the prophecy?
4. Describe Ernest's childhood.
5. What effect did the Great Stone Face have upon the boy?

II

MR. GATHERGOLD; ERNEST'S BOYHOOD

1. Who was Gathergold?
2. Tell about Gathergold's palace; its outside appearance, its furnishings.
3. How had Ernest himself changed since his childhood?
4. Why did Gathergold fail to fulfil the prophecy?
5. What helped to offset Ernest's disappointment?

III

BLOOD-AND-THUNDER; ERNEST'S YOUNG MANHOOD

1. What traits of character began to develop in Ernest?
2. Why did the memory of Gathergold fade away?
3. Who was Blood-and-Thunder?
4. How did Hawthorne make fun of the pompous general?
5. In what ways did Blood-and-Thunder fail to resemble the Great Stone Face?

IV

STONY PHIZ; ERNEST'S MIDDLE AGE

1. Select five characteristics which increasingly developed in Ernest's life?
2. Who was Stony Phiz? Describe him.
3. Tell about the reception he received.
4. What likeness to the Great Stone Face did Ernest first see in Stony Phiz?
5. What was the vital unlikeness between Stony Phiz and the Great Stone Face?

V

THE POET; ERNEST'S OLD AGE

1. How did Ernest change in appearance?
2. How did he grow in strong traits of character?
3. How did the coming of the poet contrast with the arrival of the other men?
4. What was the poet's opinion of Ernest?
5. Why did the poet fail to fulfil the prophecy?

VI

THE PROPHECY FULFILLED

1. Describe the scene of the meeting at which Ernest spoke.
2. Upon whom did the realization of the fulfilment first dawn?
3. Did Ernest act as you would expect him to act in response to the applause?

ADDITIONAL READINGS. — 1. "Getting Ready for an Effective Life," C. W. Eliot, *Training for an Effective Life*, chap. 4. 2. "How Joyce Kilmer Died," in *Literary Digest*, September 7, 1918. 3. First Corinthians, chap. XIII. 4. "Life of Clara Barton," in *Heroines of Service*, 59–95. 5. "Old Pipes and the Dryad," F. R. Stockson, in *Children's Literature*, 234–245. 6. "For Those Who Fail," J. Miller, *ibid.*, 415.

4. FOR A' THAT AND A' THAT

ROBERT BURNS

Burns is said to have written this poem in the kitchen of a certain rich man. The latter, who had invited the poet to meet some of his friends, made Burns wait in the kitchen until the guests arrived.

Is there, for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, and a' that?

The coward slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toils obscure, and a' that,
The rank is but the guinea's[1] stamp;
The man's the gowd[2] for a' that.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden-grey,[3] and a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that;
The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
Is King o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie,[4] ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof[5] for a' that:
For a' that and a' that,
His riband, star, and a' that,
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith, he mauna fa'[6] that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that;

[1] *Guinea:* a gold coin. [2] *Gowd:* gold. [3] *Hodden:* woollen cloth.
[4] *Birkie:* chap, fellow. [5] *Coof:* a stupid person. [6] *Mauna fa':* must not try.

That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree,[1] and a' that,
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Of what kind of poverty might one well be ashamed?
2. How does the second stanza tie up with the meaning of the first?
3. What details in stanza 3 show Burns's contempt for "yon birkie, ca'd a lord"?
4. Name one or two of the ways in which people will have to change, if the meaning of the last paragraph is to come true.

CLASS-LIBRARY READINGS

THE HIGHEST SUCCESS

1. "Learning Self-Control," *Letters to His Children*, 136 and 138.
2. "How Columbus Won His Ships," E. S. Brooks, in *Children's Literature*, 635–642.
3. "Crœsus and Solon," Leo Tolstoi, *ibid.*, 299–300.
4. "The Ugly Duckling," *ibid.*, 203–209.
5. "Going to Church in the Early Days," *Real Stories from Our History*, 29–37.
6. "My Five Brothers," *The Thoughts of Youth*, 19–26.
7. "Reliance," *The Van Dyke Book*, 75.
8. "The Story of Garfield," *World Book*, 3 : 2388; "The Story of Franklin," 3 : 2314.
9. "The Story of Moses," *ibid.*, 5 : 3962–3965.
10. "The Story of George Washington," *ibid.*, 8 : 6199–6204.
11. "Ambition." *ibid.*, 1 : 28.
12. "Heroes of the Nations," *Book of Knowledge*, 1 : 117–127.
13. "Famous Presidents of the United States," *ibid.*, 3 : 787–798.
14. "A Modern Great Heart" (William M. Thackeray), *More Than Conquerors*, 171–195.
15. "The Matterhorn of Men" (Abraham Lincoln), *ibid.*, 375–423.
16. "Obedience," *Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia*, 6 : 2550.
17. "Optimism," *ibid.*, 6 : 2586–2587.
18. "Ambition," *ibid.*, 1 : 107.

[1] *Bear the gree:* come out ahead.

B. THE MATERIALS WITH WHICH WE BUILD

1. THE HERITAGE

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

The poet contrasts the inheritance of two boys. Read slowly, asking:

1. Is Lowell fair to the first boy? To the second boy?
2. May rich boys have the heritage the poet attributes to poor boys?

The rich man's son inherits lands,
And piles of brick, and stone, and gold,
And he inherits soft white hands,
And tender flesh that fears the cold,
Nor dares to wear a garment old;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares;
The bank may break, the factory burn,
A breath may burst his bubble shares,
And soft white hands could hardly earn
A living that would serve his turn;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits wants,
His stomach craves for dainty fare;

With sated heart, he hears the pants
  Of toiling hinds with brown arms bare,
  And wearies in his easy-chair;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
  Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit;
  King of two hands, he does his part
  In every useful toil and art;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
  Wishes o'erjoyed with humble things,
A rank adjudged by toil-worn merit,
  Content that from employment springs,
  A heart that in his labor sings;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
  A patience learned of being poor,
Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it,
  A fellow-feeling that is sure
  To make the outcast bless his door;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

O rich man's son! there is a toil
  That with all others level stands;
Large charity doth never soil,
  But only whiten, soft white hands —
  This is the best crop from thy lands;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

O poor man's son! scorn not thy state;
There is worse weariness than thine,
In merely being rich and great;
Toil only gives the soul to shine,
And makes rest fragrant and benign;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Both, heirs to some six feet of sod,
Are equal in the earth at last;
Both, children of the same dear God,
Prove title to your heirship vast
By record of a well-filled past;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Well worth a life to hold in fee.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Answer the two questions which you had in mind while reading the poem (see p. 431).
2. What can a rich man's son do to avoid being a loafer?
3. Does the next to the last stanza suggest all that a rich man's son can do to be a success?
4. Select qualities a rich man's son may inherit. Name the sons of rich men who have themselves won high success.
5. Does Lowell think that success is measured by what a person *is*, by what he *has*, by what he *does*, or by all three? Select lines to support your answer.
6. Does Lowell think of success as we have defined it on p. 402?
7. Compare the meaning of "The Heritage" with the meaning of "For A' That and A' That," p. 428.
8. What do these expressions mean:
   a. "A breath may burst his bubble shares." (Stanza 2.)
   b. "He hears the pants of toiling hinds." (Stanza 3.)
   c. "A rank adjudged by toil-worn merit." (Stanza 4.)
   d. "King of two hands." (Stanza 4.)
9. Topics for oral or written work:
   a. A poor boy who became rich.
   b. Two meanings of the word "rich."
   c. Beginning at the bottom.

d. Somebody who is always cheerful in his work.
e. In what sense Abraham Lincoln was a "rich" man.

2. IF ——

RUDYARD KIPLING

Read this poem slowly and carefully.

At the right of the first stanza you will find the names of four qualities of success. At the right of the other stanzas you will find blank spaces. Read the poem, line by line, and try to think of words for the blank spaces opposite the other stanzas. Do not use the same word for any two of the blanks.

If you can keep your head when all about you	
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;	cool-headedness
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,	self-confidence
But make allowance for their doubting too;	
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,	patience
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,	
Or being hated don't give way to hating,	
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;	modesty
If you can dream — and not make dreams your master;	
If you can think — and not make thoughts your aim,	.....
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster	
And treat those two impostors just the same;	.....
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken	
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,	.....
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,	
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools;	.....

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them: "Hold on!"

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with Kings — nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And — which is more — you'll be a Man, my son!

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Give an example of success through "waiting."
2. Explain with examples what "losing one's head" means.
3. What does it mean to "make dreams your master"? How does it differ from "giving legs to your dreams"? What dreams did Big Ivan have in "The Citizen," p. 320?
4. Explain, "Don't look too good nor talk too wise."
5. How can "triumph" be an impostor?
6. Why is complaining over one's difficulties ridiculed by the poet?
7. "Or walk with kings — nor lose the common touch." How is this an element of success in a country like ours?
8. Which is the hardest "If" to practise? Explain.
9. How do the last two lines illustrate the relation between what one *does* and what he *is*?

10. How can loving friends "hurt you"?
11. Words for glossary reference: impostor, knave.
12. Topics for talks:
    a. Three of Washington's qualities of success.
    b. The qualities of success shown by the boy in "What Will Power Did for Me," p. 116.
    c. A successful woman in our community.
    d. Opportunities in school life to show one of the qualities in "If——."
    e. How some man in "Providing Safety" (pp. 225–306) was successful.

ADDITIONAL READINGS. — 1. "The Heritage of Noble Deeds," T. Roosevelt, in *The Roosevelt Book*, 11–20. 2. "A Four-Leafed Clover," A. S. Isaacs, in *Children's Literature*, 174–177.

3. THE FOOLISH FIR-TREE

HENRY VAN DYKE

A little fir grew in the midst of the wood
Contented and happy, as young trees should.
His body was straight and his boughs were clean;
And summer and winter the bountiful sheen
Of his needles bedecked him, from top to root,
In a beautiful all-the-year evergreen suit.

But a trouble came into his heart one day,
When he saw that the other trees were gay
In the wonderful raiment that summer weaves
Of manifold shapes and kinds of leaves.
He looked at his needles so stiff and small,
And thought that his dress was the poorest of all.

Then jealousy clouded the little tree's mind,
And he said to himself, "It was not very kind
To give such an ugly old dress to a tree!
If the fays of the forest would only ask me,

I'd tell them how I should like to be dressed
In a garment of gold, to bedazzle the rest!"

So he fell asleep, but his dreams were bad,
When he awoke in the morning his heart was glad;
For every leaf that his boughs could hold
Was made of the brightest beaten gold.
I tell you, children, the tree was proud;
He was something above the common crowd;
And he tinkled his leaves, as if he would say
To a pedlar who happened to pass that way,
"Just look at me! Don't you think I'm fine?
And wouldn't you like such a dress as mine?"
"Oh, yes!" said the man, "and I really guess
I must fill my pack with your beautiful dress."
So he picked the golden leaves with care,
And left the little tree shivering there.

"Oh, why did I wish for golden leaves?"
The fir-tree said, "I forgot that thieves
Would be sure to rob me in passing by.
If the fairies would give me another try,
I'd wish for something that cost much less,
And be satisfied with glass for my dress!"

Then he fell asleep; and just as before,
The fairies granted his wish once more.
When the night was gone, and the sun rose clear,
The tree was a crystal chandelier;
And it seemed, as he stood in the morning light,
That his branches were covered with jewels bright.
"Aha!" said the tree. "This is something great!"
And he held himself up, very proud and straight;
But a rude young wind through the forest dashed,
In a reckless temper, and quickly smashed
The delicate leaves. With a clashing sound

They broke into pieces and fell on the ground,
Like a silvery, shimmering shower of hail,
And the tree stood naked and bare to the gale.

Then his heart was sad; and he cried, "Alas,
For my beautiful leaves of shining glass!
Perhaps I have made another mistake
In choosing a dress so easy to break.
If the fairies only would hear me again
I'd ask them for something both pretty and plain;
It wouldn't cost much to grant my request —
In leaves of green lettuce I'd like to be dressed!"

By this time the fairies were laughing, I know;
But they gave him his wish in a second; and so
With leaves of green lettuce, all tender and sweet,
The tree was arrayed from his head to his feet.
"I knew it," he cried, "I was sure I could find
The sort of a suit that would be to my mind.
There's none of the trees has a prettier dress,
And none as attractive as I am, I guess."

But a goat who was taking an afternoon walk
By chance overheard the fir-tree's talk.
So he came up close for a nearer view;
"My salad!" he bleated, "I think so too!
You're the most attractive kind of a tree
And I want your leaves for my five o'clock tea."
So he ate them all without saying grace,
And walked away with a grin on his face;
While the little tree stood in the twilight dim
With never a leaf on a single limb.

Then he sighed and groaned; but his voice was weak —
He was so ashamed that he could not speak.
He knew at last he had been a fool,
To think of breaking the forest rule,

And choosing a dress himself to please
Because he envied the other trees.
But it couldn't be helped, it was now too late,
He must make up his mind to a leafless fate!

So he let himself sink in a slumber deep,
But he moaned and he tossed in his troubled sleep,
Till the morning touched him with joyful beam,
And he woke to find it was all a dream
For there in his evergreen dress he stood,
A pointed fir in the midst of the wood!
His branches were sweet with the balsam smell,
His needles were green when the white snow fell.
And always contented and happy was he —
The very best kind of a Christmas tree.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Can you think of a better success for a fir-tree than to become a Christmas tree? Explain.
2. What part of Kipling's "If ——" corresponds to the vain wishes which come to the fir-tree in lines 8 and following?
3. Is Van Dyke writing merely about a fir-tree? If not, of what is he writing?
4. Look up in the glossary: sheen, fays, balsam.

4. THE THREE WISHES

HAMILTON G. WILLIAMSON AND TONY SARG

CHARACTERS

MARTIN, *a wood-cutter.*
MARGARET, *the wood-cutter's wife.*
CASPAR, *a friendly neighbor.*
A FAIRY.
A RABBIT.
A DOG.

ACT I

A wood scene; showing village in background. Discover a rabbit sitting on tree-stump near big oak-tree.

RABBIT *on tree-stump, eating, listening, moving ears, etc., etc.;*

finally jumps off tree-stump and goes off stage. TWO BUTTERFLIES *fly across stage; finally settle on little hill and fly off when bird appears.* A BIRD *circles round trees and is still flying when* MARTIN *enters; then it flies off.* MARTIN, *with axe in hand. He stops a moment, watches the* BIRD, *then goes up to the oak-tree. He looks up. Then he lifts axe far enough to spit in hand. He spits. Raises axe for blow. Drops axe and shakes head tiredly. He turns round, and sits on tree-stump, and begins to shake his head in despair. His head drops quite low.* RABBIT *appears from behind the tree, plays a bit in front of tree, and is suddenly discovered by* MARTIN.

MARTIN (*beating the floor with his hand*). Pss-s- Ps-s- Ps.

RABBIT *jumps round and starts flirting with* MARTIN.

MARTIN. Pss-s- Pss- Ps-s-

RABBIT *dodges behind the tree.* MARTIN *rises carefully and steps gently up to tree as if ready to catch* RABBIT. RABBIT, *as soon as* MARTIN *reaches tree, runs behind tree up to his hole.* MARTIN *changes to back-stage; suddenly discovers* RABBIT *and gives chase.* RABBIT *disappears in hole.*

MARTIN (*kneels down and tries to pull* RABBIT *out. He reaches deeper and deeper and suddenly pulls out his hand with a cry*) Ah — The beggar bit me.

He walks back to oak-tree and, after spitting in hand once more, he sings and chops. (*Tune:* "Ach du lieber Augustin".)

"Oh, I've got a tree to chop!
Tree to chop! Tree to chop!
Oh, I've got a tree to chop,
Tree to chop down!

It will heat my oven hot,
Oven hot, oven hot,
It will heat my oven hot,
Bake my bread brown."

VOICE (*inside the tree*). Martin! (MARTIN *gazes about, listens, then lifts axe.*) Martin!

MARTIN (*peering around*). Margaret! It can't be wife Margaret. Nor her voice! Too early for dinner. I dreamed it. (*He lifts his axe.*)

VOICE. Martin!

MARTIN (*lowering his axe and looking around*). Hey there! Who's calling?

VOICE. I'm in the tree!

MARTIN (*looking up*). Where? I don't see you. Come down!

VOICE. I'm inside the tree! I can't get out.

MARTIN. Inside the tree? Nonsense!

VOICE. Listen, Martin. I'm a fairy, an unfortunate fairy.

MARTIN. A fairy! Bah! I don't believe that!

VOICE. It's true! I'm Zimberimbimba. Imprisoned in this tree for a hundred years!

MARTIN (*laughing*). And the moon is made of green cheese!

VOICE. Don't make fun of me, Martin! It's true. Let me out. The tree is hollow. Cut a hole in the bark.

MARTIN. How do I know you're not the two-horned devil himself, waiting to pop out and catch me!

VOICE. I'll stick my hand through this little hole where a branch has fallen out. See?

MARTIN (*looks up and then walks round to look at the little hand*). They say the devil has claws, and it's a pink little hand. It must be a young lady fairy. (*Walks back.*) Well, out you come. (*He spits and then chops.*)

VOICE. Don't cut too deep, Martin. You might hurt me. Just one stroke more.

MARTIN. Ay! Ay! (*He gives final blow, bark falls,* FAIRY *appears.* MARTIN *drops on his knees.*) Wonderful lady! I never saw a fairy before! Don't hurt me! Don't harm me!

FAIRY. Harm you! I shall reward you. Oh — how good

to see the sun after a hundred years of darkness! Tell me how do I look? I used to be extremely pretty.

MARTIN. Beautiful! And very young looking for your age.

FAIRY. What a relief! You see, when I was quite a young girl, not a day over eight hundred, an old dwarf — a sorcerer — wanted to marry me. He was hideous, so of course I refused. He flew into a rage, and shut me in this tree for a hundred years. The time is up to-day, and you've set me free! Oh, how can I thank you? What would you like as a reward?

MARTIN. I don't know what to ask, Ma'am. My brain is spinning like a squirrel in a cage.

FAIRY. I know what to give you, Martin! Something splendid! Three wonderful wishes! Here is a ring. Whoever wears it may have three wishes come true.

MARTIN (*taking the ring*). Oh, thank you, Miss — Ma'am. Thank you!

FAIRY. But only three! So, be careful what you wish for. It's easy to waste wishes, but if you choose wisely, you're made for life. (*She flies away.*) Choose wisely, Martin, wisely — wisely!

MARTIN (*following fairy with his eyes; then suddenly beating his hand*). Wake up, Martin! No, no. I am awake! There's the oak. Here's my axe — and here's the ring. It's all true! Oh, you precious ring! Oh, you beautiful fairy! I'm a made man! I wish — careful! No careless wishes! I'll consult wife Margaret first, and then the schoolmaster, and the lawyer, before I wish at all. How lucky I am! Jimminy Cricket! I could jump for joy! (He sings to tune of "Ach du lieber Augustin"):

"Hip — ey! Hip — o Hip! Hurray!
Hip! Hurrah! Hip! Hurray!"

(*And exits — jumping.*)

CURTAIN

ACT II

Interior of Martin's home.

Discover Margaret, dozing. Bird begins to sing. Dog wakens and barks.

MARGARET (*awakens*). Here, you Fritz! Fritz! Leave old Draggletail alone. (*She whistles.*) *Will* you stop barking (*she stamps*) and be a good dog? (FRITZ *shakes head.*) Don't you love your mistress? (FRITZ *sits up.*) Oh! Oh! (FRITZ *flirts on hind legs.*) Come here, Fritz! (FRITZ *runs about, barking; finally sits opposite* MARGARET.) You hungry, Fritz? (FRITZ *nods.*) You want some meat? (FRITZ *nods.*) Well, you won't get it! There's no meat in this house. (FRITZ *puts head down.*) Poor master means poor dog. We get potatoes morning, noon, and night. Nothing but potatoes! I forget what meat smells like. Dear old Fritz, *come here!* Hep, hep! (*She pats* FRITZ'S *head and makes a fuss over dog. Music of* "Augustin" *is heard. The dog begins to bark.*)

MARGARET (*listens*). What's that? (*The bird begins to sing; the dog barks.*) Stop your noise! Stop it. I hear something. It can't be Martin. Not this early! It sounds like Martin. It *is* Martin.

MARTIN (*appearing at window, still singing, "Hip-o-Hurray"*). Halloo — there! Ha, ha, pig's jowl for me — corned beef! Where's the butcher — call the butcher! Ho — ho — ha — ha ——

MARGARET. What ails the man, home so early! (*Dog barks, jumping near entrance.*)

MARTIN (*tumbles in and while picking himself up*). When luck comes into a house, it tumbles in at the door, and I've proved it. (*Dog barks once.* MARTIN *steps on chair.*) Margaret, drop me a curtsey. I'm as grand a man as the Duke, or I will be. (*Dog barks again.*) We've done with poverty. (*Dog barks.*) We've done with potatoes. (*Dog barks.*) Throw them to the neighbors' pigs. I'm drunk with joy!

(*Dog barks.*) Be quiet — Fritz. (MARTIN *jumps down and kicks* FRITZ. Quiet, I say ——

MARGARET (*sobbing*). Drunk!

MARTIN. Hold your whoop, woman, and look here. Look! (*He holds out ring.*)

MARGARET. Oh-h, a ring! Is it gold?

MARTIN. Ay and more! (*Leaning forward, and whispering.*) A beautiful lady gave it to me!

MARGARET. I don't believe it! What lady would be giving you a ring? You, who look like an old goat! (*Sits down.*)

MARTIN. Hold your tongue. A fairy gave it to me. It's enchanted. It's a wishing ring!

MARGARET. Oh-h-h — no!

MARTIN. Three wishes, she says ——

MARGARET. Do you believe it, Martin? Do you really believe it? Let's try it now. Let's wish that ——

MARTIN (*interrupting*). Hush, woman — don't pop a wish out like that. Look, there's something written in the ring.

MARGARET. What does it say?

MARTIN (*reading*).

> "Just three wishes small or grand
> Come true if I'm on your hand;
> When wishing, choose with greatest care,
> For wasted wishes bring despair!"

MARGARET. Oh-h, Martin, how shall we ever know what to ask?

MARTIN. I'm going to the schoolmaster and the doctor and the lawyer, and find out what are the three grandest things a man can set his heart on.

MARGARET. Go — do it now! Wait — Martin. Somebody might steal the ring! (MARTIN *turns.*) Leave it here — leave it with me.

MARTIN. Women are light-headed creatures. They mean well — but I ——

MARGARET (*interrupting*). Leave that ring with me!

MARTIN (*goes up to* MARGARET, *and gives ring*). Mind you — it's a sacred charge, Margaret. Mind, you don't — (*A knock.*) Who would that be now?

MARGARET. Neighbor Caspar, most likely. I promised him a cup o' ale!

MARTIN. Caspar! He's the biggest tattle-tale in the parish! Don't breathe a word o' the ring to him, or we couldn't shut the door for the neighbors' noses in the crack. Come in, Caspar.

CASPAR. Good morning, Mistress Margaret and neighbor Martin. (*He steps forward.*) Did you think you'd rest a spell? You're home early!

MARTIN. Yes, Caspar, it struck me that wood-chopping is no trade for a man of my intellect, so I dropped my axe and came home. You'll excuse me now. I've business to do.

CASPAR. Business? What might it be?

MARTIN. Important business. Too deep for a plain, simple man like you.

CASPAR. Two heads are better than one.

MARTIN. That's why I'm going to consult the Duke. (*He bows.*) Good-day to you! (*He leaves.*)

(CASPAR *sits on table.* MARGARET *walks over and sits down.*)

CASPAR. Consult the Duke! Has the man birds in his brain, Margaret?

MARGARET. Maybe he has and maybe he hasn't. Strange things have happened this day — Master Caspar! I'm fit to jump out of my skin with joy!

CASPAR (*laughing*). Then jump back into a handsomer one.

MARGARET. What's that you say?

CASPAR. Margaret, a secret, unshared, burdens the heart.

MARGARET. It's no use! I won't tell you.

CASPAR. *Please*, Margaret! I wouldn't tell a soul.

MARGARET. Will you promise, Caspar?

CASPAR. I promise.

MARGARET. It's such good news, I can't keep it.

CASPAR. Out with it!

MARGARET (*holding out her hand*). Caspar, look at this ring. It's a fairy gift — *Three* wishes.

CASPAR. Oh, what luck! What fine luck!

MARGARET. I'll be the finest lady in the village!

CASPAR. And me her best friend!

MARGARET. I'll have a coach.

CASPAR. And me riding in it.

MARGARET. And horses.

CASPAR. And me behind them.

MARGARET. I'll have grand dinners.

CASPAR. I'll come to them. I will that.

MARGARET (*gets up*). Oh, Caspar, I'm that excited. (*She dances to other chair.*) I don't know what to wish.

(CASPAR *gets up from table, walks to dresser, and looks about for mugs; upsets some plates*).

MARGARET. What are you looking for? (CASPAR *upsets dishes.*) Clumsy!

CASPAR (*turns to* MARGARET — *turns his head about*). Where are the mugs?

MARGARET. Why, don't you know — upstairs in the cupboard.

CASPAR. Ah, upstairs. (*Walks up the steps humming song. Looks into cupboard.*) I can't see a mug.

MARGARET. Way back, Caspar! It's a full mug.

CASPAR (*puts his hand in and reaches*). My, what a reach! (*Pulls out mug.*) Well, here's good luck, and long live the fairy. Say, Margo, when you get your three wishes, life will be one song and dance. Come on, Margo, let's dance!

(*He gets up and dances, joined later by* MARGARET. MARGARET *falls exhausted into chair.*)

CASPAR (*stretches exhausted on table. He yawns, stretches legs and arms, and then sits up.*) Do you know, Margaret, what I feel like *now?*

MARGARET. I suppose you'll be saying another cup of ale!

CASPAR. No, no — let us have some sausages.

MARGARET. It's so long since I've tasted sausages, I'd not know one if it bowed to me.

CASPAR (*getting off table*). Yes — (*Turns round.*) Sausages, nice crisp, crackling, brown sausages.

MARGARET. Sizzling in the pan.

CASPAR. Brown and bursting! Oh — oh!

MARGARET. Oh, I wish we had some sausages — now! (*Flash of lightning, thunder.* MARGARET *and* CASPAR *fall flat on floor in terror. Sausages are on the table.*)

CASPAR (*raising his head in terror*). Are you alive?

MARGARET. I don't know — are you?

CASPAR. What happened? It was like a flash of lightning!

MARGARET. What would lightning be doing on a fair day?

CASPAR. It left a pleasant smell behind it, though. Sniff, now. (*They both sniff.*) If I told you what my nose says, you'd laugh. (*She sniffs.*) It says sausages!

MARGARET. It *does* smell like sausages, new fried!

CASPAR. It's stronger *this* side. (*He rises slowly, looks down at sausages.*) Look! It's your wish come true!

MARGARET. Where? (*Getting up.*)

CASPAR. There, as I am alive, a plateful of sausages!

MARGARET (*sobbing*). Oh — oh! Sausages!!

CASPAR. Hush — hush, woman. It's no sorrow. It's a blessing.

MARGARET. It's a wish come true. Martin will beat me. One wish gone out of the ring. Oh — oh — oh!

CASPAR (*smelling sausages*). Nothing is wrong with these sausages. They're good to eat! (MARGARET *sobs.*) It's true — you might have wished for a cart-load. Martin couldn't have got mad at *that!* Let's sit down and eat the dish clean and not tell him a word about it. He'll think the fairy cheated him. They're deceitful things, those fairies!

MARGARET. Well, I don't want a beating. Sit down, eat quick and we'll stuff ——

DOG (*runs across stage toward entrance door and barks*).

MARGARET. Be quiet, Fritz. Oh, he hears Martin! (MARTIN'S *voice is heard outside.*) He'll be as mad as murder. (CASPAR *gets up and begins walking off stage.*) Stop, Caspar — I won't take all the blame alone! It was your fault!

CASPAR. I think I left my cap outside. (*Exit* CASPAR.)

MARGARET. Come back, you coward! (*Dog enters, barking and jumping.* MARTIN *follows.* MARGARET *is sobbing on the table.*)

MARTIN. It's all settled in the wisest way. We're to have . . . What's that smell? (*Looks at* MARGARET.) What's the matter with you, Margaret? (*Looks at sausages.*) Sausages! Where'd they come from?

MARGARET. It was all Caspar's fault! It was. He sang and danced, and addled my brain! His mouth watered for sausages. Before I knew it I was wishing for them! Woroo — woroo!

MARTIN. You wished for sausages and you had the ring?

MARGARET (*sobbing*). I forgot all about the ring.

MARTIN (*walking over to* MARGARET). So you've wasted a fairy wish. I'll show you! Take that and that! (*Beats her.*)

MARGARET. Help, Caspar — help, Caspar! (CASPAR *appears a moment, but immediately runs away as* MARTIN *continues his beating.*)

MARTIN. Take that — I'll teach you to be wasting wishes! Where's the ring? Give me back that ring! (MARGARET *hands back ring to* MARTIN.) Only two wishes left in it now. Cripes, I could bite my thumbs off!

CASPAR (*reappearing*). Be quiet, Martin, two wishes are enough for a simple, quiet man like you! Be sensible. Sit down with us and eat the sausages.

MARGARET. Do, Martin — they taste like a salted rainbow!

MARTIN. What, eat sausages with you! You, who have wasted a wish between you!! Cripes, I wish they were growing to the end of your nose!!! (*Flash of lightning.* MARTIN

falls flat. MARGARET *falls on table and* CASPAR *over back of chair.*) What was that?

CASPAR. Another wish come true! It's a rough way the fairies have.

MARTIN (*getting up*). Another wish! What wish?

CASPAR. That the sausages were grown on Margaret's nose.

MARTIN. What do you mean?

MARGARET. It's true — it's true! They're grown to me as fast as the tail to a cat. Oh-h-h! I'm a ruined woman. Look — look!

MARTIN. They can't be grown to you. Caspar! Pull them off!

CASPAR (*touching them*). They're hot — they burnt me.

MARGARET. Oh — oh — I am a ruined woman!

CASPAR (*laughing inwardly*). Never mind. It's not every woman who can nibble her own nose for breakfast! (*He laughs.*)

MARTIN. Stop laughing. I tell you — stop! Two wishes gone! Two — aw, what good's the third! What good to be rich like the Duke with that beside me for a wife! (*He points to* MARGARET.) Look at her — look! An elephant with his nose in curl paper. (CASPAR *gives suppressed laughter.*) Stop swinging them, I say! I can't bear it! This ring has brought nothing but torment. By magic they came and by magic they must go. I wish the sausages were off Margaret's nose! (*Thunder and lightning.* MARTIN, MARGARET *and* CASPAR *fall to the floor.* *The* FAIRY *appears.*

FAIRY.

So all three wishes came to naught!
You know I rather thought they would,
For idle longing never brings
To wise or foolish any good.
If fools could have the things they wish,
By wishing what they wanted to,
Imagine what a snarl the world

Would be in, — in a day or two.
And wise folks, when they want a thing,
Don't need the fairies' help a bit;
They just make sure they want it first,
Then go ahead and work for it!

CURTAIN

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Name the three wishes. Was the third a sensible wish?
2. What happenings in the play show the character of Martin?
3. In what way does this story resemble "The Foolish Fir-Tree"?
4. What sort of man was Caspar? Find a place in which he *says* something, and another in which he *does* something that shows his character.

CLASS-LIBRARY READINGS

THE MATERIALS WITH WHICH WE BUILD

1. "Phaëthon," C. M. Gayley, in *Children's Literature*, 340–343.
2. "The Narcissus," R. E. Francillon, *ibid.*, 330–332.
3. "The Fir-Tree," Hans C. Andersen, *ibid.*, 190–195.
4. "Lazy Jack," *ibid.*, 70–71.
5. "The Fisherman and His Wife," *ibid.*, 138–142.
6. "The King's High Way," *The Van Dyke Book*, 128–131.
7. "The King's Jewel," *ibid.*, 132–135.
8. "Simplicity," *ibid.*, 169.
9. "What a Boy Scout Needs to Know," *Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia*, 2 : 479.
10. "Courage," *ibid.*, 2 : 907–908.
11. "Honesty," *ibid.*, 4 : 1677.
12. "The Deaf Musician" (Ludwig von Beethoven), *More Than Conquerors*, 3–25.
13. "The Girl Who Saved a Fort," *Book of Knowledge*, 1 : 241–243.
14. "The Heroism of Grace Darling," *ibid.*, 6 : 1733–1734.
15. "The Boy Scouts of America," *ibid.*, 12 : 3583–3589.
16. "Out of the Wilderness," John Muir, in *Atlantic Prose and Poetry*, 241–255.

C. CARRYING HARD TASKS THROUGH

FIVE POEMS ON "OPPORTUNITY"

On the next pages are printed five poems upon the same subject. During the class period carry out this group exercise:

1. Read the five poems to yourself silently.
2. When you have finished, close your books and listen intently while a good reader reads the five poems aloud.
3. Open your books again and reread the poems silently. Then write upon a slip of paper the name of the poem you like best; second, the one you like next best; and so on.

1. OPPORTUNITY

EDWIN MARKHAM

In an old city by the storied shores
Where the bright summit of Olympus soars,
A cryptic statue mounted towards the light—
Heel-winged, tip-toed, and poised for instant flight.

"O statue, tell your name," a traveler cried,
And solemnly the marble lips replied:
"Men call me Opportunity: I lift
My wingèd feet from earth to show how swift
My flight, how short my stay —
How Fate is ever waiting on the way."

"But why that tossing ringlet on your brow?"
"That men may seize me any moment: *Now*,
NOW is my other name: to-day my date:
O traveler, to-morrow is too late!"

2. OPPORTUNITY

BERTON BRALEY

With doubt and dismay you are smitten,
You think there's no chance for you, son?
Why, the best books haven't been written,
The best race hasn't been run,
The best score hasn't been made yet,
The best song hasn't been sung,
The best tune hasn't been played yet;
Cheer up, for the world is young!

No chance? Why, the world is just eager
For things that you ought to create;
Its store of true wealth is still meager,
Its needs are incessant and great;
It yearns for more power and beauty,
More laughter and love and romance;
More loyalty, labor, and duty;
No chance — why, there's nothing but chance!

For the best verse hasn't been rhymed yet;
The best house hasn't been planned,
The highest peak hasn't been climbed yet,
The mightiest rivers aren't spanned.
Don't worry and fret, faint hearted,
The chances have just begun.
For the best jobs haven't been started,
The best work hasn't been done.

3. OPPORTUNITY

JOHN JAMES INGALLS

Master of human destinies am I!
Fame, love, and fortune on my footsteps wait.
Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate
Deserts and seas remote, and passing by
Hovel and mart and palace — soon or late
I knock unbidden once at every gate!

If sleeping, wake — if feasting, rise before
I turn away! It is the hour of fate;
And they who follow me, reach every state
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
Save death; but those who doubt or hesitate,
Condemned to failure, penury, and woe,
Seek me in vain, and uselessly implore,
I answer not, and I return no more.

4. OPPORTUNITY

WALTER MALONE

They do me wrong who say I come no more
When once I knock and fail to find you in;
For every day I stand outside your door,
And bid you wake, and rise to fight and win.

Wail not for precious chances passed away!
Weep not for golden ages on the wane.
Each night I burn the records of the day,
At sunrise every soul is born again.

Dost thou behold thy lost youth all aghast?
Dost reel from righteous Retribution's blow?
Then turn from blotted archives of the past
And find the future's pages white as snow.

Laugh like a boy at splendors that have sped,
To vanished joys be deaf and blind and dumb.
My judgments seal the dead past with its dead,
But never bind a moment yet to come.

Though deep in mire, wring not your hands and weep:
I lend my arm to all who say, "I can!"
No shamefaced outcast ever sank so deep,
But yet might rise and be again a man!

5. OPPORTUNITY

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL

This I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream:
There spread a cloud of dust along a plain,
And underneath the cloud, or in it, raged
A furious battle, and men yelled, and swords
Shocked upon swords and shields. A prince's banner
Wavered, then staggered backward, hemmed by foes.

A craven hung along the battle's edge,
And thought, "Had I a sword of keener steel —
That blue blade that the king's son bears — but this
Blunt thing —" he snapped and flung it from his hand
And lowering, crept away and left the field.

Then came the king's son, wounded, sore bestead,
And weaponless, and saw the broken sword
Hilt-buried in the dry and trodden sand,
And ran and snatched it, and with battle shout
Lifted afresh, he hewed his enemy down
And saved a great cause that heroic day.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Decide which poem ranks first, considering the votes of all the class. In scoring give each first choice a value of 5, second choice 4, third choice 3, fourth choice 2, and fifth choice 1.
2. Compare the poems which rank first and last in the class vote. Try to find three or four good reasons for the first choice.
3. Which poem has the least hopeful message? Which is easiest to understand? Which is hardest? Why? Which poem tells a story?
4. Which has the simplest illustrations? Which has the most illustrations? The fewest? Which presents the most vivid contrast? What two poems seem to disagree in meaning?
5. Which poem best presents the old adage, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again"?
6. Which poem best expresses the unselfishness of real success? Which seems to think of success as personal achievement?

6. A MESSAGE TO GARCIA

ELBERT HUBBARD

Mr. Hubbard wrote "A Message to Garcia" in a single hour, after a discussion at his dinner table. His son, Bert, suggested that Rowan, who carried a message to Garcia during the war for the liberation of Cuba, was the real hero of the war. Hubbard wrote "A Message to Garcia," but thought so little of it that he ran it in his magazine without a heading.

Very soon there came a telegram from the New York Central Railway ordering 100,000 copies in pamphlet form. When these appeared, they were copied in more than 200 magazines and papers. From this beginning, the message has been translated into every written language, reaching a total of more than 40,000,000 copies. This is said to be a larger circulation than any other literary venture has ever attained in the lifetime of its author.

As you read it, you may discover why it has been so popular.

When war broke out between Spain and the United States, it was very necessary to communicate quickly with the leader of the insurgents. Garcia was somewhere in the mountain fastnesses of Cuba — no one knew where. Neither mail nor

telegraph message could reach him. President William McKinley must secure his co-operation, and quickly.

What to do?

Some one said to the President, "There's a fellow by the name of Rowan will find Garcia for you, if anybody can."

Rowan was sent for and given a letter to be delivered to Garcia. How "the fellow by the name of Rowan" took the letter, sealed it up in an oilskin pouch, strapped it over his heart, in four days landed by night off the coast of Cuba from an open boat, disappeared into the jungle, and in three weeks came out on the other side of the island, having traversed a hostile country on foot, and delivered his letter to Garcia — are events I have no special desire to describe in detail.

The point I wish to make is this: McKinley gave Rowan a letter to be delivered to Garcia; Rowan took the letter and did not ask, "Where is he?" By the Eternal! there is a man whose form should be cast in deathless bronze and the statue placed in every college in the land! It is not book learning young men need, nor instruction about this or that, but a stiffening of the backbone that will cause them to be loyal to a trust, to act promptly, concentrate their energies: do the thing — "Carry a message to Garcia."

General Garcia is dead now, but there are other Garcias.

No man who has endeavored to carry out an enterprise wherein many hands were needed, but has been well-nigh appalled at times by the stupidity of the average man— the inability or unwillingness to concentrate on a thing and do it.

Slipshod assistance, foolish inattention, and half-hearted work seem the rule; and no man succeeds unless, by hook or crook or threat, he forces or bribes other men to assist him; or mayhap, God in His goodness performs a miracle, and sends him an Angel of Light for an assistant.

You, reader, put this matter to a test: You are sitting now in your office — six clerks are within call. Summon any one and make this request: "Please look in the encyclopedia and make a brief memorandum of Correggio."

Will the clerk quietly say, "Yes, sir," and go to the task?

On your life he will not! He will look at you out of a fishy eye and ask one or more of the following questions:

Who was he?

Which encyclopedia?

Where is the encyclopedia?

Was I hired for that?

Don't you mean Bismarck?

What's the matter with Charlie doing it?

Is he dead?

Is there any hurry?

Shall I bring you the book and let you look it up for yourself?

What do you want to know for?

And after you have answered the questions, and explained how to find the information, and why you want it, the clerk will go off and get one of the other clerks to help him try to find Garcia — and then come back and tell you there is no such man.

Now if you are wise you will not bother to explain to your "assistant" that Correggio is indexed under the C's, not in the K's, but you will smile sweetly and say, "Never mind," and go look it up yourself.

The dread of "getting the bounce" Saturday night holds many a worker to his place. Advertise for a stenographer, and nine out of ten who apply can neither spell nor punctuate — and do not think it necessary to.

Can such a one write a letter to Garcia?

"You see that bookkeeper?" said a foreman to me in a large factory.

"Yes; what about him?"

"Well, he's a fine accountant, but if I'd send him uptown on an errand, he might accomplish the errand all right, and on the other hand, might stop on the way, and when he got to Main Street would forget what he had been sent for."

Can such a man be entrusted to carry a message to Garcia?

We have recently been hearing much foolish sympathy expressed for the "downtrodden denizens of the sweatshop" and the "homeless wanderer searching for honest employment," and with it all often go many hard words for the men in power.

Nothing is said about the employer who grows old before his time in a vain attempt to get frowsy ne'er-do-wells to do intelligent work; and his long, patient striving with "help" that does nothing but loaf when his back is turned. In every store and factory there is a constant weeding-out process going on. The employer is constantly sending away "help" that have shown their incapacity to further the interests of the business, and others are being taken on.

No matter how good times are, this sorting continues, only if times are hard and work is scarce, the sorting is done finer — but out and forever out the incompetent and unworthy go. It is the survival of the fittest. Self-interest prompts every employer to keep the best — those who can carry a message to Garcia.

I know one man of really brilliant parts who has not the ability to manage a business of his own, and yet who is absolutely worthless to any one else, because he carries with him constantly the insane suspicion that his employer is oppressing or intending to oppress him. He cannot give orders; and he will not receive them. Should a message be given him to take to Garcia, his answer would probably be, "Take it yourself!" To-night this man walks the streets looking for work, the wind whistling through his threadbare coat. No one who knows him dare employ him, for he is a regular firebrand of discontent.

Of course I know that one so morally deformed is no less to be pitied than a physical cripple; but in our pitying, let us drop a tear, too, for the men who are striving to carry on a great enterprise, whose working hours are not limited by the whistle, and whose hair is fast turning white through the struggle to hold in line dowdy indifference, slipshod stupidity,

and the heartless ingratitude which, but for their enterprise, would be both hungry and homeless.

Have I put the matter too strongly? Possibly I have; but when all the world has gone a-slumming I wish to speak a word of sympathy for the man who succeeds — the man who, against great odds, has directed the efforts of others, and having succeeded, finds there's nothing in it — nothing but bare board and clothes. I have carried a dinner pail and worked for day's wages, and I have also been an employer of labor, and I know there is something to be said on both sides. Poverty has no excellence in itself; rags are no recommendation; and all employers are not selfish and high-handed, any more than all poor men are virtuous.

My heart goes out to the man who does his work when the "boss" is away, as well as when he is at home. And the man who, when given a letter for Garcia, quietly takes the missive, without asking any idiotic questions, and with no lurking intention of chucking it into the nearest sewer, or of doing aught else but delivering it, never gets "laid off." Civilization is one long, anxious search for just such individuals. Anything such a man asks shall be granted. His kind is so rare that no employer can afford to let him go. He is wanted in every city, town, and village — in every office, shop, store, and factory.

The world cries out for such; he is needed, and needed badly — the man who can carry A MESSAGE TO GARCIA.

—*Adapted.*

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Why does Hubbard not tell the story of Rowan in greater detail?
2. Why would it have been foolish for Rowan to ask where Garcia was? Would he have been even more foolish *not* to have asked the question if there had been any possibility that his inquiry might have been answered?
3. Does Hubbard show in any way that Rowan did not just plunge blindly into the woods, trusting to find Garcia by sheer luck? How do you know that Rowan made plans, and kept his eyes and ears alert at every movement as he went on his search?

4. Do you think that Hubbard is too harsh in his suggestion that few men and women are "finishers"? Give reasons.
5. What American shortcoming mentioned by Hubbard is also discussed by Edward Bok in his "Dangers and Privileges in America"? Read again the selection on p. 382. Do the two men agree? What paragraphs in the two articles can you cite to prove your opinion?
6. What features of your life in school lead to "a stiffening of the backbone"?
7. Who are the Garcias of your class in mathematics?
8. What is the idea of "finding Garcia" when Hubbard applies it to clerks, pupils, and others?
9. What does this sketch suggest about "Making the Best of One's Self"?

7. PROMOTED

JOHN OXENHAM

In the North Sea Battle, May 31, 1916, John Travers Cornwell
First-Class Boy, H. M. S. "Chester"

A report from the commanding officer of the *Chester* gives a splendid instance of devotion to duty. "Boy (First-Class) John Travers Cornwell, of *Chester*, was mortally wounded early in the action. He nevertheless remained standing alone at a most exposed post, quietly awaiting orders till the end of the action, with the gun's crew dead and wounded all around him. His age was under 16½ years. I regret that he has since died, but I recommend his case for special recognition in justice to his memory, and as an acknowledgment of the high example set by him."

There was his duty to be done —
And he did it.

No thought of glory to be won;
There was his duty to be done —
And he did it.

Wounded when scarce the fight begun,
Of all his fellows left not one;

There was his duty to be done —
And he did it.

Death's fiery hail he did not shun,
Fearless he stood, unmoved, alone,
Beside his eager, useless gun;
There was his duty to be done —
And he did it.

Britain, be proud of such a son!
Deathless the fame that he has won,
Only a boy — but such a one! —
Standing for ever to his gun;
There was his duty to be done —
And he did it.

Let every soul in all the land
Revere his steadfast loyalty.
Britain shall all unconquered stand
While she can breed such sons as he.
His brave, short life was nobly planned
On lines of perfect fealty,
His death fulfilled his KING'S command,
"Aye ready be to come to ME."
And he did it.

8. FIND A WAY

JOHN G. SAXE

It was a noble Roman,
In Rome's imperial day,
Who heard a coward croaker,
Before the castle, say,
"They're safe in such a fortress;
There is no way to shake it!"
"*On!* ON!" exclaimed the hero,
"*I'll find a way, or make it!*"

Is Fame your aspiration?
Her path is steep and high;
In vain you seek her temple,
Content to gaze and sigh:
The shining throne is waiting,
But he alone can take it,
Who says, with Roman firmness,
"I'll find a way, or make it!"

Is Learning your ambition?
There is no royal road;
Alike the peer and peasant
Must climb to her abode;
Who feels the thirst for knowledge
In Helicon may slake it,
If he has still the Roman will,
To "Find a way, or make it!"

Are Riches worth the getting?
They must be bravely sought;
With wishing and with fretting,
The boon can not be bought;
To *all* the prize is open,
But only *he* can take it,
Who says, with Roman courage,
"I'LL FIND A WAY, OR MAKE IT!"

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Why are the last lines in certain stanzas printed in italics? Why is the second word of each of the last three stanzas capitalized?
2. Does the poem indicate that fame, learning, and riches are the supreme goals of success? Explain.
3. What two rewards can every one win, even if he fails of fame, learning, or riches?
4. How do "The Message to Garcia" and "Find a Way" illustrate the two differences between prose and poetry discussed on p. 219?

ADDITIONAL READINGS. — 1. "The Story of Doctor Grenfell," M. R. Parkman, in *St. Nicholas*, 44: 404–409. 2. "Overcoming Handicaps," H. Keller, *Story of My Life*, 96–104. 3. "Struggle in Young Womanhood," in *Louisa M. Alcott*, 56–70. 4. "Try Again." E. Cook, in *Children's Literature*, 402–403. 5. "The Ballad of Nathan Hale," Anonymous, *ibid.*, 425–426. 6. "Jackanapes," J. H. Ewing, *ibid.*, 478–496. 7. "The Pass of Thermopylae," C. M. Yonge, *ibid.*, 671–676.

9. THE BEST

NELSON ROBBINS

One of the sprinters on the track team of an eastern college was very swift; he could run the hundred-yard dash in ten seconds. But he neglected his school work, failed in his studies, and was kept out of the most important meet in which his college competed. The final score of the meet was H. College 59; Y. College 60½; his college was beaten because it lost the hundred-yard dash, which he would have won if he had been allowed to take part. This young man would have resented the charge that he was a "quitter" in a race!

Robbins is talking about a very different type of athlete. Is the poem in keeping with the experiences of boys in your grade?

Did you fail in the race?
Did you faint in the spurt
Where the hot dust choked and burned?
Did you breast the tape 'midst the flying dirt
That the leader's spikes had spurned?
Did you do your best —
Oh, I know you lost. I know that your time was bad.
The best of it since the beginning, lad,
Is in taking your licking and grinning, lad
If you gave them the best you had.

Did your tackle fall short?
Did the runner flash by
With the score that won the game?
Did it break your heart when you missed the try?
Did you choke with the hurt and shame?

If you did your best —
Oh, I know the score; I followed you all the way through.
And that is why I am saying, lad,
That the best of the fight is the staying, lad,
And the best of all games is the playing, lad,
If you give them the best you have.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Why are the last lines in each verse important?
2. Are the last lines in the other poems of "Carrying Hard Tasks Through" equally important in their stanzas? What may you conclude about last lines? Consider also the last sentences in some of the prose selections.
3. Is Robbins really talking about *races* and *games?* Explain.
4. Read again Miss Mitchell's poem, "Revelation," on p. 136. Might the poem have been placed in this unit?

POEMS TO BE READ ALOUD. — Alfred Tennyson, "The Revenge"; Alfred Tennyson, "The Charge of the Light Brigade"; Robert Browning, "An Incident of the French Camp"; Alfred Noyes, "The Highwayman"; Alfred Noyes, "Kilmeny"; Thomas B. Macaulay, "Horatius at the Bridge."

CLASS-LIBRARY READINGS

CARRYING HARD TASKS THROUGH

1. "How Columbus Got His Ships," E. S. Brooks, in *Children's Literature*, 635–642.
2. "Try Again," Eliza Cook, *ibid.*, 402–403.
3. "Invictus," W. E. Henley, *ibid.*, 429.
4. "The Chances for Success," *A Dutch Boy Fifty Years After*, 91–96.
5. "Meeting a Reverse or Two," *ibid.*, 124–133.
6. "Overcoming Handicaps," *The Story of My Life*, 96–104.
7. "Doers of Daring," *The Van Dyke Book*, 74–78.
8. "The Story of Theodore Roosevelt," *World Book*, 7 : 5068–5071.
9. "A Little Dutch Hero," *ibid.*, 7 : 5570–5572.
10. "The Revenge," Alfred Tennyson, *Book of Knowledge*, 13 : 4205–4206.
11. "Torchbearer of the Dark Continent" (David Livingstone), *More Than Conquerors*, 199–221.
12. "America's Most Strenuous President," *Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia*, 7 : 3059–3063.
13. "The Value of Time," *ibid.*, 8 : 3503.

D. PERSONAL GROWTH

1. THE AMERICAN BOY

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Mr. Roosevelt's discussion of manly qualities is not like a story. It cannot be read rapidly. Read slowly, and when you come to a virtue like "work hard," or "play hard," stop long enough to write down a suitable name for that virtue. At the end of the reading you ought to have on your paper the names of at least ten virtues.

We have a right to expect that the American boy shall turn out to be a good American man. Now, the chances are strong that he won't be much of a man unless he is a good deal of a boy. He must not be a coward or a weakling, a bully, a shirk, or a prig. He must work hard and play hard. He must be clean-minded and clean-lived, and able to hold his own under all circumstances and against all comers. It is only on these conditions that he will grow into the kind of man of whom America can be really proud.

There are always in life countless tendencies for good and for evil, and each succeeding generation sees some of these tendencies strengthened and some weakened; nor is it by any means always, alas! that the tendencies for evil are weakened and those for good strengthened. But during the last few decades there certainly have been some notable changes for good in boy life. The great growth in the love of athletic sports, for instance, while fraught with danger if it becomes

one-sided and unhealthy, has beyond all question had an excellent effect in increased manliness. Forty or fifty years ago the writer on American morals was sure to deplore the effeminacy and luxury of young Americans who were born of rich parents. The boy who was well off then, especially in the big Eastern cities, lived too luxuriously, took to billiards as his chief innocent recreation, and felt small shame in his inability to take part in rough pastimes and field-sports. Nowadays, whatever other faults the son of rich parents may tend to develop, he is at least forced by the opinion of all his associates of his own age to bear himself well in manly exercises and to develop his body — and therefore, to a certain extent, his character — in the rough sports which call for pluck, endurance, and physical address.

Of course boys who live under such fortunate conditions that they have to do either a good deal of outdoor work or a good deal of what might be called natural outdoor play do not need the athletic development. In the Civil War the soldiers who came from the prairie and the backwoods and the rugged farms where stumps still dotted the clearings, and who had learned to ride in their infancy, to shoot as soon as they could handle a rifle, and to camp out whenever they got the chance, were better fitted for military work than any set of mere school or college athletes could possibly be.

Moreover, to estimate athletics wrongly is bad, whether their importance is magnified or minimized. The Greeks were famous athletes, and as long as their athletic training had a normal place in their lives, it was a good thing. But it was a very bad thing when they kept up their athletic games while letting the stern qualities of soldiership and statesmanship sink into disuse. When a man so far confuses ends and means as to think that fox-hunting, or polo, or football, or whatever else the sport may be, is to be itself taken as the end, instead of the mere means of preparation to do work that counts when the time arises, when the occasion calls — why, that man had better abandon sport altogether.

No boy can afford to neglect his work, and with a boy work, as a rule, means study. Of course, there are occasionally brilliant successes in life where a man has been worthless as a student when a boy. To take these exceptions as examples would be as unsafe as it would be to advocate blindness because some blind men have won undying honor by triumphing over their physical infirmity and accomplishing great results in the world.

I am no advocate of senseless and excessive cramming in studies, but a boy should work, and should work hard, at his lessons — in the first place, for the sake of what he will learn and in the next place, for the sake of the effect upon his own character of resolutely settling down to learn it. Carelessness, slackness, indifference in studying, are almost certain to mean inability to get on in other walks of life. Of course, as a boy grows older it is a good thing if he can shape his studies in the direction toward which he has a natural bent; but whether he can do this or not, he must put his whole heart into them. I do not believe in mischief-doing in school hours, or in the kind of animal spirits that results in making bad scholars; and I believe that these boys who take part in rough, hard play outside of school will not find any need for horse-play in school. While they study they should study just as hard as they play football in a match game. It is wise to obey the homely old adage: "Work while you work; play while you play."

A boy needs both physical and moral courage. Neither can take the place of the other. When boys become men they will find out that there are some soldiers very brave in the field who have proved timid and worthless as politicians, and some politicians who show an entire readiness to take chances and assume responsibilities in civil affairs, but who lack the fighting edge when opposed to physical danger. In each case, with soldiers and politicians alike, there is but half a virtue. The possession of the courage of the soldier does not excuse the lack of courage in the statesman, and

even less does the possession of the courage of the statesman excuse shrinking on the field of battle.

Now, this is all just as true of boys. A physical coward is a contemptible creature; but after all, he is hardly as contemptible as the boy who does not stand up for what he deems right against the sneers of his companions who are themselves wrong. Ridicule is one of the favorite weapons of wickedness, and it is sometimes hard to understand how good and brave boys will be influenced for evil by the jeers of associates who have no one quality that calls for respect, but who affect to laugh at the very traits which ought to be peculiarly the cause of pride.

There is no need to be a prig. There is no need for a boy to preach about his own conduct and virtue. If he does he will make himself offensive and ridiculous. But there is urgent need that he should practise decency; that he should be clean and straight, honest and truthful, gentle and tender, as well as brave. If he can once get to a proper understanding of things, he will have a far more hearty contempt for the boy who has begun a course of wrong-doing, or who is untruthful, or mean, or dishonest, or cruel, than this boy and his fellows can possibly, in return, feel for him. The very fact that the boy should be manly and able to hold his own, that he should be ashamed to submit to bullying, should, in return, make him abhor any form of bullying, cruelty, or brutality.

There are two delightful books, Thomas Hughes's *Tom Brown's School Days* and Thomas B. Aldrich's *Story of a Bad Boy*, which I hope every boy still reads; and I think American boys will always feel more in sympathy with Aldrich's story, because there is in it none of the fagging, and the bullying which goes with fagging, the account of which, and the acceptance of which, always puzzle an American admirer of Tom Brown.

There is the same contrast between two stories of Kipling's. One, called *Captains Courageous*, describes in the live-

liest way just what a boy should be and do. The hero is painted in the beginning as the spoiled child of wealthy parents, of a type which we do sometimes unfortunately see, and than which there exist few things more objectionable on the face of the broad earth. This boy is afterward thrown on his own resources, amid wholesome surroundings, and is forced to work hard among real boys and real men doing real work. The effect is invaluable. On the other hand, if one wishes to find types of boys to be avoided with utter dislike, one will find them in another story by Kipling called *Stalky & Co.*, a story which ought never to have been written, for there is hardly a single form of meanness which it does not extol. Bullies do not make brave men; and boys or men of foul life cannot become good citizens, good Americans, until they change; and even after the change scars will be left on their souls.

The boy can best become a good man by being a good boy — not a goody-goody boy, but just a plain good boy. I do not mean that he must love only the negative virtues; I mean he must love the positive virtues also. "Good," in the largest sense, should include whatever is fine, straightforward, clean, brave, and manly. The best boys I know — the best men I know — are good at their studies or their business, fearless and stalwart, hated and feared by all that is wicked and depraved, incapable of submitting to wrong-doing, and equally incapable of being aught but tender to the weak and helpless. A healthy-minded boy should feel hearty contempt for the coward, and even more hearty indignation for the boy who bullies girls or small boys, or tortures animals. One prime reason for despising cowards is because every good boy should have it in him to thrash the objectionable boy as the need arises.

Of course the effect that a thoroughly manly, thoroughly straight and upright boy can have upon the companions of his own age, and upon those who are younger, is very great. If he is not thoroughly manly, then they will not respect him,

and his good qualities will count for but little; while, of course, if he is mean, cruel, or wicked, then his physical strength and force of mind merely make him so much the more objectionable a member of society. He cannot do good work if he is not strong and does not try with his whole heart and soul to count in any contest; and his strength will be a curse to himself and to every one else if he does not have thorough command over himself and over his own evil passions, and if he does not use his strength on the side of decency, justice, and fair dealing.

In short, in life, as in a football game, the principle to follow is: Hit the line hard; don't foul and don't shirk, but hit the line hard!

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Name three boys described in preceding selections in this book who best represent Roosevelt's ideal American boy.
2. Read "The American Boy" a second time. Copy three passages which seem to you to correspond in meaning with the three stanzas of Maltbie D. Babcock's poem, and with the three stanzas of Edwin Markham's poem, both of which are given below.

BE STRONG

MALTBIE D. BABCOCK

Be strong!
We are not here to play, to dream, to drift,
We have hard work to do, and loads to lift.
Shun not the struggle; face it. 'Tis God's gift.

Be strong!
Say not the days are evil — Who's to blame?
And fold the hands and acquiesce — O shame!
Stand up, speak out, and bravely, in God's name.

Be strong!
It matters not how deep entrenched the wrong,
How hard the battle goes, the day, how long.
Faint not, fight on! To-morrow comes the song.

RULES FOR THE ROAD

EDWIN MARKHAM

Stand straight:
Step firmly, throw your weight:
The heaven is high above your head,
The good gray road is faithful to your tread.

Be strong:
Sing to your heart a battle song:
Though hidden foemen lie in wait,
Something is in you that can smile at Fate.

Press through:
Nothing can harm if you are true.
And when the night comes, rest:
The earth is friendly as a mother's breast.

3. Make a blackboard list of ten manly qualities, each of you consulting your own list. Arrange the class list on the board again in order of increasing importance.
4. Does the second paragraph remind you of one of the poems in this unit? Find the poem and read aloud the verses of which you are reminded.
5. Are athletics valued too highly in school life? Explain your answer in the light of Roosevelt's article.
6. Do you remember a case of which you read or heard in which it was hard to stand up for the right? Tell about it.
7. Explain the difference between a goody-goody boy and a good boy.
8. Topics for oral composition:
   a. Hitting the line hard.
   b. Hitting a tough problem hard.
   c. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

Additional Readings. — 1. "Our Boys and Our Presidents," C. F. Benjamin, in *St. Nicholas*, 30: 392–395. 2. *The Boys' King Arthur*, S. Lanier. 3. *The Story of Lancelot*, H. Pyle. 4. "The Mowing," D. Grayson, *Adventures in Friendship*, 173–191. 5. "The World We Live In," G. L. Parker, in *St. Nicholas*, 39: 712–713. 6. "The Sermon on the Mount," Matthew, chap. 13. 7. "Betty's Ride," H. S. Canby, in *Children's Literature*, 496–500. 8. "What I Learned About Living with Ben Franklin," I. Bacheller, in *The American Magazine*, 94: 24–28.

3. POLONIUS' ADVICE

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Are there any parts of this advice of an old man to his son that are not wise for to-day?

These few precepts in thy memory
See thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar:
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel: but, being in,
Bear't that th' opposed may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice:
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.
Neither a borrower nor a lender be;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all: to thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. What lines remind you of preceding selections? Explain.

2. Does the third line from the end mean that a person ought to be selfish?

3. *Volunteer work.* This passage is probably quoted and recited more widely than any other from Shakespeare, unless it be "The quality of mercy" speech of Portia, in Act IV, Scene I of "The Merchant of Venice." Learn one or both of these famous passages.

3. CONDUCT

THOMAS JEFFERSON, BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, GEORGE WASHINGTON

Thomas Jefferson, George Washington, and Benjamin Franklin did not win fame by mere talk. They were great *doers*. Among the first lessons in American history are stories of what these three men and their associates accomplished in winning the independence of the United States and in establishing our country as a nation. After the close of the Revolutionary War, they and other representatives of the various colonies met in Philadelphia to draw up a Constitution and to build a strong nation out of the thirteen colonies which had loosely banded together to win independence. Of course, there were many debates and long discussions between the delegates about differing plans and proposals.

Thomas Jefferson, speaking long after the Revolutionary War was over, said of Franklin and of Washington that he never heard either one of them talk very often, and never more than ten minutes at one time. He said that both men "laid their shoulders to the main points, knowing that the little points would follow of themselves." Jefferson admired the trait of talking little and doing much, perhaps because this was one of his own characteristics.

One reason why these three "Revolutionary Fathers" were great *doers*, even if not great talkers, was that each had guided his actions almost all his life by certain rules of conduct, consisting of rules of courtesy, regularity, self-restraint, honesty, and industry. Constantly and persistently they tried to conduct themselves in a manly way and to do their work promptly and thoroughly. Fortunately, all three have left statements of the principles which guided their lives.

Read Jefferson's and Franklin's rules of conduct to see how many of them ought to apply to boys and girls of to-day.

I. JEFFERSON'S RULES

1. Never put off until to-morrow what you can do to-day.
2. Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.
3. Never spend your money before you have earned it.
4. Never buy what you don't want because it is cheap.
5. Pride costs more than hunger, thirst, and cold.
6. We seldom repent of having eaten too little.
7. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.
8. How much pain the evils have cost us that have never happened.
9. Take things always by the smooth handle.[1]
10. When angry, count ten before you speak; if very angry, count a hundred.

II. FRANKLIN'S RULES

1. *Temperance:* eat not to dullness.
2. *Silence:* speak not but what may benefit others or yourself; avoid trifling conversation.
3. *Order:* let all things have their places; let each part of your business have its time.
4. *Resolution:* resolve to perform what you ought; perform without fail what you resolve.
5. *Frugality:* make no expense but to do good to others or to yourself; that is, waste nothing.
6. *Industry:* lose no time; be always employed in something useful; cut off all unnecessary actions.
7. *Sincerity:* use no hurtful deceit; think innocently and justly, and if you speak, speak accordingly.
8. *Justice:* wrong none by doing injuries; forbear resenting injuries so much as you think they deserve.

[1] *Note.* — The ninth rule, "Take things always by the smooth handle," may perhaps be hard for you to understand. Suppose a machine or an implement like a plough could be operated equally well by two handles, one of them smooth, the other very rough. An intelligent workman would choose to use the smooth handle, instead of the rough. So, Jefferson means, when there are two ways of doing something, one of which will cause no hard feelings, will arouse no opposition, will quiet fear and disbelief, choose *that* way. Choose the smooth way in contrast to the harsh way of discord, distrust, and hard feelings.

9. *Moderation:* avoid extremes.
10. *Cleanliness:* tolerate no uncleanliness in body, clothes, or habitation.
11. *Tranquillity:* be not disturbed at trifles, or at accidents common or unavoidable.
12. *Humility:* imitate Jesus and Socrates.

Franklin, writing in his seventy-ninth year, for his grandchildren and great-grandchildren, told what his life success owed to the practice of these virtues.

To Temperance I ascribe my long-continued health, and what is still left to me of a good constitution; to Industry and Frugality, the early easiness of my circumstances and acquisition of my fortune, with all that knowledge that enabled me to be a useful citizen, and obtained for me some degree of reputation among the learned; to Sincerity and Justice, the confidence of my country, and the honorable employs it conferred upon me; and to the joint influence of the whole mass of the virtues, even in the imperfect state I was able to acquire them, all that evenness of temper, and that cheerfulness in conversation, which makes my company still sought for, and agreeable even to my younger acquaintance. I hope, therefore, that some of my descendants may follow the example and reap the benefit.

III. WASHINGTON'S RULES

Washington's list is longer than either Franklin's or Jefferson's, as well as somewhat different. Washington's rules, taken from the *Young Man's Companion*, deal with behavior to friends, acquaintances, and strangers; with "manners," as we often use that word. On the other hand, Franklin and Jefferson are thinking and planning for successful achievement in the professional and business relations of life.

As you read Washington's rules of good "manners" of 1750–1800, name those that do not apply in 1900–1950.

1. Reproach none for the infirmities of nature, nor delight to put them that have in mind thereof.

2. Do not express joy before one sick or in pain; for that contrary passion will aggravate his misery.

3. Every action in company ought to be with some sign of respect to those present.

4. In the presence of others, sing not to yourself with a humming noise, nor drum with your fingers or feet.

5. Sleep not when others speak; sit not when others stand; speak not when you should hold your peace; walk not when others stop.

6. Turn not your back to others, especially in speaking; jog not the table or desk on which another reads or writes; lean not on any one.

7. Read no letters, books, or papers in company; but when there is a necessity for doing it, you must ask leave. Come not near the books or writings of any one so as to read them, unless desired, nor give your opinion of them unasked; also, look not nigh when another is writing a letter.

8. Let your countenance be pleasant, but in serious matters somewhat grave.

9. Show not yourself glad at the misfortune of another, though he were your enemy.

10. Run not in the streets; neither go too slowly, nor with mouth open. Go not shaking your arms, stamping or shuffling; nor pull up your stocking in the street. Walk not upon the toes, nor in a dancing or skipping manner, nor yet with measured steps. Strike not the heels together, nor stoop when there is no occasion.

11. Eat not in the streets, nor in the house out of season.

12. While you are talking, point not with your finger at him of whom you discourse, nor approach too near him to whom you talk, especially to his face.

13. In writing or speaking, give to every person his due title, according to his degree and the custom of the place.

14. Take all corrections thankfully, in what time or place soever given; but afterwards, if you are not at fault, take a time and place convenient to let him know it that gave them.

15. Drink not, nor talk with your mouth full; neither gaze about you while drinking.

16. Use no reproachable language against any one; neither curse nor revile.

17. If you cough, sneeze, sigh, or yawn, do it not loud, but privately; and speak not in your yawning, but put your handkerchief, or hand, before your face, and turn aside.

18. When you sit down, keep your feet firm and even, without putting one on the other, or crossing them.

19. In your apparel be modest, endeavor to accommodate nature, rather than to procure admiration; keep to the fashion of your equals, such as are civil and orderly, with respect to times and places.

20. Play not the peacock, looking everywhere about you to see if you be well decked, if your shoes fit well, if your stockings fit neatly, and clothes handsomely.

21. Speak not of doleful things in time of mirth, nor at the table; speak not of melancholy things as death and wounds, and if others mention them change, if you can, the discourse. Tell not your dreams, but to your intimate friend.

22. Speak not injurious words, neither in jest nor earnest; scoff at none, although they give occasion.

23. Be not forward, but friendly and courteous; the first to salute, hear, and answer; and be not pensive when it is time to converse.

24. Go not thither where you know not whether you shall be welcome or not. Give not advice without being asked, and when desired, give it briefly.

25. Gaze not on the marks or blemishes of others, and ask not how they came. What you may speak in secret to your friend, deliver not before others.

26. Think before you speak; pronounce not imperfectly, nor bring out your words too hastily, but orderly and distinctly.

27. When another speaks, be attentive yourself, and disturb not the audience. If any hesitate in his words, help

him not, nor prompt him without being desired; interrupt him not, nor answer him till his speech be ended.

28. Be not apt to relate news if you know not the truth thereof. In discoursing of things you have heard, name not your author always. A secret discover not.

29. Be not curious to know the affairs of others, neither approach to those that speak in private.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Which of Jefferson's rules deal with personal manners? Which of Franklin's?
2. Do any of Washington's rules deal with conduct that is not strictly personal? If so, which?
3. There is an old proverb: "Never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you." Which of Jefferson's rules has the same meaning?
4. How can pride "cost" something? See Jefferson's Rule 4.
5. Can you apply Jefferson's fifth rule to any of your school tasks?
6. Does Jefferson mean that one should actually count *ten* or a *hundred* if he is angry?
7. Are you applying Jefferson's rule 3 in any of your note books?
8. In what ways can you be more careful in your school life to observe Washington's rule 7?
9. What five of Washington's rules are most important in the life of your school?
10. In rule 20, what does "play the peacock" mean?
11. What is Washington's caution about the telling of dreams? Why does he make an exception in the case of an intimate friend?
12. From all these rules of conduct, make a class list of fifteen, using your own words. Follow this outline:

RULES OF CONDUCT

I. Personal conduct, manners

1. .....
2. .....
3. .....
4. .....
5. .....

II. Conduct of workmanship; business of life

1. .....
2. .....
3. .....
4. .....
5. .....

III. Conduct of enjoyment; leisure of life

1. .....
2. .....
3. .....
4. .....
5. .....

4. GRADATIM

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND

Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
  But we build the ladder by which we rise
  From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit, round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true:
  That a noble deed is a step towards God —
  Lifting the soul from the common clod
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by the things that are under feet;
  By what we have mastered of good and gain;
  By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust,
  When the morning calls us to life and light,
  But our hearts grow weary, and, ere the night,
Our lives are trailing the sordid dust.

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we pray,
  And we think that we mount the air on wings

Beyond the recall of sensual things,
While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

Wings for the angels, but feet for men!
We may borrow the wings to find the way —
We may hope, and resolve, and aspire, and pray;
But our feet must rise, or we fall again.

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown
From the weary earth to the sapphire walls;
But the dreams depart, and the vision falls,
And the sleeper wakes on his pillow of stone.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit, round by round.

5. THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

The nautilus is a tiny sea animal which lives in a spiral shell, like that of many snails. The shell is divided into little chambers, a new one being built each season by the little creature which dwells within. As the nautilus grows older it builds ever larger chambers, leaving the old and passing into the new. The poet, with a nautilus shell lying before him, uses it to tell something about life. Find his message.

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main —
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the siren[1] sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

[1] Siren: an enchantress.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed —
Its irised[1] ceiling rent, its sunless crypt[2] unsealed.

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton[3] blew from wreathèd horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings:

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Was Holmes looking at a living nautilus? Explain.
2. Compare the meaning of the third stanza with a successful

[1] Irised: tinted with the colors of the rainbow.
[2] Crypt: a small chamber.
[3] Triton: a sea-god.

life? Compare with "What Will Power Did for Me," p. 116.

3. The poet says that a clear message may come from the "dead lips" of the shell of a nautilus. What does he mean? What message can there be in a beautiful painting, a red rose, or a magnificent building?
4. A poet is one who can read messages hidden in apparently simple things. Read aloud in class Whittier's "Barefoot Boy," Emerson's "Rhodora," Longfellow's "The Arrow and the Song," or Burns's "To a Mountain Daisy," to see how a poet can give meaning to the simple things of life.
5. Read some of the poems in "Finding Enjoyment," pp. 169–224, which contain messages hidden in simple things?
6. In what stanza is Holmes's meaning most clearly shown? Compare his meaning with "The Heritage," p. 431.
7. Why is this a suitable poem with which to close the readings on "Making the Best of One's Self"?
8. Memorize "The Chambered Nautilus." It contains the central idea of "Making the Best of One's Self."

CLASS-LIBRARY READINGS

PERSONAL GROWTH

1. "The Discontented Pendulum," Jane Taylor, in *Children's Literature*, 297–299.
2. "Knights of the Silver Shield," R. M. Alden, *ibid.*, 223–227.
3. "Theodore Roosevelt's Influence," *A Dutch Boy Fifty Years After*, 147–152.
4. "The Nautilus," *World Book*, 5 : 4089–4090.
5. "Louisa Alcott's Neighbor" (Ralph Waldo Emerson), *More Than Conquerors*, 119–144.
6. "The Lighthouse-Builder's Son" (Robert Louis Stevenson), *ibid.*, 315–343.
7. "From Printer Boy to Scientist and Statesman," *Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia*, 3 : 1357–1358.
8. "Keeping Our Word," *ibid.*, 5 : 1915.

GENERAL REVIEW

PROBLEMS AND QUESTIONS

1. Try to make a motto or a slogan or a short verse about one of the characteristics of a successful man or woman. Here are some examples:

a. Motto: Never say die.
b. Slogan: Smile in defeat; but win your share of victories.
c. Verse:

If the ladder's top you fain would reach
Before you pass your prime,
Don't expect the chap below to boost;
But climb, climb, climb!

Read your results to the class; by class vote select the best motto, the best slogan, and the best verse.

2. Playing proverbs. Divide the class into two teams. Each team find and copy twenty-five proverbs with one word after each which expresses its meaning. For example:

Proverb:	Trait of character:
1. "Haste makes waste."	1. Carefulness.
2. "A penny saved is a penny earned."	2. Economy.
3. "An early bird catches the worm."	3. Punctuality.

When the two lists are made, submit them to the teacher, who will strike out all duplicates in the two lists, and hand the others back to the team captains, who may each select the best ten. Now play the game as follows:

a. Have the list of proverbs of Team A copied on the board, omitting the single words added to name the trait. Let each member of Team B take a sheet of paper, and write after each proverb *one word*, the name of a trait of character best suggested by the proverb, like the examples given above.
b. Reverse the process and let Team A work with Team B's proverbs.
c. Count the number of mistakes made by all the members of A and B teams. Which team is the victor?

3. How many of the qualities covered by your lists of proverbs can you find suggested in various readings of "Making the Best of One's Self"? Name them. Can you think of proverbs which will correspond to qualities of character not so covered?

4. Turn through the pages of "Finding New Homes." Choose one of the selections which tells the story of an immigrant who became prominent. What qualities of success do you find in this person's life?

5. Book day. Let each pupil report in a few sentences what he found in his home reading book that has to do with "Making the Best of One's Self."

ROUNDING OUT THE MEANING OF "MAKING THE BEST OF ONE'S SELF"

Divide these projects among committees and appoint a day for reports to be made.

1. Summing up the qualities that make for success. Let the class use their books and each pupil make a list of five important qualities of success, one for each of five selections in this unit, as follows:
   a. Working with whatever tools one has (Kipling, "If ——").
   b. Smiling in both victory and defeat (Robbins, "The Best").
   Collect the papers and prepare a list, using the best of the suggestions given upon the papers, and trying to find at least one characteristic for every selection in the unit. When the time comes to report, the chairman may write the final result on the board.
2. Reading project. Each member of the committee use the book which he chose from the list on p. 404. Find a part which would fit in one of the four main divisions of "Making the Best of One's Self." Be ready to tell briefly what the whole book is about, and why you have selected your reading for this unit.
3. Organizing talks about luck. You will find in *The American Magazine* a series of stories entitled "Interesting People." If your public library has bound volumes of this magazine, let each member of the committee read the stories of five men or women. Answer these questions concerning each person: Did luck seem to play a part in his success? Gather the points together for a little talk on "Five Prominent People and Luck." Decide in which of these ways you will arrange your talk.
   a. Five Prominent People and Luck.
      (1) First man.
      (2) Second man.
      (3) Third man.
      (4) Fourth man.
      (5) Fifth man.
   b. Five Prominent People and Luck.
      (1) Social position.
      (2) Schooling or other education.
      (3) Keeping their eyes open.
      (4) Recognition by others.
      (5) The making of money.
   c. Five Prominent People and Luck.
      (1) The five I have chosen.

(2) What I mean by luck.
(3) One was very lucky.
(4) Two had a little luck.
(5) Two were successful in spite of hard luck.

When the reports are given, let the members of the class have their books open at this page; let the class discover which of the three ways of organizing his talk was used by each pupil.

TOPICS FOR BLACKBOARD WORK IN PLANNING COMPOSITIONS

Directions: Choose one of the subjects given below or another subject, as you prefer; each try to plan at your seats a short composition of three or four parts upon the topic chosen.

1. Abraham Lincoln's greatest service to America.
2. A successful athlete.
3. Our football victories.
4. Good table manners.
5. A good team captain.
6. A rule of conduct I need.
7. Washington's best rule.
8. An "opportunity" I have.
9. An example of bravery.

When all have finished, have several of the plans copied on the board. Decide which are the best three plans. Have the pupils whose plans are chosen prepare talks and give them to the class.

TOPICS FOR DEBATE

Resolved, That a hard school subject is more worth while than an easy one.

Resolved, That athletic games develop honesty and courage.

READING REVIEW

1. Rapid silent reading and slow silent reading. We have seen that a good reader does not always read at the same rate. Sometimes, when he reads just for the story, he may proceed quite rapidly, paying little attention to details and trying to get a bird's-eye view of the whole (p. 411). At other times, when he starts to read with special questions in mind, he has to go more slowly because he must not miss the parts which will answer his questions (pp. 431, 462, 472). We have seen, too, that some readings are harder to understand than others. The easy ones may be read rapidly; the harder usually require more time.

a. Turn back over the pages of "Making the Best of One's Self" to find the easy selections and the harder ones. Select an easy one and practise reading it rapidly.

b. Decide what members of your class read too slowly in general; that is, the ones who need to speed up in order to save time.

c. Decide what pupils are inclined to read too rapidly, skipping over the pages so quickly that they do not remember well what they read.

d. Let each ask himself whether he is able to vary the rate of his reading or whether he always proceeds at the same speed.

2. Using the table of contents to review a book: Turn to p. xiii and read the names of the six parts into which *Book One* of *Reading and Living* is divided. Notice that all of them have to do with happiness, safety, or success in life. Be sure that you can repeat from memory the six titles.

Then read the sectional headings of each of the six units in the book, pp. xiii. Five have four subdivisions; one has only three. Select one of the units and read through the titles of the various selections, as they are grouped under the main divisions. Do the titles recall to your minds the meaning of the selections? This is a good way to finish a book which you have read carefully, as you have this one. It gives you a *re-view* (a view again) of the whole make-up of the volume. Try this plan with one of your other textbooks; in civics, or in geography, for example.

3. Using tables of contents to see where you can find something in a book: Suppose that *Book One* was entirely new to you; that one gave you the book and said: "Find something that will tell about *the heroism of firemen*, or about *overcoming hardships for an education*." What is the best way to use the contents or indexes to locate the information you want? If you have books like Hagedorn's *Boys' Life of Roosevelt*, Helen Keller's *Story of My Life*, start with a question such as this:

What handicaps did Roosevelt have to overcome in youth? In order to find the parts of the book which will help you answer test questions, proceed as follows:

a. Look through the table of contents, if the book has no index, guessing first in what part of the book the topics probably come.

b. When you have located a chapter that *may* have the information, read a few paragraphs carefully; then skim rapidly until you come to the proper place.

c. If this chapter does not yield results, try again with another.

GLOSSARY

ā as in māte	ä as in färm	ĭ as in ĭt	ŭ as in cŭt
ă as in căt	ē as in ēve	ō as in mōte	o͝o as in fo͝od
â as in câre	ĕ as in lĕt	ŏ as in nŏt	o͝o as in fo͝ot
å as in åsk	ī as in mīnd	ū as in mūte	

a ban'don: careless freedom
ab hor'ring: hating; shrinking from with disgust
a bode': home; dwelling
ab'so lute se clu'sion: complete hiding
ab'stract, made a mental: summed up in his mind; summary
ac'cents: manner of speaking or pronouncing
ac cla ma'tion: a greeting
a chieve'ment (ă chēv'mĕnt): something done
ac qui esce' (ăk wē ĕs'): submit; rest satisfied
ac quired' trait: a quality learned
ac qui si'tion: gaining
ad'dle: confuse
ad mon'ish: warn
ad mo ni'tion (ăd mō nĭsh'ŭn): advice; warning
a dul'ter ated: mixed with something impure
ad'verse fortune: ill-fortune; misfortune
ad'vo cate: to plead in favor of
af fect': pretend
ag'gra vate: increase; to make worse
ag gre ga'tion: crowd; group
a ghast': amazed
Al'che mist (ăl'kē mĭst): one who tried to change other metals into gold; God
al'ien (āl'yĕn): foreigner
al le'giance: devotion; loyalty
al lure'ments: attractions
al ly': helper
a loof': away; apart; alone
al'ma ma'ter (ăl'mà mā'ter): Latin: fostering mother; the school in which one has received education
am a teur'ish (ăm à tūr'ĭsh): unskilled
am phi the'a tre (ăm'fĭ thē'à ter): oval or circular building, or field filled with rows of seats rising around a central space
am'ple base: large foundation
am'pu ta ted: cut off
an æs the' sia (ăn ĕs thē'sĭ à): loss of feeling caused by drugs
an al'y sis, sharpened his powers of: increased his power of understanding
an'a lyzed (ăn'à līzd): examined closely
and'i rons (ănd'ī urns): two metal supports for holding logs in the fireplace
an'i ma ted: full of life and spirit
an nu'i ty: a sum of money given yearly
a non'y mous (ă nŏn'ĭ mŭs): without the author's name; author's name unknown; nameless
an tic i pa'tion (ăn tĭs ĭ pā'shun): expectation
an ti'qui ty: ages long ago; early times
Ap pa la'chia (ăp pà lā'chĭ à): a region of 4,500 square miles in area in the western part of Virginia, lying west of the valley of Virginia
ap par'el: clothing
ap'ple-bee: a gathering of friends to prepare apples for drying
ap pre hen'sion: anxiety; fear of the future
ap pren'tice: one put under a master to learn a trade

ar'bi ters: judges; ones who had power to decide
ar'chives (är'kīvs): records
ar'dor: eagerness; enthusiasm
ar'ni ca: cure for bruises
as cer tain': find out; make certain
as sort'ed: fitted; agreed
at'om: the very smallest particle
at tain'ments: knowledge gained
au'di bly: loud enough to be heard
au"to bi og'ra phy (aw"tō bī ŏg'rà fī): life of a person written by himself
au'to graph: a person's own handwriting; a signature
au'to graph album: a blank book in which persons write and sign their own names
av'a lanche: a vast falling mass, as of snow or ice down a mountain slope
av'a tar: substitute
a vert'ed: prevented
aye (ā): always; forever
az'ure: sky-blue

baf'fled (băf'fld): checked; defeated
bal'lads: simple songs or poems
bal'sam smell: fragrance of evergreen trees
ban, put a ban on: forbid
ban dit'ti: robbers; hold-up men
bask'ing: taking delight
bat'tened: fastened by means of strips of wood around the edges
be dight' (bē dīt'): trimmed; made gay; adorned
be guile' (bē gīl'): relieve
be guil'ing: charming
be nev'o lent: kindly
be nig'nant: gentle; kind
bent: a leaning toward; a liking for
be reft': robbed by death
be stead', sore bestead (bē stĕd'): in great danger
be stir': rouse; become active
be witched': influenced by witchcraft
Bish'op of Bing'en: a wicked bishop who was devoured by mice
bi tu'mi nous: soft coal
blades: gay young fellows
bludg'eon (blŭj'ŭn): short, heavy stick
bo'ding: fearful of coming harm
brave in ribbons: making a fine show
brawn: muscle
Bret Harte: an American writer of short stories about the West
brim'stone and tre'a cle: sulphur and molasses
brooding: gloomy
buoy ant (boi'ant): light-hearted

cal cu la'tions: opinions
car'omed (kâr'ŭmd): glanced off to one side
Car ra'ra (kä rä'rä) **marble:** a beautiful white marble from Carrara, Italy
ca tas'tro phe: great misfortune
cav'al cade: a procession of people on horseback
Celt (Selt): of the race to which the Irish, Welsh, and Scotch belong
cen'sure: blame
cer e mo'ni al: stately or impressive form of service
cha'fing: under restraint; fretting at lack of liberty
chaise (shāz): light two-wheeled carriage
chan de lier' (shăn de lēr'): a hanging frame with branches of light
char act er is'tics (kâr ăct er ĭs'tĭks): behavior showing what kind of man he was
char'wo man: woman hired by the day to do cleaning
chat'tels: belongings; not houses or land
chink: stop up spaces between logs with mud or clay
chiv'al ric (shĭv'ăl rĭk): protective; like a knight
chop'fal len: cast down; low-spirited; humbled; disgraced
chrys'a lis (krĭs'a lis): a moth or butterfly before it comes from its cocoon
cir'cuit (sur'kĭt): circular path
cite: to speak of
ci vil'ian (sĭ vĭl'yăn) **clothes:** ordinary clothes of a citizen, not a uniform
claim: a piece of land to which one intends to establish a right, as a settler's claim
clap'boards (klap'bords): long, thin,

narrow boards used for the outside covering of wooden houses
Co che'co (Cō chē'kō): a town or a river in New Hampshire
co los'sal: huge; of great size
com po si'tion: mixture
com pul'so ry: forced; compelled
con ceit': vanity; too good an idea of one's self
con cus'sion: shock caused by two bodies coming together
con ferred': given; bestowed
con firm': assure by added proof; strengthen; uphold; declare true
con firm a'tion: proof; evidence
con'sul: a man sent by a government to look after the interests of his country
con ta'gious se ren'ity: calmness which gave calm to others
con tam'i na ted: impure
con tin u a'tion: a carrying on
cor'nice: the part of the building which projects over the top of the wall
cor'por al pen'al ty: bodily punishment
corps (cor): body of men
cor'pu lent: fat
couch'ant (kouch'ănt): lying down with head up
count'er feit (koun'ter fĭt): pretend
cran'ny: crack; narrow opening
cra vat': necktie
cre den'tials: proofs of the right to be trusted
cre du'li ty: too ready belief
creeds: religious beliefs
cres'cent: the new moon; the crescent-shaped device on the Turkish flag, hence Mohammedan. **Crescent and Cross**: Mohammedan and Christian
crit'i cal (krĭt'ĭ kăl): at a dangerous turning point
crit'i cal ly (krĭt'ĭ kăl lĭ): closely; judging the quality
crit'i cised (krĭt'ĭ sīzd): judged
crock'er y: dishes
cru'cial moments: moments of trial or testing
cryp'tic (krĭp'tĭk): with a hidden meaning
cul'pa ble: guilty
cul'prit: offender
cul'ti vat ed: educated; trained; refined by training
cur'ry fa'vor: to try to gain favor
curt'sey ing: bowing by bending the knees
cus to'di an of the lockup: jailer
cy'press trees: large, gloomy trees, the branches of which were carried at funerals; hence, signs of mourning

Dart'mouth (Dart'muth): a college in New Hampshire
daunt'ed, nothing: not at all frightened
daw'dler: idler; one who wastes time
dearth (derth): lack
dec'ade: a period of ten years
de fer'ring: putting off
de mean'or: manner; behavior
dem on stra'tion: explanation
den'i zen: dweller; inhabitant
de pop'u lat ed: empty of people
de posed': overcome
der'vish, dancing: the cheer-leader
des'pot ism: rule by a tyrant
des'tined (dĕs'tĭnd): certain; intended for
des'ti ny: fortune; future lot
de tached': separate
dev'as tat ing: destroying
di'a logue: conversation between two persons
dic'ta graph: a kind of telephone attached to a phonograph which records what is said in the room in which it is placed
dic ta to'ri al: commanding
di lap'i dat ed: broken down
di rec'tive ca pac'i ty (kă păs'ĭ tĭ): position of manager or employer
dis''con cert'ed: confused
dis con'so late (dĭs kŏn'sō lāt): hopeless; sad
dis creet': wise and careful
dis dain': scorn
dis si pa'tion: living which wastes strength and health
dis'taff: a stick for holding the flax or wool from which a thread is drawn in spinning
di ver'sion: amusement
dole: grief

dole'ful: sorrowful
dom'i cile (dŏm'ĭ sĭl): dwelling; home
dom'i nant: masterful
doom: punishment
dor'mant: sleeping
draft'ed: chosen by lot
drought (drout): dry spell or season
drudge: servant; one who does hard or disagreeable work
dumb found'ed: speechless with wonder
du'pli cate: exact copy

ebbs and flows: grows less and then greater
ec o nom'i cal: saving
ec'sta sy: overpowering joy
ed'i fice: building of large size
ef fem'i na cy: womanish weakness
ef fi'cien cy (ĕf fish'ĕn sĭ), **increased her:** added to her ability
eked (ēkd): increased: pieced out
e las'tic: yielding
el e men'ta ry: simple; beginning
E'lis (Ē'lĭz): Yale College men; so called from Eli Yale, the founder of that university
e man ci pa'tion: freedom
em bez'zle ment: theft of something entrusted to one's care
em'er ald: deep green, like the gem called an emerald
e mer'gen cies: sudden happenings
en dowed': enriched; gifted
en dued' with terrors: clothed with terror
en masse': all together
en tang'ling al li'an ces: unions too binding; ties which are troublesome
en thrall': charm; hold spellbound
en trenched': protected
ep i dem'ic: disease attacking many at the same time
Erin (Ē'rĭn): Ireland
es cort': accompany
es cutch'eon (ĕs kŭch'ŭn): shield on which the coat of arms is shown
es sen'tial: necessary; most important
et'i quette: rule of behavior
e vade': to escape by skill or cunning
ev o lu'tion: growth or progress
ex alt': glorify; praise
ex clu'sion: keeping out
ex clu'sive: not taking into account
ex er'tion: exercise; activity
ex pos'tu la'tion: earnest protest
ex tol': praise; glorify
ex ul'tant: rejoicing
ex ul ta'tion: rejoicing

fagged: tired; worn out
far'ri er: one who shoes horses
fa'tal: causing death
fa tigue' (fa tēg'): weariness
fay: fairy
fe'al ty: faithfulness
feat: deed of skill
fee, hold in: hold or receive by inheritance
feign (fān): pretend
fes tiv'i ty: feasting; rejoicing
fes toons': garlands or wreaths hanging in curves
feud county (fūd): part of the country in which families lived who hated and tried to kill each other
feuds of faith: religious quarrels
fez: a brimless, close-fitting cap worn by Turks
fil'i al duty: duty of a son or daughter to the parents
fi nance': pay for
five and sixpence: five shillings and sixpence—about $1.35
flail: a wooden instrument for threshing wheat or corn
flitch'es of bacon: sides of a hog, salted and cured
flut'ed tiles: slabs of stone or marble decorated with long parallel grooves
fore'cast: plan for the future
for lorn': forsaken; lonely
form: long bench without a back
fort'night: a period of two weeks
frac'tured: broken
frag'ile (frăg'ĭl): delicate
fran'chise: the right to vote
Fran co'ni a: a range of the White Mountains in New Hampshire
fres'cos: pictures made on plaster
fret'ting: carved work; **icy fret'ting:** icicles
fru'gal: thrifty; saving
fu'gi tive: runaway

fu'mi gat ing: purifying by smoking out
fun da men'tal: basis; first rule
fuse: melt and unite with other matter

ga'ble: triangular end of a house from the line of the eaves to the top of the roof
gam'ins: neglected street children
gat'ling: cannon with many small barrels
gau'dy: showy; bright-colored
gear: clothing; goods
gen teel': refined; well-bred
gen'try: class of people
Ghet'to (gĕt'tō): the Jews' quarter in a city; often means the poorer part of a great city
girth: size around; circumference
goat ee': a part of a man's beard, on the chin, which is trimmed in a tuft like the beard of a goat
grad: graduate
griz'zled: gray-haired
guin'ea: gold coin once used in England, worth about $5.00

ha bit'u al: that which has become a habit; customary
hag'gard: lean and hollow-eyed
half-in'do lent: half lazy
half-in'so lent: half rude
hal'low: bless
ha'lo (hā'lō): glory; bright ring around pictured heads of holy persons
hand'i cap: hindrance
han'som: cab
har'assed: worried; tormented
har'bin ger: forerunner; messenger
har'ried: tormented; distressed; worried
haunt'ed: visited by queer sounds or happenings, as of ghosts
ha'ven: harbor; place of shelter and safety for ships
"heart a log": two people stand at opposite sides of a log and cut with alternate strokes of the ax to the "heart" or centre of the log
heir'looms (âr'looms): personal belongings owned by a family for several generations
Hel'i con: a mountain in Greece where dwelt Apollo, the god of wisdom
her'i tage: birthright; inheritance
hi lar'i ty: noisy joy; high spirits
hind: laborer; peasant
hoa'ry (hor'ĭ): gray-haired
homespun: home-made
hood'lums: roughs or bullies; lawless fellows
hordes: wandering tribes
hos'tage: pledge; security; guarantee
hov'el: poor shed or hut
hum'drum crone: dull old man
hu mil'i ate: shame
hus'band ry: saving; thrift
husk'ing: a meeting of neighbors or friends for husking Indian corn
hyp'o crite (hĭp'ō krĭt): deceiver; one who pretends for his own gain

i de'al (ī dē'al): standard of perfection; perfect
i de'al ism: love or search for the highest or best
i den'ti cal: exactly the same
i den'ti ty (ī dĕn'tĭ tĭ), **proclaimed his:** told who he was
ig no'ble: lacking dignity and honor
il lit'er ate: unable to read or write
im ag'i na ry: unreal; fanciful
im be cil'i ty: feeblemindedness; stupidity
im bibed': absorbed
im mune': protected; safe
im pend'ing siege (sēj): coming appointment
im pos'tor: deceiver
in'cense: perfume; odor of spices; any gums burned in religious ceremonies
in clem'en cies: storminess
in com'pe tent: unfit; incapable
in con spic'u ous: invisible; not readily noticeable
in'cre ment, unearned increment of delight: added delight for which one has not worked
in de ci'sion (ĭn dē sĭzh'ŭn): doubt; uncertainty
in dif'fer ence: carelessness

in dom'i ta ble: not to be conquered
in duce'ment: temptation
in dul'gent: yielding
in ex haust'i ble (ĭn ĕx aus'tĭ ble): not able to be worn out; unfailing
in fe'ri or: lower in state or position
in'fi nite: endless
in fir'ma ry: hospital
in firm'i ties: weaknesses
in flex'i ble: firm; unyielding; hard
in fre'quent: not frequent, not often
in her'ent right: natural right, inborn
in hos'pi ta ble: not welcoming a stranger or guest; cheerless; affording no shelter
in sur'gent: rebel
in ter vene': come between
in vol''un ta'ri ly: without planning or purpose
ir re sist'i ble: not able to be overcome; overpowering
i so la'tion (ī sō lā'shŭn): separation from others

joc'und (jŏk'und): gay; merry
jos'tled: crowded, so that people push and elbow each other
ju ris dic'tion: control

knave (nāv): a dishonest person
knoll (nōl): a little rounded hill
knout (nout): a leather whip formerly used for punishing peasants in Russia
ko'ma tik: Eskimo sled drawn by dogs
ko'peck: a Russian coin formerly worth about half a cent
kreut'zer: Austrian copper coin formerly worth one half-cent

lab'o ra to ry: place in which any kind of work is carried on
Lady of the Lamp: a name given to Florence Nightingale
lair: bed or den of wild beast
la ment': mourn
lam'en ta bly: mournfully
lar'va: first form of an insect after leaving the egg
lat'tice: crossed openwork, generally of metal or wood
lau'relled: honored, from the use of laurel as a prize in the games of ancient Greece
leech: blood-sucker
leg'end (lej'end): story
le'ni ent (lē'nĭ ĕnt): gentle
li'a ble to rep'ri mand: in danger of being severely reproved
li'bel suit: lawsuit for damages
li'cense: freedom misused; lawless freedom
lit'er al meaning: the surface meaning expressed by the words, not the deeper imaginative meaning
liv'id: ashy pale; grayish
loon: a fish-eating, diving bird of the North
lore: learning
low'er ing: frowning; scowling
lures: attractions; temptations
lus'trous: shining

mag na nim'i ty: generosity; greatness of heart
mag'ni fied: made too important
ma jes'ti cal ly: in a grand manner
maj'es ty: nobility; grandeur; title given to a ruler
mal'a dies: diseases
mam'moth: giant
mar'velled: wondered
mas'sa cre (măs'ā ker): the killing of many people
mas'ter of cer'e mo nies: one who directs the carrying out of a program
mas'ti cat ing: chewing
maud'lin: silly
maw: mouth
mead (mēd): meadow
mea'gre (mē'ger): scanty
med'i tate: to think deeply
mel'an cho ly: sad
Mem''phre ma'gog (Mĕm''frē mā'gŏg): a lake situated partly in Vermont and partly in Canada
mim'ic: imitation
min'i a ture (mĭn'ĭ ā tūr): a very small painting; something copied on a very small scale; tiny
min'im ized: treated as of little value
mi nute' (mī nūt'): exact; detailed
mis cel la'ne ous: mixed
mo men'tous: very important

mo not'o nous: tiresome; lacking variety
mor'al question: question of right or wrong
mor'bid self-ef face'ment: unnatural wish to escape notice
mo rose': gloomy
mor'tal: deadly
mor'tars: cannon
mot'ley: many-colored
mu nic'i pal: belonging to city or town
mute: silent

nat'u ral ized: granted the rights and privileges of a citizen
neg'a tive virtues: absence of faults
niche (nĭch): a hollow in a wall as a place for a statue
non-com mit'tal: not giving a direct answer
nor'mal: natural, regular
nov'ice: beginner

ob liv'i ous: forgetful
ob sessed': overwhelmed
ob tru'sive: forward, bold
ob'vi ous ly: clearly; plainly; evidently
of fi'cious zeal (ŏ fĭsh'ŭs zēl): meddling eagerness
O lym'pus: a mountain in Greece, supposed to be the home of the gods
om'i nous: threatening
om'ni bus: a public four-wheeled carriage for passengers
op po'nent: enemy
or'na ment: trimming
or'tho dox faith: accepted belief in religion

pal'pi tat ing: throbbing
pan'ic: wide-spread fear about money, resulting in "hard times"
pas'time: sport; amusement
pa'thos: deep feeling
pa'tri arch (pā'trĭ ärk): old man
pa tri arch'al life (pā'trĭ ärk'al): a kind of life in which the father is head of the family and has unlimited power
pau'per: a very poor person
pawn'brok er: one whose business is to lend money on goods left with him
peer: nobleman
pen'e trat ing: sharp; piercing
pen'sive: thoughtful; musing
pen'u ry: extreme poverty
per'emp to ri ly: positively
per func'to ry: done without interest, to get rid of a duty
per pen dic'u lar: upright
per pet'u at ing: keeping alive; continuing
per plex': puzzle, confuse
per verse': contrary
pes'ti lence: dreadful contagious disease, like small-pox or yellow fever
phas'es (fāz'ĕz): sides or views
phe nom'e nal (fē nŏm'e năl): very remarkable
pi az'za (pĭ ăz'za): porch
pi'e ty, natural: love or reverence for nature and nature's beauty
pil'grim age: a long journey, especially to some sacred place; man's life as a journey
pim'per nel: a plant of the primrose family
pi'ous (pī'ŭs) **deception:** deception for a good purpose
plain'tive: mournful; sad; pathetic
plau'dits: praise; applause
poign'ant (poin'ănt): painful
pol'i tic, body: the people of a state as a whole
pom'pous: grand; self-important
pon'cho, rubber: rubber blanket with a hole in the middle for the head
por'ridge: a thickened broth made by boiling oatmeal in water
port'ly: stout and dignified
pos'i tive virtues: active goodness
pre cede': go before
pref'er ence: choice, that which one prefers
pre lim'i na ry: introductory; coming before the main event
pre ma ture'ly: too soon; before the proper time
pre''pos ses'sing: likely to win favor
pre sage' (prē sāj'): foretell
pres'tige (prĕs'tĭj): good name or reputation

pre'text: excuse
prig: a conceited person
prime: the best part of life
prim'i tive: simple; crude; original
prince of frauds: cleverest of cheaters
pro cure': to get
prod'i gal: reckless
prod'i gy: wonderful deed; something out of the ordinary; an unusual person
pro fi'cien cy (prō fish'ĕn sĭ): ability
pro gres'sive: advancing; improving; moving forward
pro jec'tile (prō jĕk'tĭl): something thrown, as a dart, bullet, arrow or other weapon
prom'on to ry: generally a point of land jutting out into the sea
pro trud'ing: standing out
Prov'i dence: God; the acts of God
pud'dling fur'nace: very hot furnace for melting iron
purge: purify; cleanse

quad'ru ped: four-footed animal
quad ru'pling (kwŏd rōō'plĭng): multiplying by four
quail: lose courage
quiz'zi cal ly: comically

rack'ing re spon si bil'i ty: duty which causes extreme worry
ral'ly: joke with
ram'pant: leaping; with high spirits; rearing upon the hind legs with paws extended
ran'cor: bitterness
ra pa'cious (rā pā'shŭs): greedy; grasping
rap'ture: great joy
rav'en ous ly: very hungrily
re buffed': snubbed; refused
rec om men da'tion: favorable report
rec re a'tion: pastime; play; any occupation which gives pleasure or refreshes
rec re a'tion pier: a landing place of ships used also for amusements
ref'use: waste
re hears'al (rē hers'ăl): practice
re lent'less: pitiless; cruel; unyielding
re luc'tant: unwilling
re pose': rest; sleep
re search': investigation
res'pite (rĕs'pĭt): short time of rest
res ur rect'ed: reawakened; brought back to life
re tal i a'tion: returning evil for evil; paying in kind
ret ri bu'tion: punishment
rev e la'tion: a showing of
rev''er en'tial ly: with deep respect
rev'er y: deep musing; day dreaming
re vile': to abuse with words
rood (rōōd): a measure of land equal to about one-fourth of an acre
ru'ble: a Russian coin formerly worth about fifty cents

samp: hulled corn
sanc'tu a ry: place of shelter or safety
sap'phire walls (săf'fire): the blue sky
sa'ted: sickened with too much
scrim'mage: confused struggle
scut'tle: a pail for holding coal
seeth'ing: boiling
sem'blance: appearance
Serbian id'i oms: forms of expression peculiar to the Serbian language
serf: one of the lowest class of servants, attached to the land and sold with it
Seth Low: mayor of New York City, 1901–1903
sham'bles: places where there are many dead people who have been killed
sham'bling: shuffling; walking awkwardly
sheen: brightness; shining
shift'less ness: laziness
shim'mer ing: gleaming
shrew'ish: sharp-tongued
si er'ras (sē ăr'ăs) **of lofty pines:** generally a mountain chain rising in peaks like the teeth of a saw
sil hou ette' (sĭl ōō ĕt'): figure cast by a shadow as on the wall or screen
sim'mer: boil gently
sin'gu lar ly: uncommonly

sire: father
sleuth (slōōth): detective
sli'ly: secretly
smoul'der ing: burning inwardly
sod'den: soaked
sol'ace (sŏ'lăce): comfort in sorrow
Sol fer i'no (Sŏl fer ē'nō): a village in Italy, scene of one of the battles of the Franco-Austrian War, 1859
so lu'tion: the answer to a problem
sor'cer er: a magician; one who uses magic
spa'cious (spā'shŭs): large
spile: a spout driven into a sugar-maple tree to drain off the sap
spin'dle: the rod of a spinning-wheel used for twisting and winding the thread
spir'it-lev'el: an instrument used in surveying
spleen: hatred
spon ta'ne ous: natural; coming straight from the heart
sta bil'i ty: strength; firmness
stac ca'to: sharp and short
stal'wart: tall and strong
stam pede': run in a sudden wild rush, caused by fear
steer'age: ship's quarters set apart for passengers who pay the lowest rates
steppes (stĕps): vast level, treeless plains
stim'u late: to rouse to action
stod'gy (stŏd'gi): dull; heavy
strat'e gy: clever tricks
stren'u ous: full of energy
stu'pe fied: deadened the mind
suc'cor: help; aid
suf'frage: right to vote
suf fused': flushed
su'mach: a shrub or bush
sum'mons to pub lic'i ty: call to make a public appearance
su per fi'cial ly (su per fish'al ly): without understanding
su per nat'u ral: beyond the powers of nature
sup'ple: limber; suppleness; limberness
su preme': highest
sur cease': an end
sus pense': anxiety
swains (swānz): lovers
swarth'y: dark-skinned

tac'i turn: silent; not inclined to talk
tac'tics: clever ways; methods
tan'dem: one behind another
tap the sugar bushes: drive holes into the sugar-maples to draw off the sap
ta'pers: small wax candles
tap'est ry, carpets of: carpets in which the threads are woven so as to form a picture or design
teal (tēl): kind of small, wild, fresh-water duck
tech nol'o gy (tĕk nŏl'ō jĭ): study of industries
ten'ant: occupant; dweller
ter ra fir'ma: solid earth
"ter'ra for es'ta": forest-land
Teu ton'ic stock: people belonging to the races native to northwestern Europe
throe: pain; agony
til'ler: handle for turning the rudder of a boat
tinc'ture: liquid medicine
ti tan'ic: like a giant or titan
toasts and speeches: subjects or people proposed for praise or for the honor of having their healths drunk
tol'er ant: patient
tra di'tion: old custom
tra di'tion a ry prej'u dice: belief handed down from the past
tran'quil: calm, undisturbed
trans formed': changed
treb'le (treb'l): soprano; high tone
trem'u lous: trembling; quivering
trench: a long narrow ditch
trice: instant
tur'bu len cy: noisy commotion
tur'bu lent: restless; disorderly

ul'ti mate: last; final
un chid'den: without blame or scolding
un pro por'tioned: unsuitable; not suitable in size
un wont'ed stim'u lous: unusual excitement
up hol'ster er: one who fits out

furniture with cushions or coverings

van'quished: conquered
va'pors: blues
va'ry: change
vault'ed skies: arched and lofty skies
vault'er: leaper; jumper
ve'hi cle (vē'hĭ kl): any kind of conveyance, as wagon or carriage
ven er a'tion: respectful awe
ven'geance: punishment; revenge
ver'dant: fresh; green
ver'dict: decision
ver'dure: the greenness of growing things
ver'i fy: to prove to be true
verst: a Russian mile equal to 3,500 English feet
vet'er i na ry: doctor of animals
vi'cious-faced: evil-faced
vig'il (vĭj'ĭl): watching
vis'ta: view, as down an avenue or between rows of trees
vi va'cious (vī vā'shŭs): lively
vouch for: answer for; support

wan'der lust (vän'der lo͞ost): desire to travel or roam
wane: approach the end
warp: the strong, coarse, lengthwise thread used in weaving
warp of circumstance: strong reality of every-day happenings
way'ward: disobedient; wilful
weird: strange; unearthly
wont: accustomed
woof-thread: the crosswise thread used in weaving—softer, more beautiful in quality or color than the warp, but not so strong
woof-thread of romance: beauty of imagination about far-off things
wrought (rawt): worked

zeal'ous ly (zĕl'ŭs lĭ): eagerly; enthusiastically